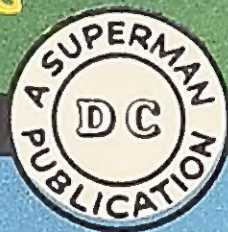




No. 51

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
COMIC MAGAZINE!



AUG.

ACTION COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

10¢



CAN SUPERMAN BE FOOLED ?
IN THIS ISSUE WE PRESENT
THE STRANGE STORY OF
THE PRANKSTER
AND THE FOOLPROOF PLOT!
CAN SUPERMAN BE FOOLED ?

SUPERMAN
SAYS:

BUY DEFENSE STAMPS!

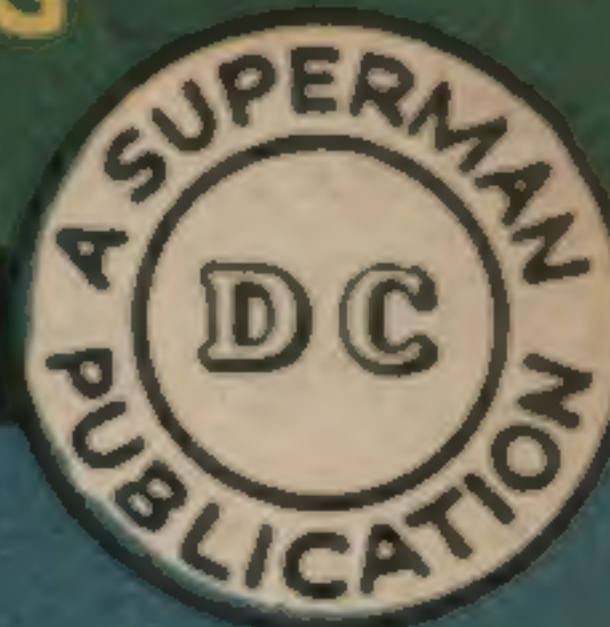


HELP NATIONAL DEFENSE



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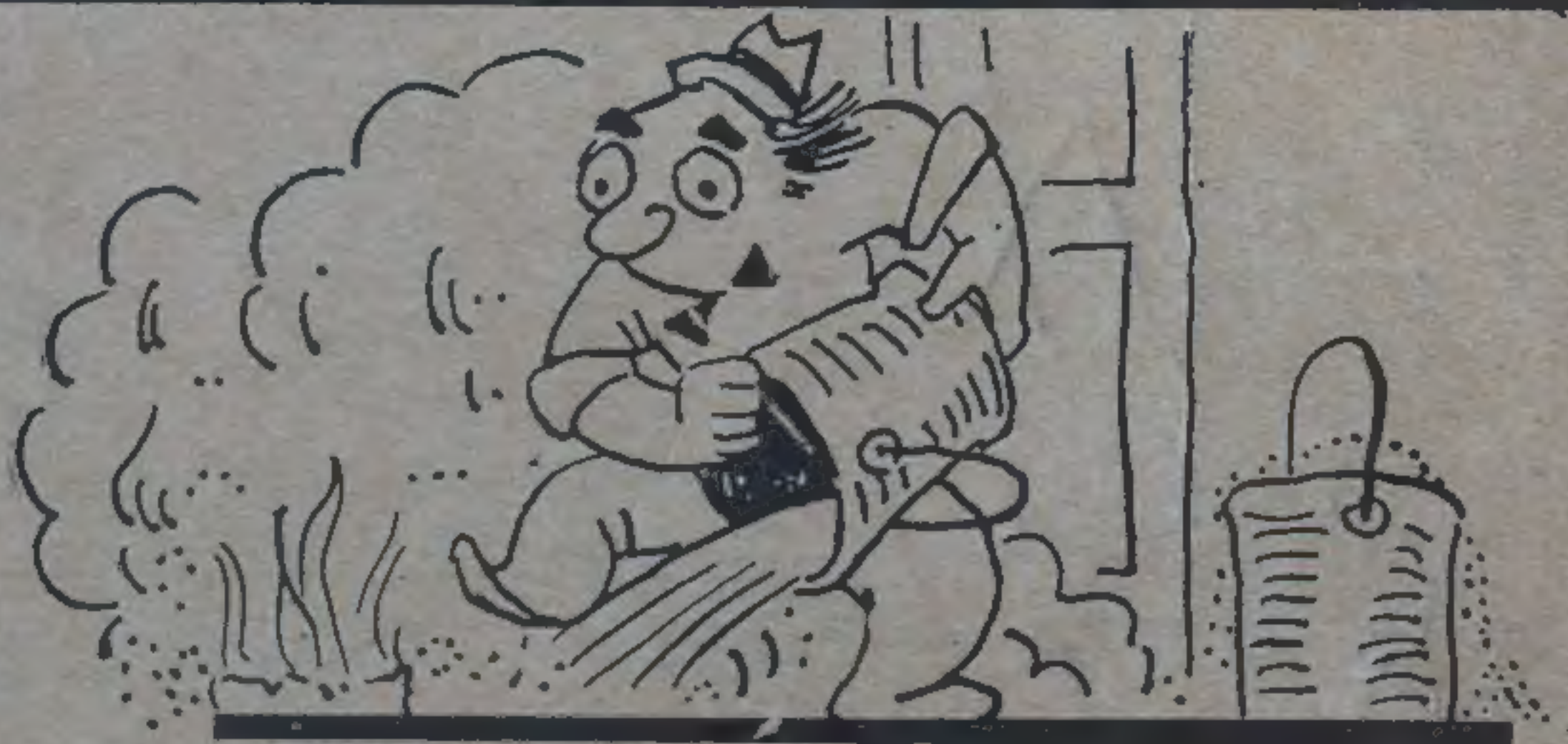
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By Lydia Mead

With drawings by Oscar Fabres.

It's hard to believe that anything about air raids can be funny—but this book is.

To begin with, it has very amusing pictures on every page, pictures of funny-looking little Oscar, and other people, doing all sorts of things.

It is surprising how much you can learn in this amusing book about what not to do and what to do and how to do it if an air-raid comes; how to handle incendiary bombs; how to help your air-raid warden; how to take care of your pets in a blackout; how to get yourself rescued if you are trapped in a hit building.

The print is large and clear and there isn't much of it on each page, but what there is tells you all you need to know and the pictures tell the rest.

You can get this book at your library or, better still, buy it from your local office of Civilian Defense. Its price is very low.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

CSYV JMVWX PMRI SJ HIJIRWI MW XLI
PMRI EX XLI AMRHSA WIPPMRK WXEQTW
ERH FSRHW!

SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MEETING VILLAINS IS PART OF SUPERMAN'S DAILY ROUTINE... BUT NEVER HAS HE ENCOUNTERED AN OPPONENT AS UNUSUAL AS THAT CHERUBIC, CLOWNING COMEDY KING OF CRIME... THE PRANKSTER! JOIN THE MAN OF STEEL IN COMBATTING THIS MASTERMIND OF MALIGNANT MIRTH IN A TALE AS BAFFLING AS YOUR FIRST JIG-SAW PUZZLE... "THE CASE OF THE CRIMELESS CRIMES"!



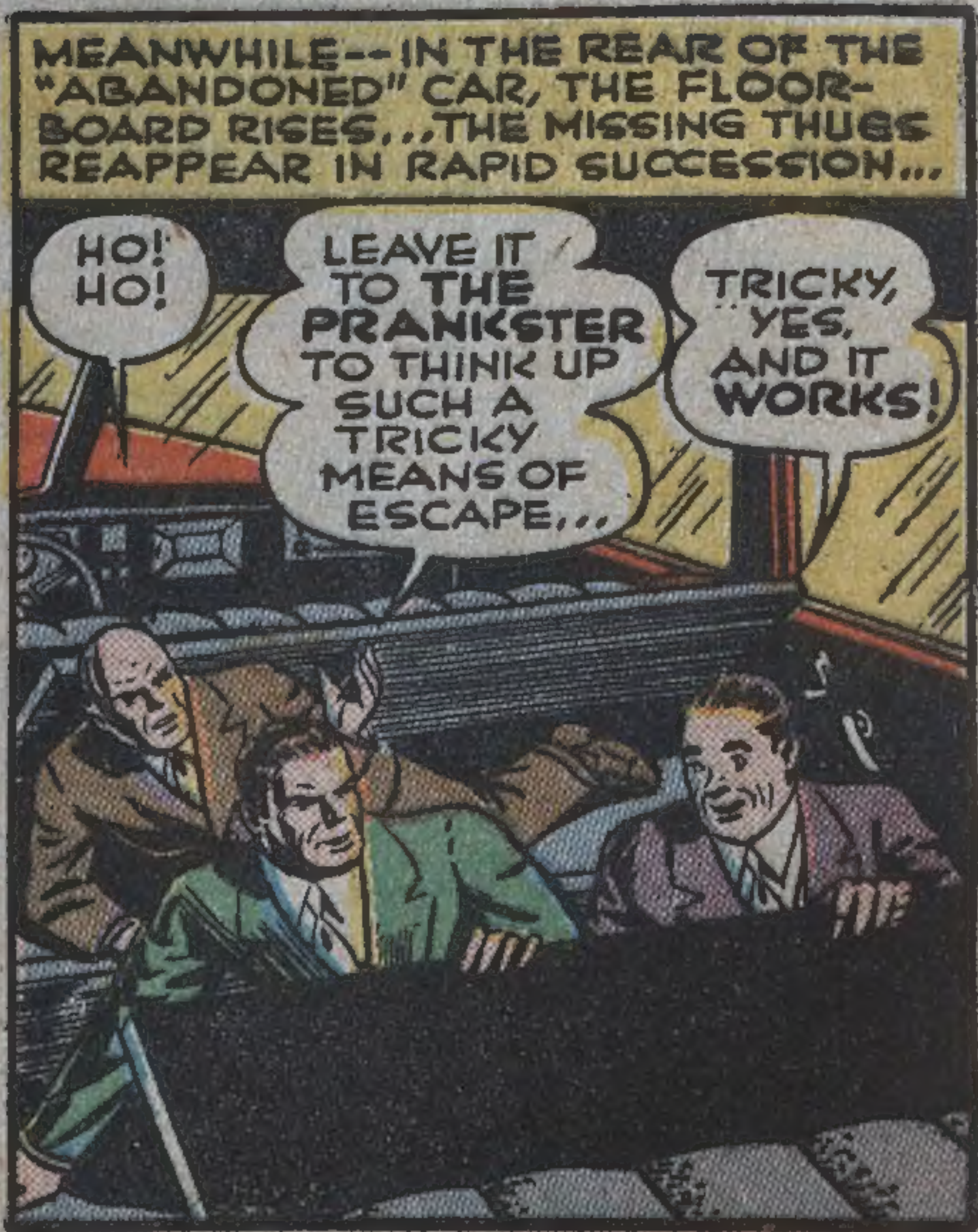
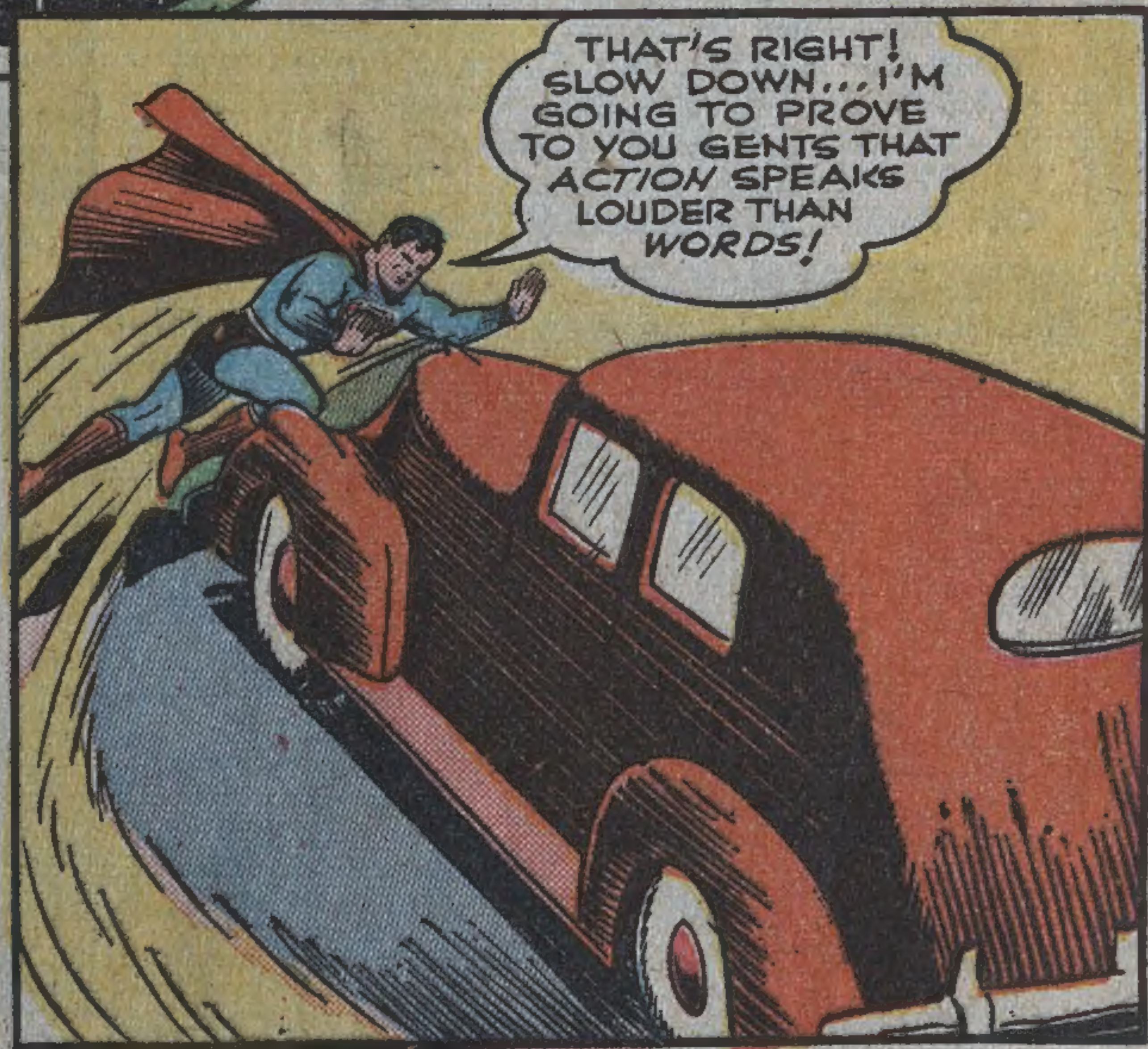
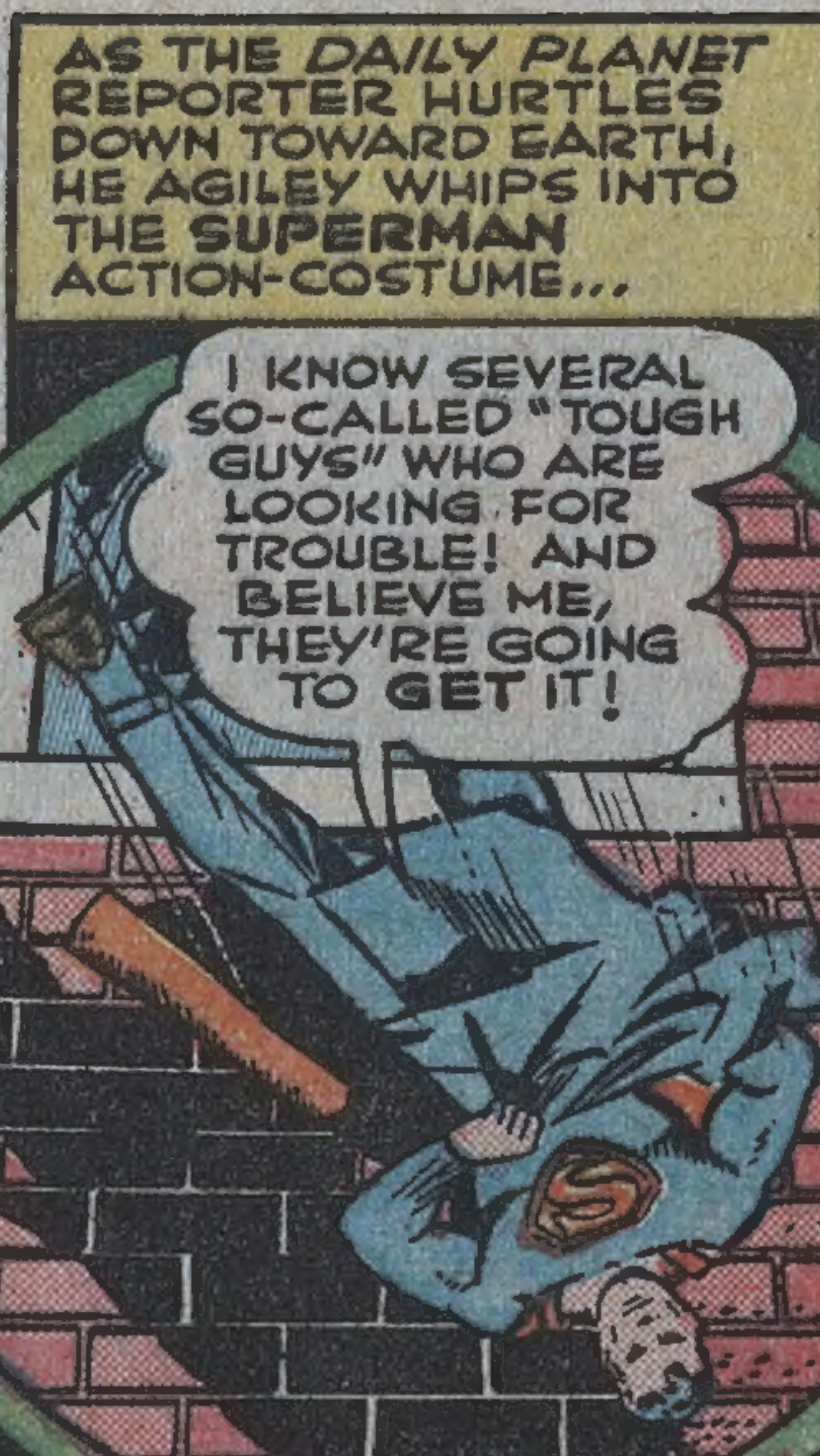
ACCOMPANYING LOIS LANE TO A BOWLING ALLEY, CLARK KENT SIGHTS ARMED THUGS ROBBING THE ALLEY'S MANAGER...

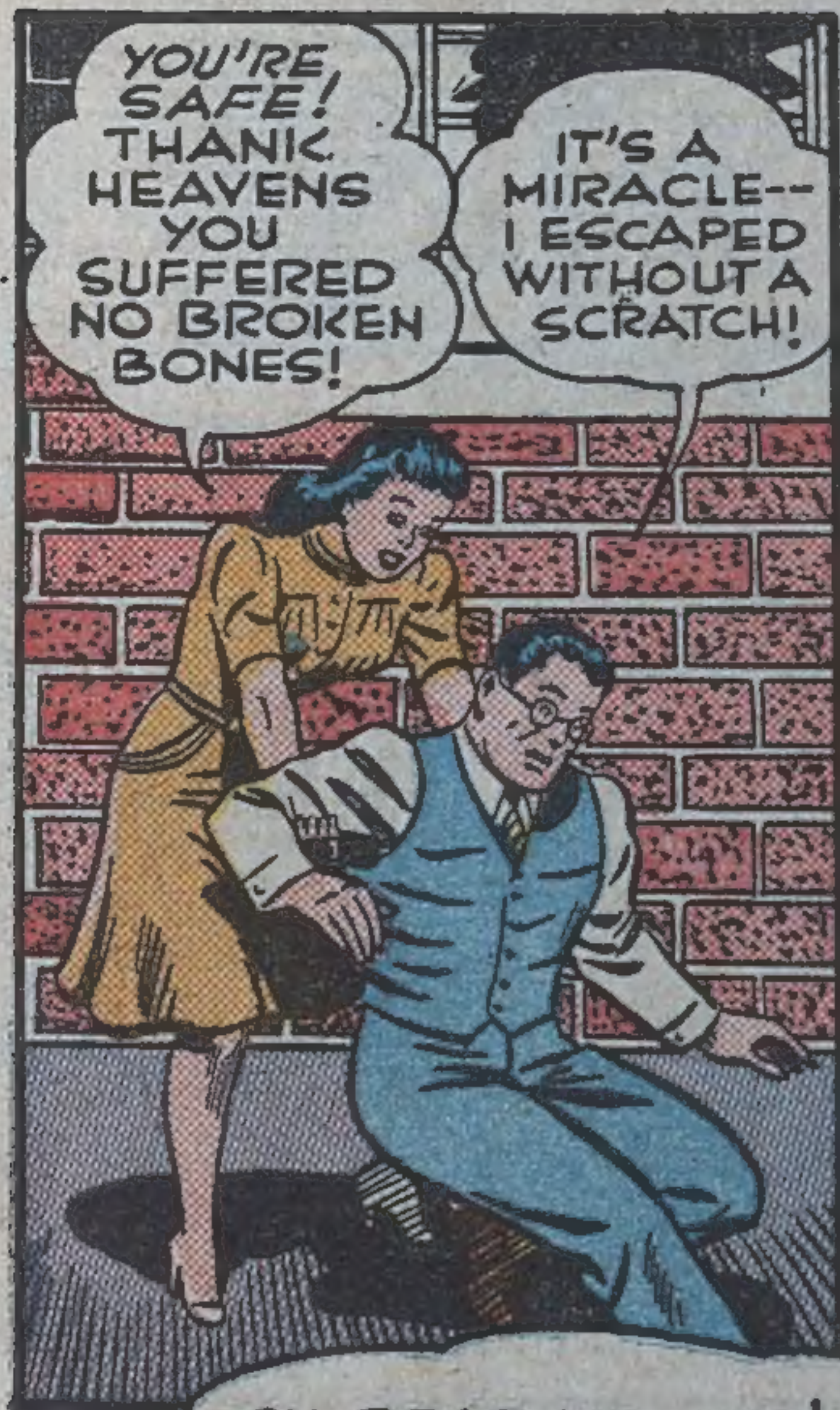
OOPS!
IT
SLIPPED!
(*-THAT
OUGHT TO
STOP
THEM!-*)

HEY!

OUCH!

HELP!
THEY'RE
ROBBING
ME!





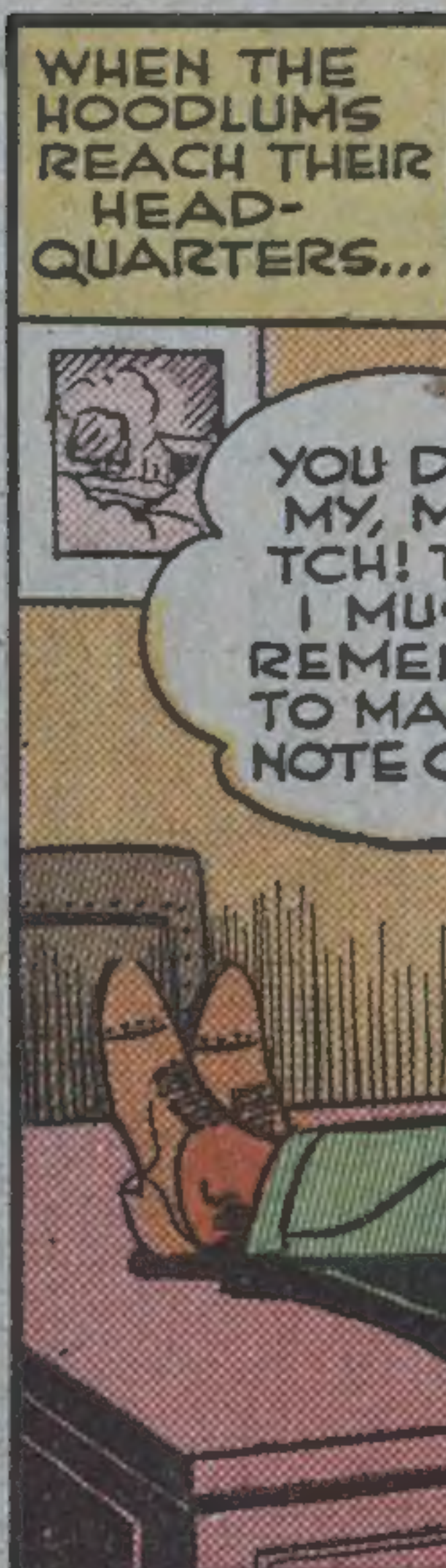
YOU'RE SAFE! THANK HEAVENS YOU SUFFERED NO BROKEN BONES!

IT'S A MIRACLE-- I ESCAPED WITHOUT A SCRATCH!



BAH! YOU MAKE ME SICK-- LETTING THOSE THUGS PUSH YOU AROUND. NOW, IF THEY HAD TRIED THAT ON SUPERMAN...

BUT I'M NOT SUPERMAN...



WHEN THE HOODLUMS REACH THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS...

WE CLASHED WITH SUPERMAN-- NARROWLY ESCAPED... OUCH

HERE'S THE LOOT. ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME WE SPLIT SOME OF TH' DOUGH FROM OUR JOBS? ALL MY SOCKS HAS GOT HOLES IN 'EM!

YOU DID? MY, MY! TCH! TCH! I MUST REMEMBER TO MAKE A NOTE OF IT!



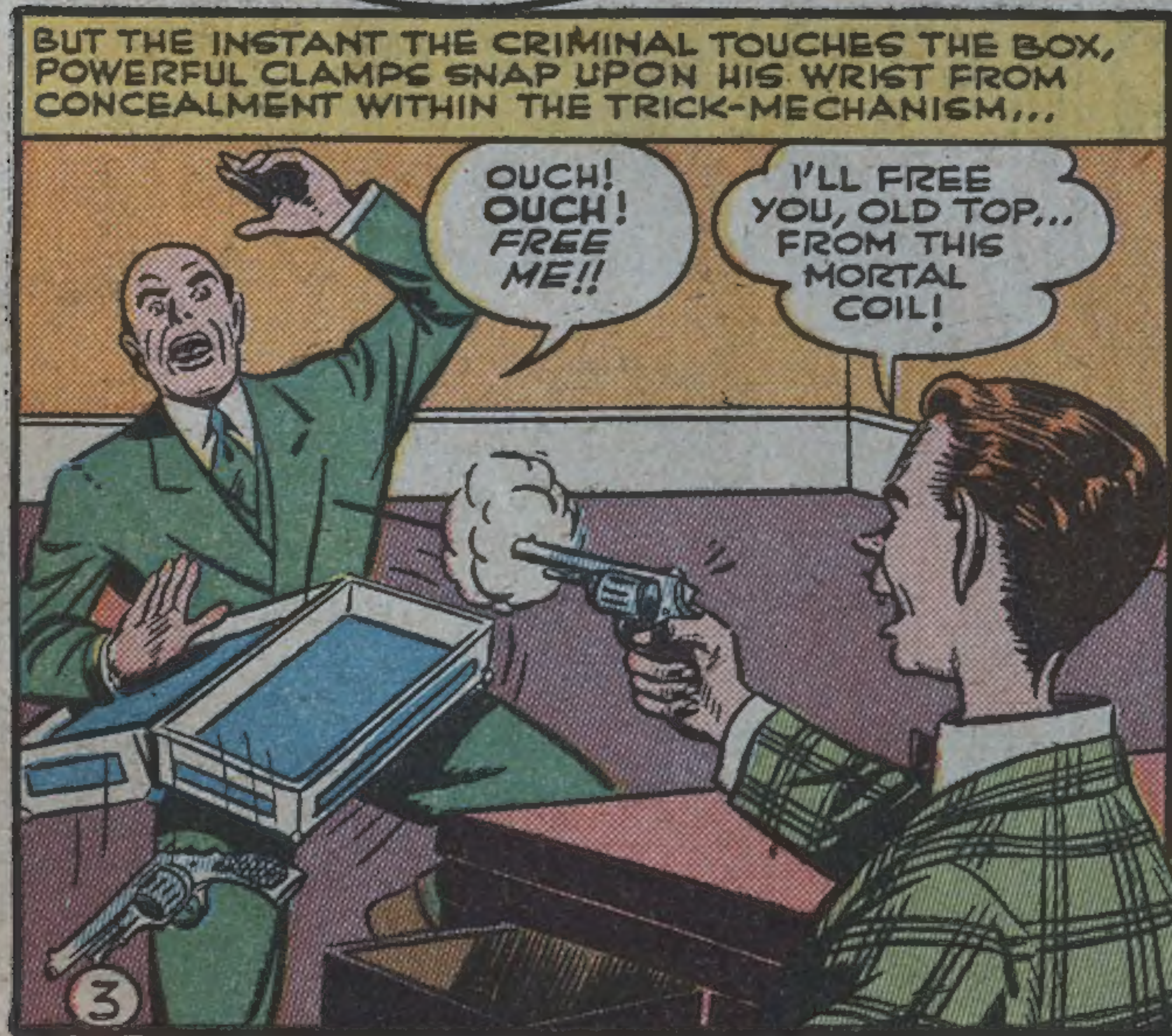
OH, DEAR ME... NO! DON'T YOU RECALL? EVERY CENT WE GARNER IS TO GO INTO THE "NEST EGG" UNTIL WE HAVE FUNDS THAT ARE AMPLE ENOUGH FOR "THE BIG JOB". BY JOVE, YOUR MEMORY IS SLIPPING, WHAT?

THERE'S ALREADY \$200,851.25 IN THAT BLASTED "NEST EGG" O' YOURS! I WANT MY SPLIT-- NOW....!

HEE! HEE!-- I BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY MEAN IT! DON'T YOU KNOW, MY GOOD MAN, THAT NO ONE TELLS ME WHAT TO DO? YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME FIRST TO GET MY MONEY... WAIT-- I HAVE IT! AN INSPIRATION!

ONLY ONE OF THESE TWO GUNS CONTAINS A BULLET. TAKE YOUR CHOICE, WE'LL FIRE AT EACH OTHER. ONE LIVES-- THE OTHER DIES! SIMPLE, WHAT?

OKAY, I'M GAME.



BUT THE INSTANT THE CRIMINAL TOUCHES THE BOX, POWERFUL CLAMPS SNAP UPON HIS WRIST FROM CONCEALMENT WITHIN THE TRICK-MECHANISM...

OUCH! OUCH! FREE ME!!

I'LL FREE YOU, OLD TOP... FROM THIS MORTAL COIL!



HE-- HE'S DEAD!

TH-THAT'S WHAT HE GETS FOR CROSSIN' TH' BOSS!

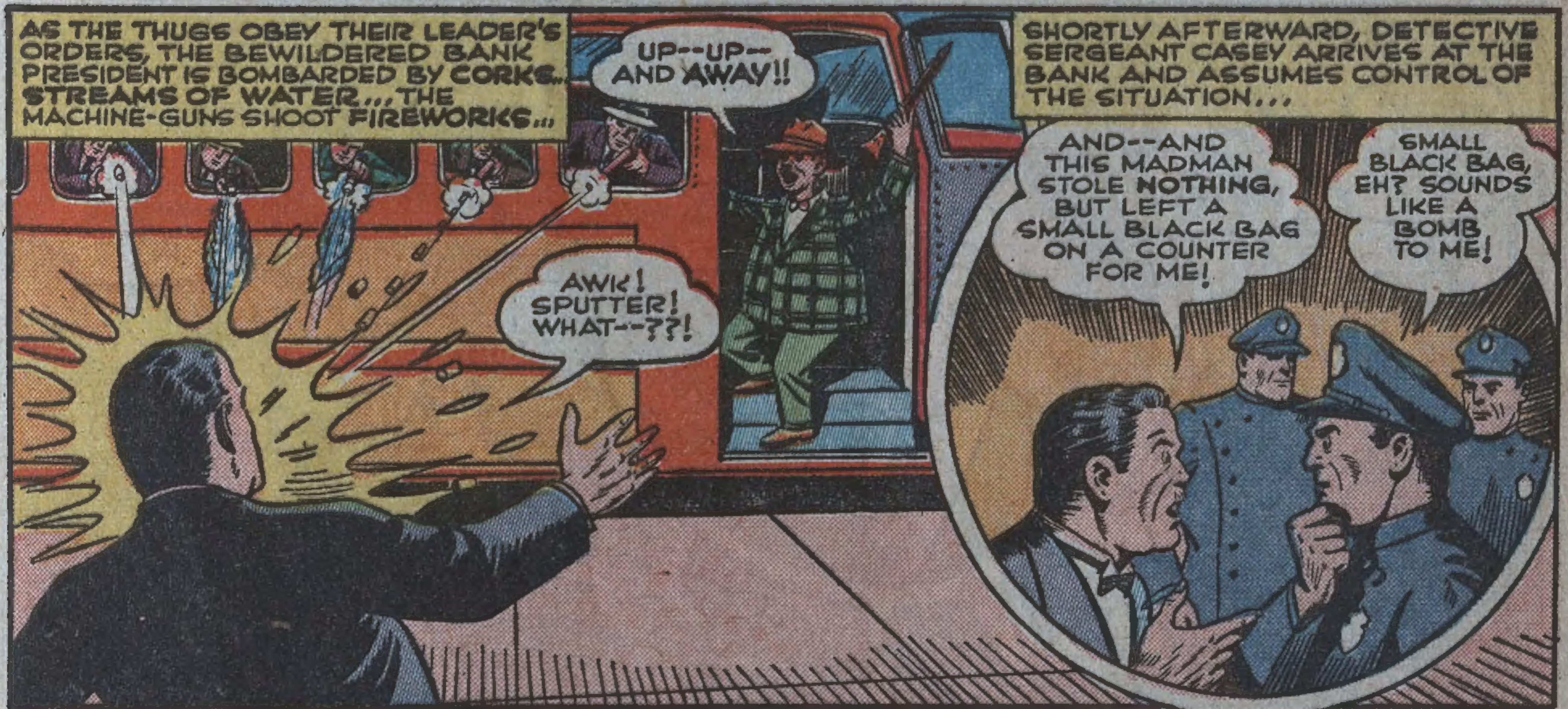
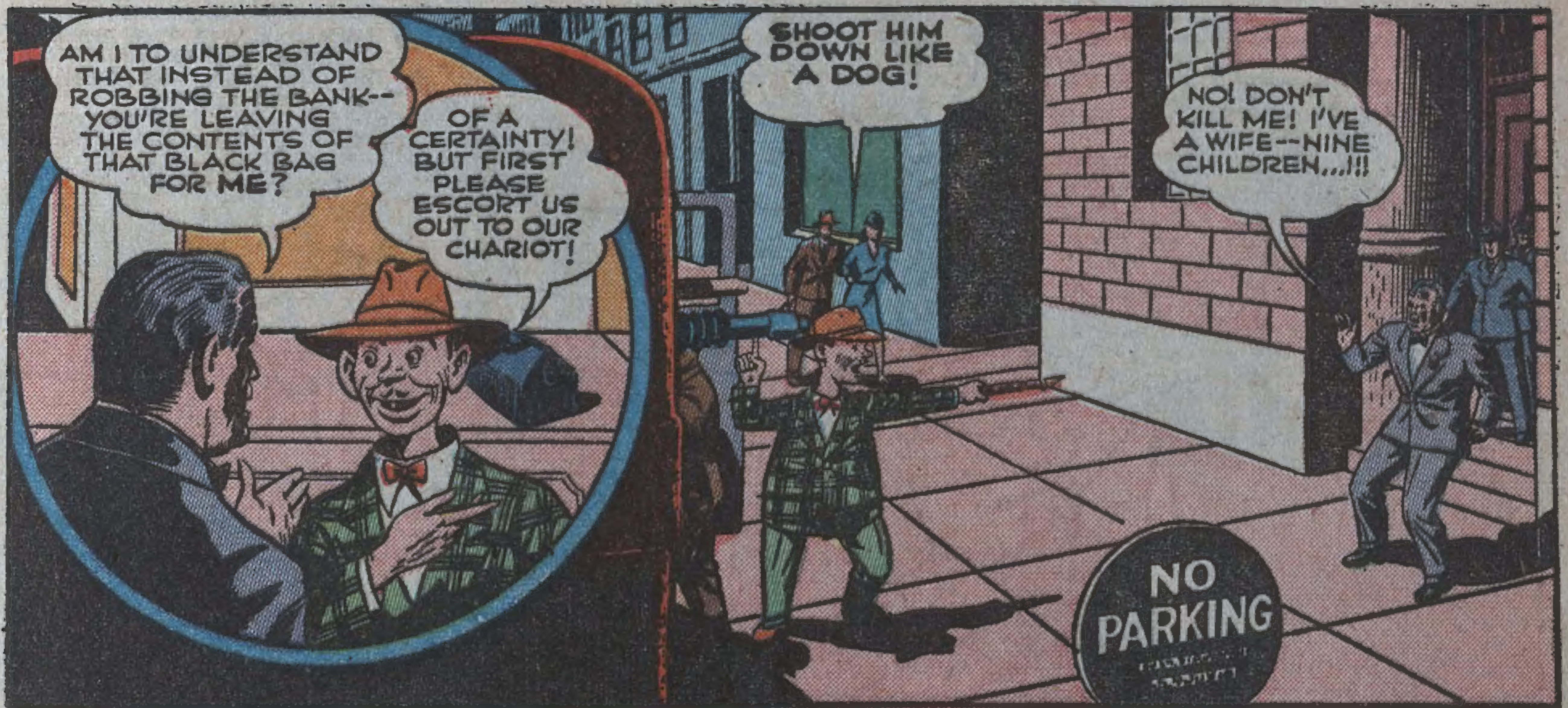
\$200,851.25! HM-MM! PERHAPS THE "NEST EGG" IS BIG ENOUGH, AT THAT! GENTLEMEN... TOMORROW MORNING WE PULL "THE BIG JOB"!!

NEXT MORNING... A BUS DRAWS UP BEFORE THE CENTRAL CITY BANK, AND "MUSICIANS" EMERGE...



ONCE INSIDE THE BANK, WEAPONS, EMERGE FROM WITHIN THE CASES OF THE MOBSTER MUSICIANS...







WHEN CLARK AND LOIS JOIN CASEY...

KEEP BACK!
NO TELLING
WHEN THAT
BOMB MAY
GO OFF!

HOW DO YOU
KNOW IF THERE'S
A BOMB IN THE
BAG IF YOU
DIDN'T LOOK
INSIDE?

WHO WOULD
HAVE THE COLD
NERVE TO LOOK
INTO A BAG
SUSPECTED
OF HOLDING
A BOMB?



I WOULD!

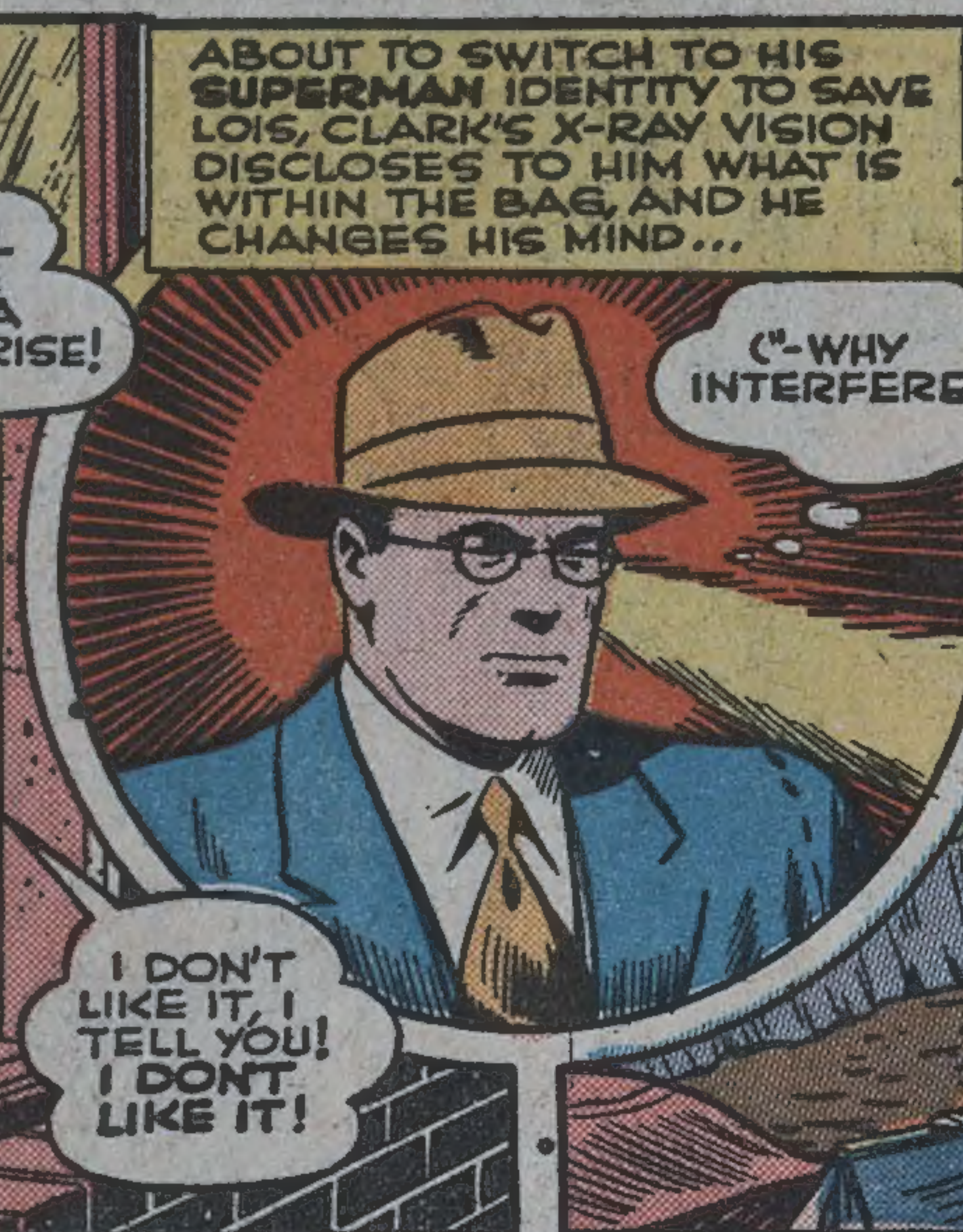
LOIS!
COME
BACK!

THE GIRL'S
COMMITTING
SUICIDE!



GOODY!
GOODY!
SHE'S GOING
TO LOOK!

WILL
SHE
GET A
SURPRISE!



ABOUT TO SWITCH TO HIS
SUPERMAN IDENTITY TO SAVE
LOIS, CLARK'S X-RAY VISION
DISCLOSES TO HIM WHAT IS
WITHIN THE BAG, AND HE
CHANGES HIS MIND...

("WHY
INTERFERE?")

I DON'T
LIKE IT, I
TELL YOU!
I DON'T
LIKE IT!



IT TAKES LOIS BUT A MOMENT TO
SHOVE THE SANDBAGS ASIDE AND
RAISE THE BLACK BAG. BUT THEN
SHE HESITATES...

SUPPOSE--
SUPPOSE
THERE IS
A BOMB
IN IT?



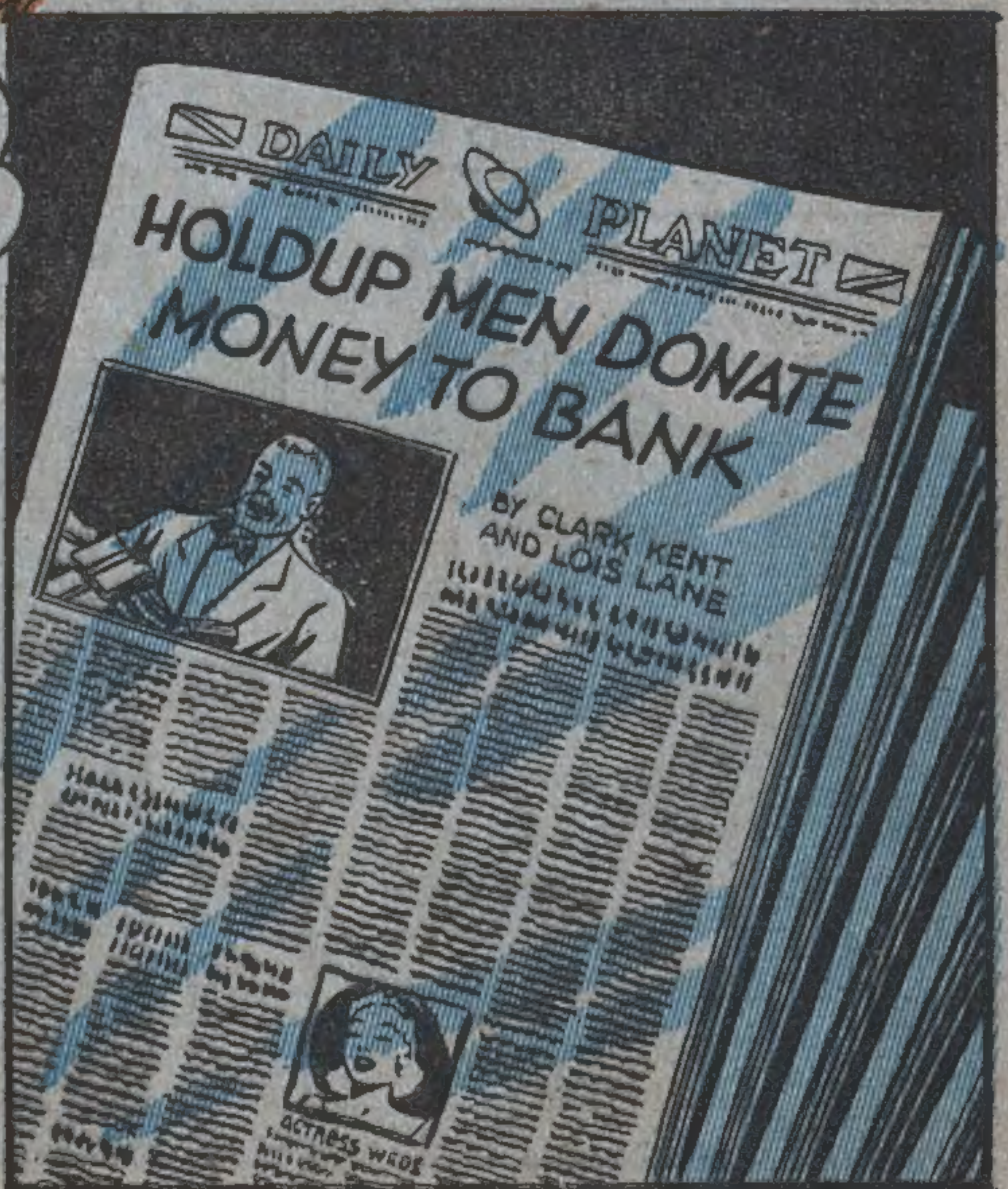
OPEN IT!
OPEN IT!!

SH-HH!

QUIET, BOSS,
OR THEY'RE
LIABLE TO
HEAR YOU!



LOIS OPENS THE BAG--AND IN
RESPONSE--AN EXPLOSION...!



NEWSREELS FEATURE THE AMAZING INCIDENT....

AND WILL YOU KEEP THE FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, SIR?

CERTAINLY! WHY NOT? IT WAS GIVEN TO ME, WASN'T IT?

...TO THE PRANKSTER'S THUGS' MISERY!

AND TO THINK I WENT TO THE MOVIES TO HAVE A GOOD TIME!

HALF TH' TIME I DON'T KNOW WHETHER WE'RE WORKIN' FOR A MADMAN OR A GENIUS!

THAT CERTAINLY WAS THE MOST BIZARRE CRIME I EVER ENCOUNTERED!

I WONDER IF THEY'LL STRIKE AGAIN?

THAT VERY MOMENT-- IN THE PRANKSTER'S HIDEAWAY...

DO WE HAFTA WEAR THESE WHITE JACKETS?

I FEEL CONSPICUOUS!

COME, LADS! A LITTLE MORE SPEED! FORWARD-- MARCH!!

LATER--A MUFFLED FIGURE IS WHEELED INTO THE CHANNEL BANK BY WHITE-COATED ATTENDANTS...

HE'S SICK, EH?

AYE AND VERILY!

HE MEANS, "YES"!

BUT ONCE THEY ARE INSIDE THE BANK, THE PRANKSTER THROWS OFF THE ROBES AND ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE SITUATION...

COVER THEM, BOYS! IT'S RATHER CHILLY IN HERE!

NOT A FALSE MOVE OUTA ANYBODY!

WHERE'S TH' PRESIDENT O' THIS JOINT?

POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

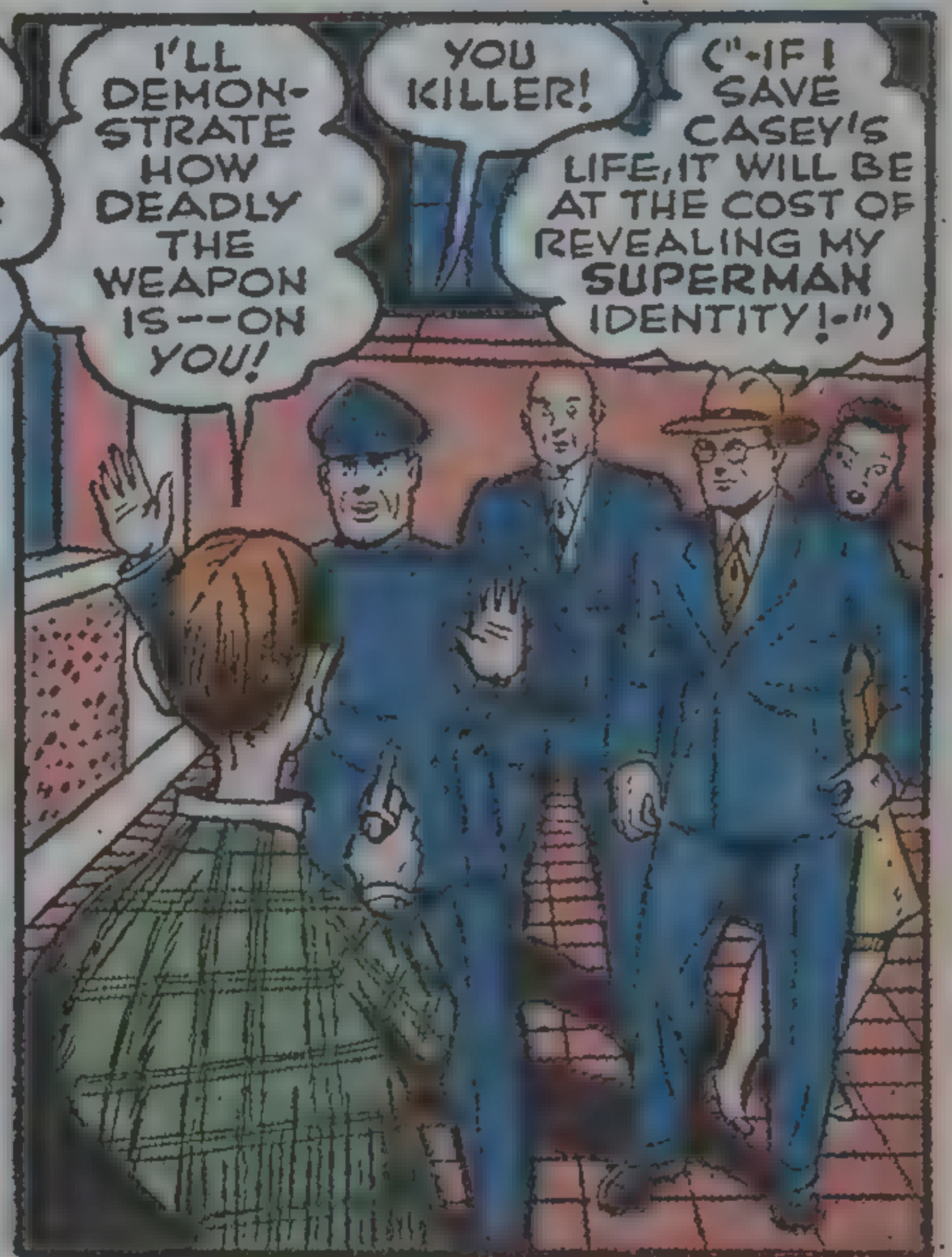
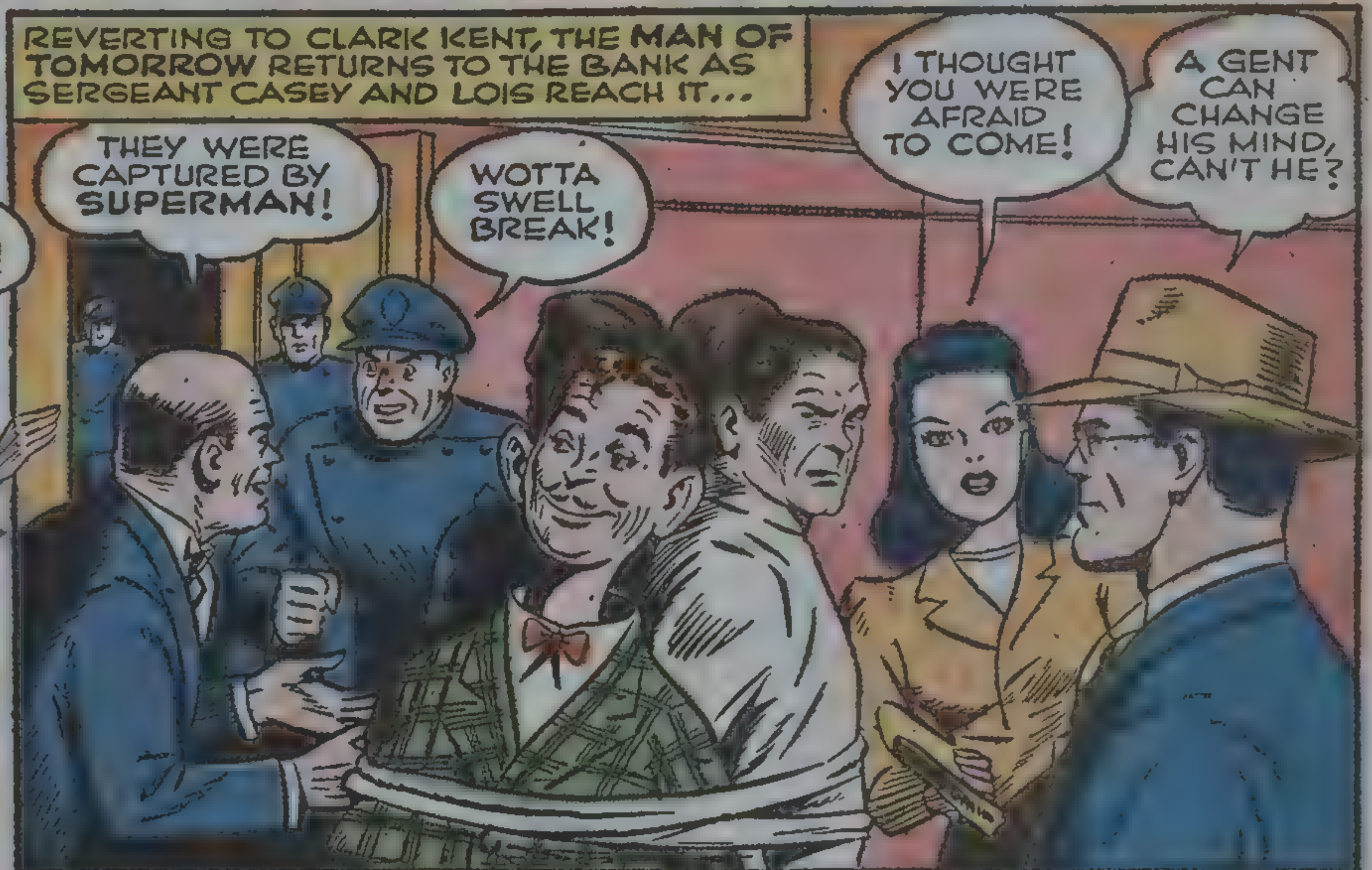
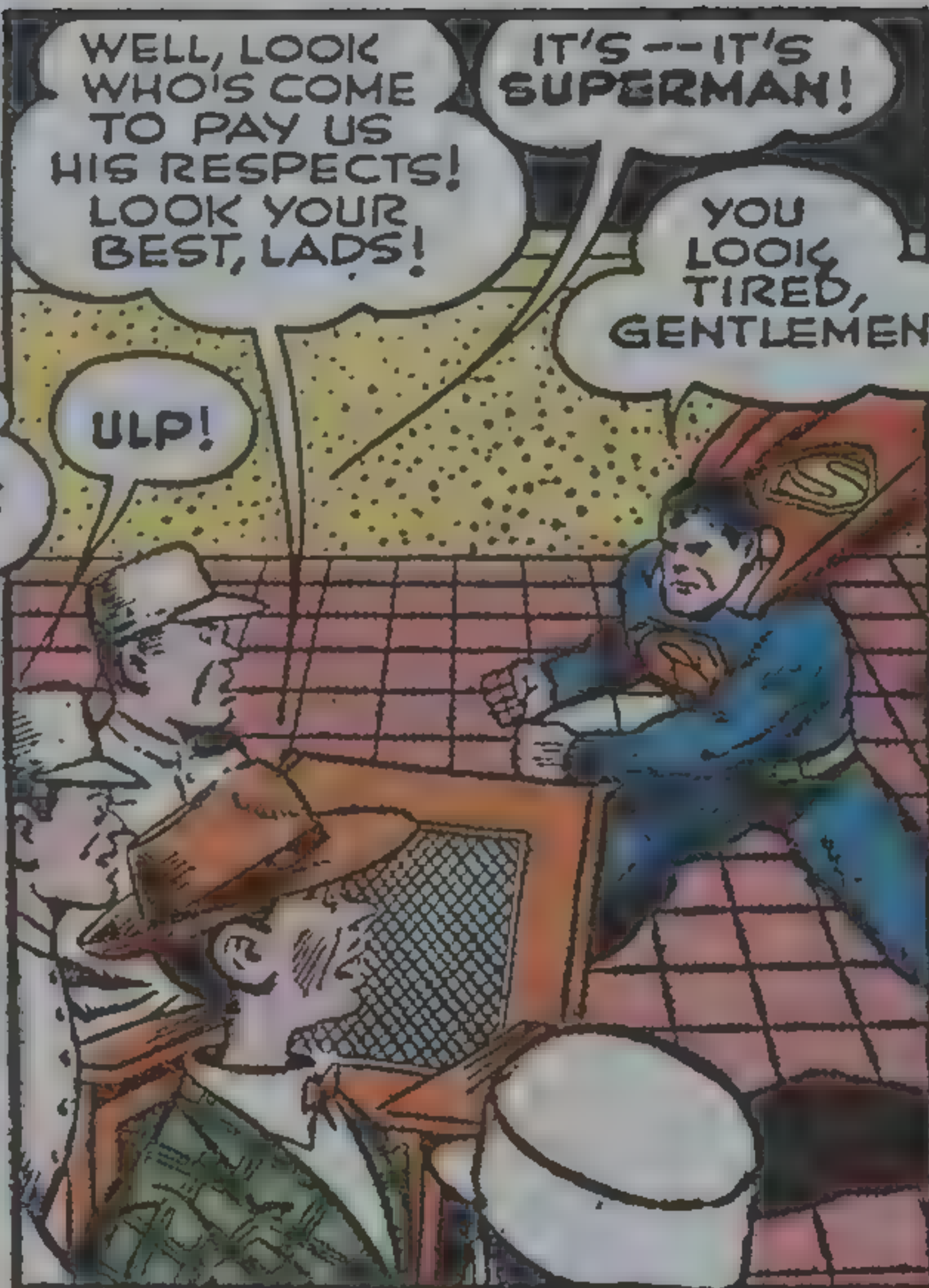
WE JUST GOT A FLASH FROM THE CHANNEL BANK THAT THE PRANKSTER'S MOB HAS STRUCK AGAIN!

HURRY IF YOU WANT TO GO ALONG!

NOT!! I VALUE MY SKIN!

IN THE REAR OF THE POLICE STATION, CLARK WHIPS INTO HIS SUPERMAN COSTUME...

I WANT TO GET THERE IN A HURRY!



BUT AS THE PRANKSTER PRESSES THE TRIGGER, A TOY PARACHUTE HURTTLES FORTH FROM THE MUZZLE, THEN FLOATS GAILY DOWN...

PRETTY, ISN'T IT? BUT HARDLY DEADLY!

YOU INFERNAL FOOL! I'LL JAIL YOU IF IT'S ONLY ON A NUISANCE CHARGE!!

L
A
T
E
R

WHY DID YOU FORCIBLY ENTER THOSE BANKS AND LEAVE MONEY THERE?

JUST A CHILDISH WHIM, JUDGE. PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS HAS ALWAYS INTRIGUED ME. I'M A WEALTHY MAN, AND IF I DESIRE TO GIVE MONEY AWAY TO BANKS, WHO IS THERE TO SAY NAY?

SURELY YOU TWO GENTLEMEN REALIZE I WAS PROMPTED ONLY BY A SPIRIT OF GOOD CLEAN FUN. MY GIFTS, AGGREGATING \$45,000.00, SHOULD CONVINCE YOU I HAD NO EVIL INTENTIONS. BUT, OF COURSE, IF YOU BELIEVE OTHERWISE, I'LL HAVE TO ASK FOR MY MONEY BACK.

WE CAN KEEP THE MONEY, EH?-- HEH! HEH! OF COURSE, I HAVE NO INTENTION OF PRESSING ANY CHARGE!

NOR I! NEVER LET IT BE SAID I CAN'T TAKE A JOKE! (ESPECIALLY SUCH A PROFITABLE ONE!-)

AN' I'M HERE TO SAY THAT THESE TWO BANK PRESIDENTS WILL PRESS NUISANCE CHARGES AGAINST YOU!

WORD OF THE PRANKSTER'S CAPTIVITY HAS SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE. AS THE MIRTHFUL MALCREANT DEPARTS FROM THE CITY JAIL, HE TOSSES BILLS TO THE WINDS...

HERE'S FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS--BUY YOURSELVES SOME LOLLYPOPS!

(OUCH! THAT LEAVES ONLY \$150,851.25 IN THE NEST-EGG!-)

LET'S GO BACK TO THE PLANET! THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME!

BUT THEY RECEIVE AN EVEN GREATER SHOCK WHEN THEY REACH THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

CAN YOU BEAT THE NERVE OF THAT GUY? HE SENT ENGRAVED INVITATIONS TO EVERY NEWSPAPER IN TOWN FOR PUBLICATION!

WHAT IS IT, CLARK?

THE PRANKSTER TAKES PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING THAT HE AND HIS MEN ARE GOING TO VISIT THE SECOND FEDERAL BANK THIS AFTERNOON AT FIVE O'CLOCK SHARP! THE PUBLIC IS URGED TO ATTEND! FREE REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED!!

SHARPLY AT FIVE THAT AFTERNOON, THE PRANKSTER AND HIS MEN TRIUMPHANTLY DRIVE UP TO THE SECOND FEDERAL BANK THRU A CROWD OF LAUGHING, CHEERING SPECTATORS...

HOT DOGS--GET YOUR FREE HOT DOGS--COURTESY OF THE PRANKSTER!

YEAH, PRANKSTER!

SPEECH! SPEECH!

BR-RRR-BRT! LOOK OUT OR I'LL MOW YA DOWN!!

I'M GOIN' BALMY! I NEVER EXPECTED TO BE CHEERED WHILE CRASHIN' A BANK!

INSIDE THE BANK, THE PRESIDENT CONSULTS WITH THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS...

ARE YOU SERIOUS IN DESIRING TO PERMIT THIS--THIS LUNATIC INTO THE BANK?

WHY NOT? HE'S JUST A HARMLESS PLAYBOY. JUST THINK OF ALL THE PUBLICITY WE'LL GET! (-AND THE DOUGH I MAY GET!-)

LAND O' GOSHEN! SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!!

YOURS, MY DEAR CHAP--ALL YOURS!

AND AS THE PRANKSTER DRIVES OFF FROM THE SCENE OF HIS LATEST TRIUMPH, HE HURLS TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS AT THE MONEY-MAD MOB...

HO! HO! HO! LOOK AT THEM SCRAMBLE! AND WHAT IS MONEY, AFTER ALL, BUT MERE SCRAPS OF PAPER?

I COULD USE A COUPLE SCRAPS MYSELF!

THIS--THIS ALL MAKES ME DIZZY!

I DON'T BLAME YOU! I'M AFRAID I'VE LOST TRACK OF MY PERSPECTIVE, TOO!

LATER--AT THE PRANKSTER'S HIDEOUT....

BUT, BOSS--WE'VE ONLY GOT \$70,851.25 LEFT IN THE "NEST EGG"! YOU'VE GIVEN AWAY \$130,000.00 OF OUR HARD-EARNED MONEY! LET'S CALL IT QUITS, HUH?

HEAVENS, NO! LOOK AT ALL THE PUBLICITY WE'VE BEEN GETTING--AND THE LETTERS...WE'VE DOZENS OF LETTERS FROM BUSINESS MEN BEGGING TO BE ROBBED, SO THEY CAN SHARE IN THE PUBLICITY! I'VE EVEN GOT AN OFFER TO STAR IN THE MOVIES, BUT OF COURSE I'LL TURN IT DOWN UNLESS THEY LET ME CHOOSE MY OWN DIRECTOR, CAST AND PLAY THE ROLE OF ROMEO IN MY FAVORITE SHAKESPEARIAN DRAMA!

THAT EVENING--AS CLARK TAKES LOIS TO A NIGHTCLUB...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... I'VE A GREAT SURPRISE FOR YOU! THE PRANKSTER HAS KINDLY CONSENTED TO APPEAR HERE TONIGHT!

PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR THE THRILL OF THRILLS, YOU LUCKY PEOPLE! FOR TONIGHT YOU SHALL HEAR AND WITNESS A TREAT, GRANTED TO FEW MORTALS! I WILL PLAY MY FLUTE!

THE PATRONS OF THE NIGHTCLUB ARE SUBJECTED TO THE SOUREST NOTES THAT HAVE LEFT A TORTURED MUSICAL INSTRUMENT SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME...

AT THE CLOSE OF HIS "CONCERT", THE PRANKSTER ACTS IN CUSTOMARY FASHION...

HERE IS TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! AND WITH IT GOES AN INVITATION TO WITNESS MY VISIT TO THE METROPOLIS NATIONAL BANK TOMORROW!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THIS IS DULL!

NEXT DAY

DO I HAVE TO GO? THE JUVENILE ANTICS OF THIS RICH MORON ARE TOO MUCH FOR MY SENSITIVE STOMACH!

NEVERTHELESS, HE'S NEWS!

WHITE'S RIGHT, CLARK. A STORY'S A STORY. LET'S GET GOING!

TRUE TO HIS WORD, THE PRANKSTER SHOWS UP AT THE METROPOLIS NATIONAL BANK....

\$60,851.00 IN THIS BAG! AND YOU'VE GIVEN IT TO ME! BUT WHAT'S IN THAT OTHER BAG?

MORE MONEY FOR YOU! BUT I WANT TO HAVE THE PLEASURE OF PERSONALLY DEPOSITING IT IN YOUR BANK VAULT FOR YOU!

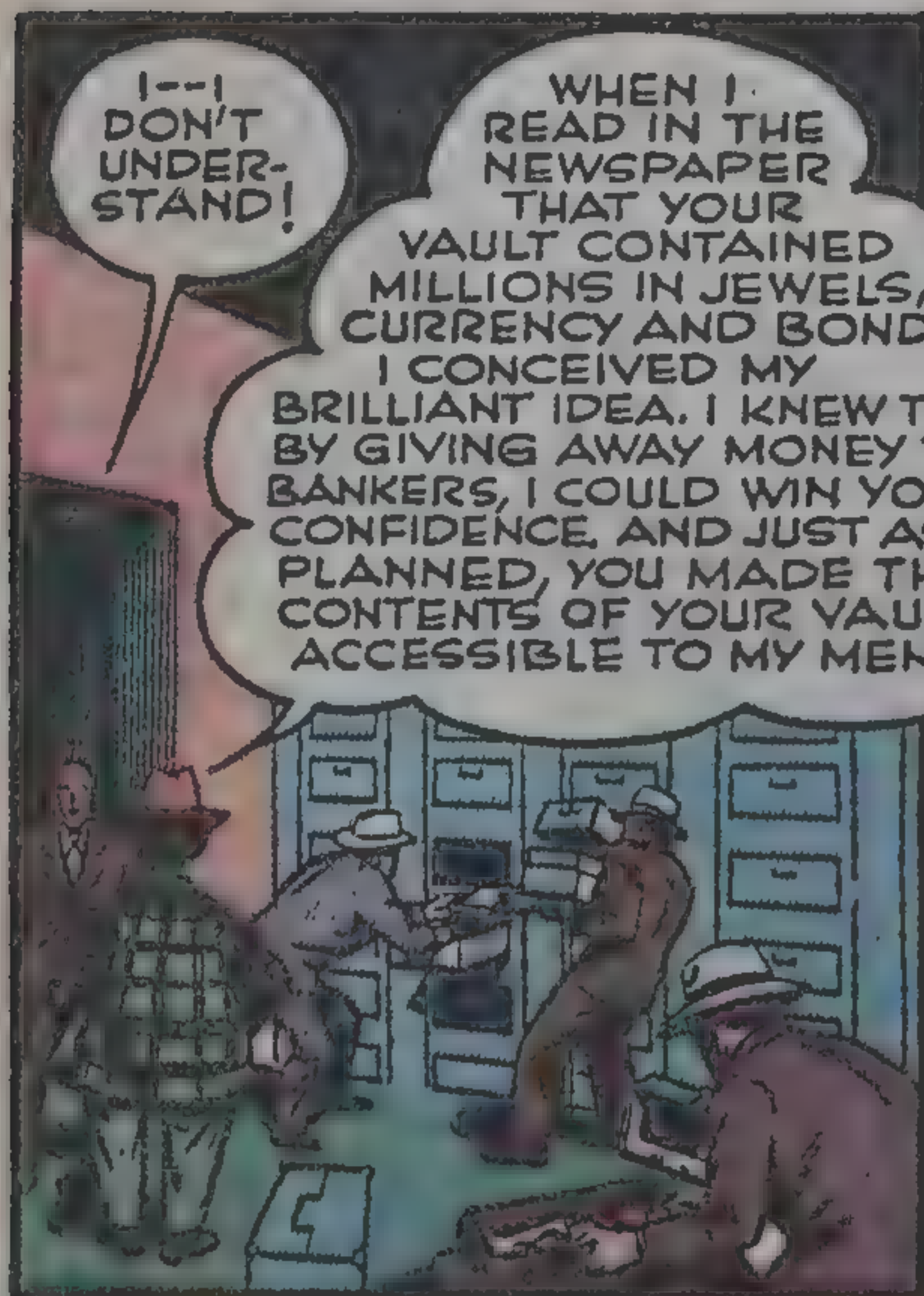
WHEN THE VAULT IS OPENED, THE BANK PRESIDENT RECEIVES THE OTHER BAG....

ONLY A QUARTER!

DISAPPOINTED, EH? YOU'LL BE EVEN MORE STARTLED TO LEARN THAT THIS WAS JUST A TRICK TO GET YOU TO OPEN YOUR VAULT!

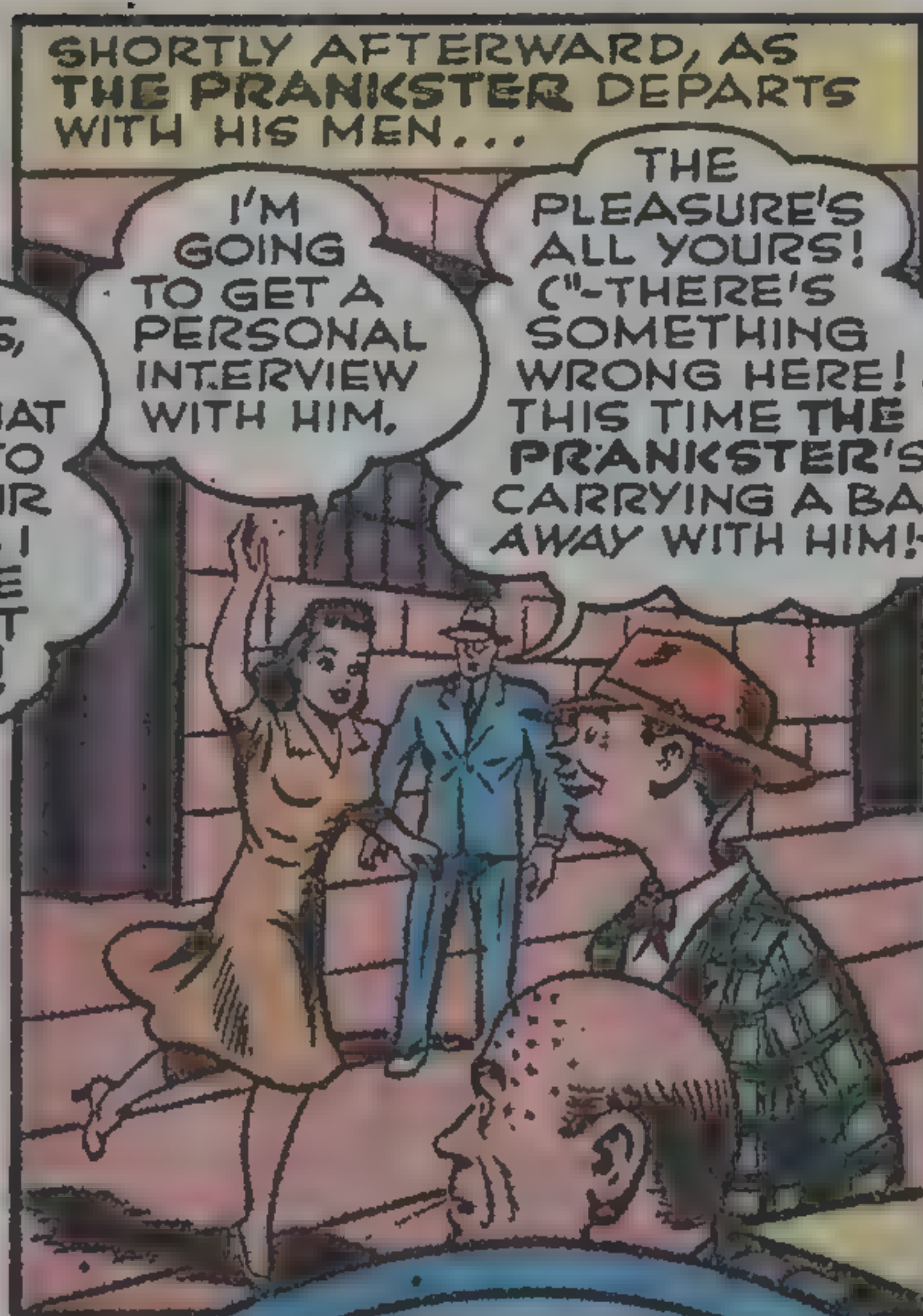
HO! HO! HO! ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR JOKES, EH?

HO! HO! HO! ON THE CONTRARY, I'M DEADLY SERIOUS THIS TIME! HELP YOURSELVES, LADS. THERE ARE MILLIONS TO BE HAD!



I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

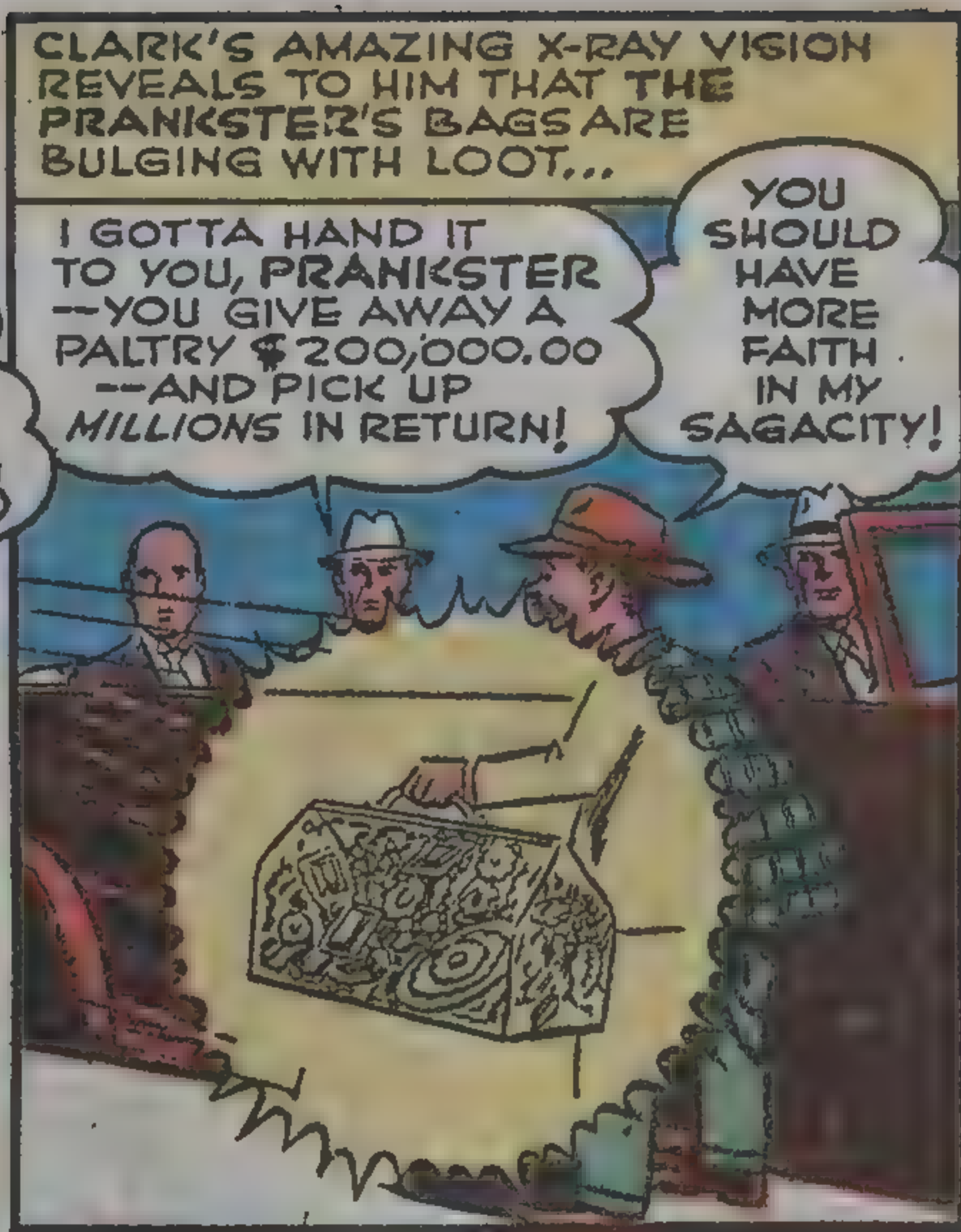
WHEN I READ IN THE NEWSPAPER THAT YOUR VAULT CONTAINED MILLIONS IN JEWELS, CURRENCY AND BONDS, I CONCEIVED MY BRILLIANT IDEA. I KNEW THAT BY GIVING AWAY MONEY TO BANKERS, I COULD WIN YOUR CONFIDENCE. AND JUST AS I PLANNED, YOU MADE THE CONTENTS OF YOUR VAULT ACCESSIBLE TO MY MEN!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AS THE PRANKSTER DEPARTS WITH HIS MEN...

I'M GOING TO GET A PERSONAL INTERVIEW WITH HIM.

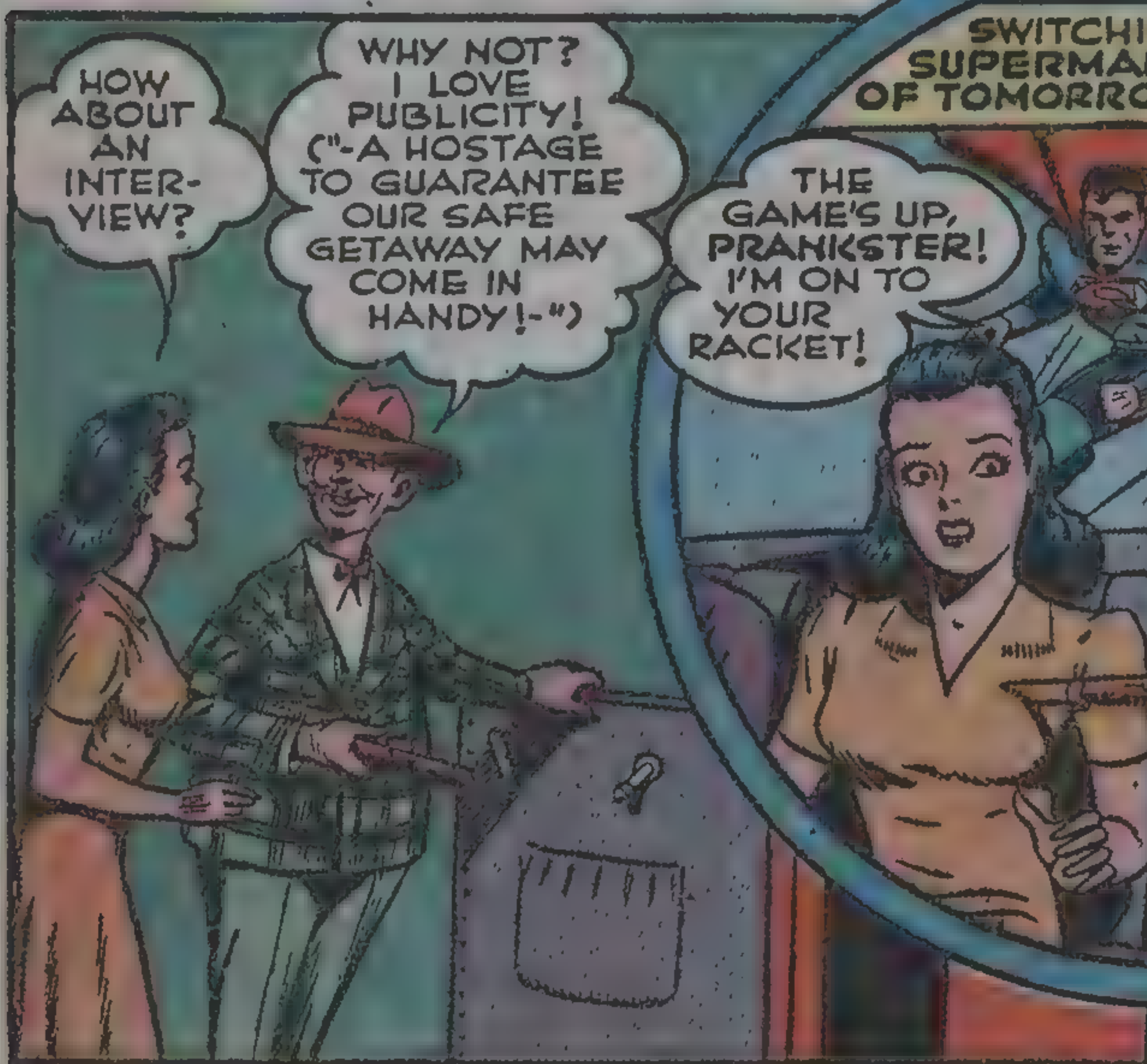
THE PLEASURE'S ALL YOURS! ("THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE! THIS TIME THE PRANKSTER'S CARRYING A BAG AWAY WITH HIM!")



CLARK'S AMAZING X-RAY VISION REVEALS TO HIM THAT THE PRANKSTER'S BAGS ARE BULGING WITH LOOT...

I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, PRANKSTER --YOU GIVE AWAY A PALTRY \$200,000.00 --AND PICK UP MILLIONS IN RETURN!

YOU SHOULD HAVE MORE FAITH IN MY SAGACITY!

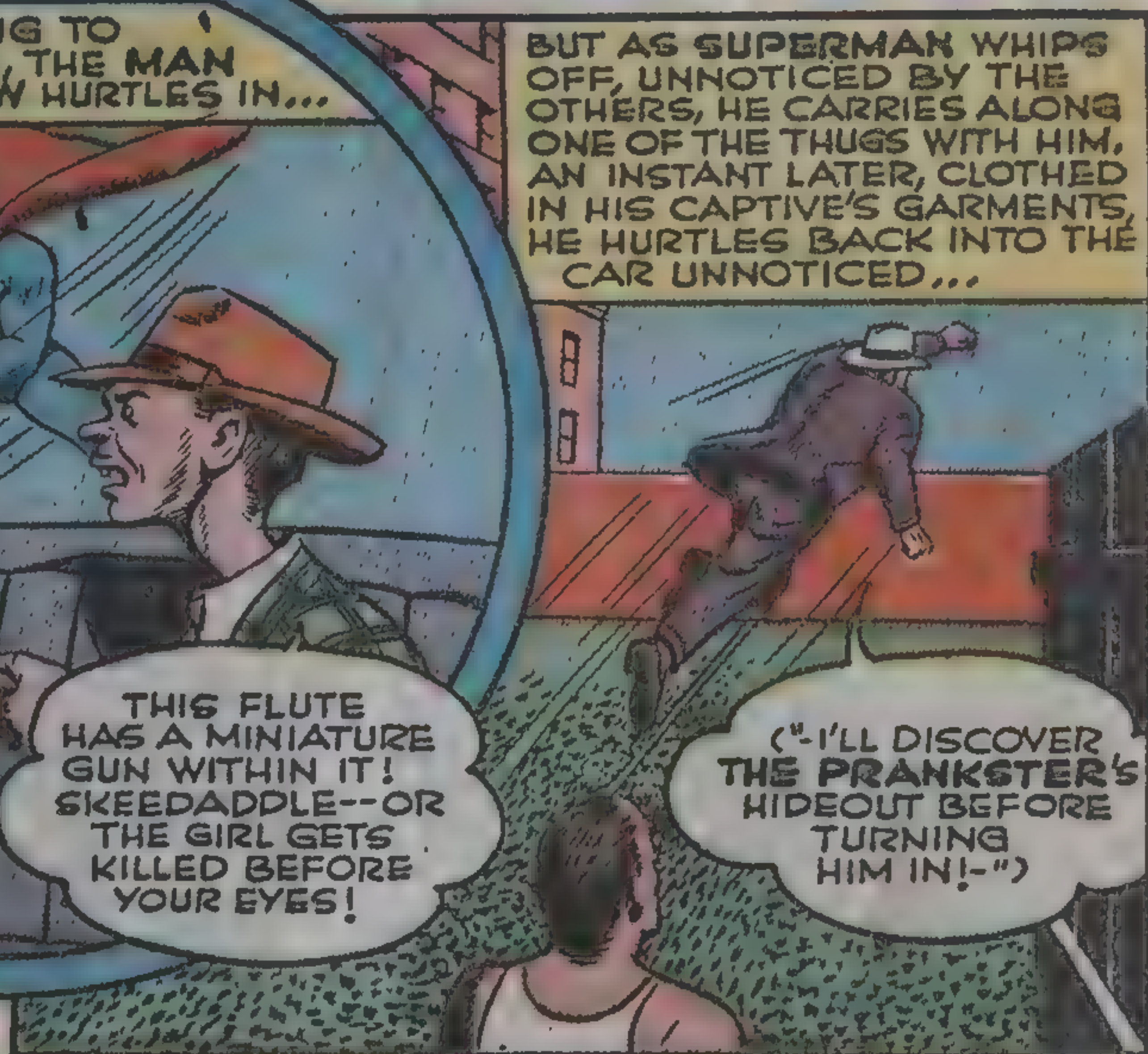


HOW ABOUT AN INTERVIEW?

WHY NOT? I LOVE PUBLICITY! ("A HOSTAGE TO GUARANTEE OUR SAFE GETAWAY MAY COME IN HANDY!")

THE GAME'S UP, PRANKSTER! I'M ON TO YOUR RACKET!

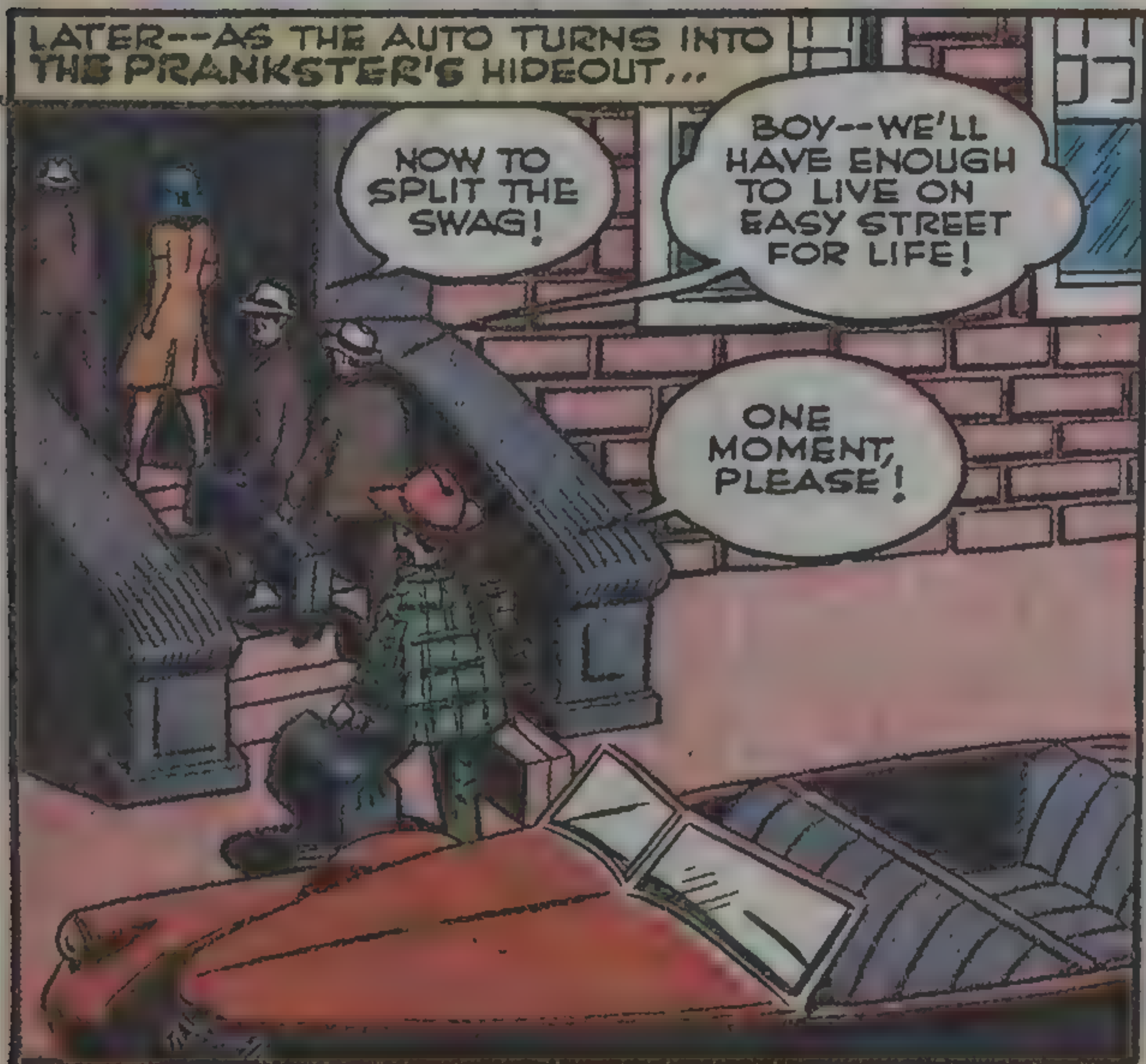
SWITCHING TO SUPERMAN, THE MAN OF TOMORROW HURTTLES IN...



BUT AS SUPERMAN WHIPS OFF, UNNOTICED BY THE OTHERS, HE CARRIES ALONG ONE OF THE THUGS WITH HIM, AN INSTANT LATER, CLOTHED IN HIS CAPTIVE'S GARMENTS, HE HURTTLES BACK INTO THE CAR UNNOTICED...

THIS FLUTE HAS A MINIATURE GUN WITHIN IT! SKEEDADDLE--OR THE GIRL GETS KILLED BEFORE YOUR EYES!

("I'LL DISCOVER THE PRANKSTER'S HIDEOUT BEFORE TURNING HIM IN!")

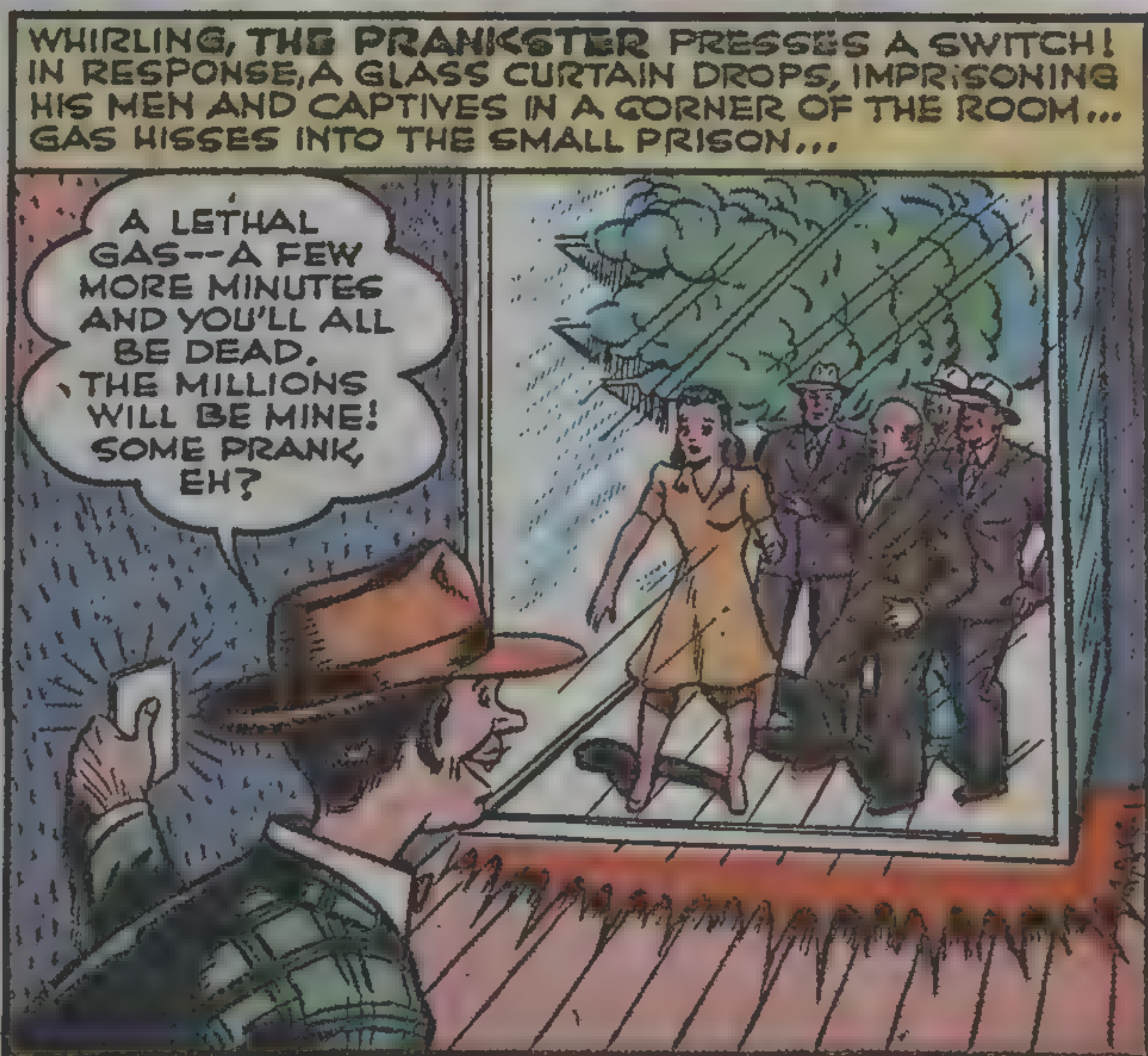


LATER--AS THE AUTO TURNS INTO THE PRANKSTER'S HIDEOUT...

NOW TO SPLIT THE SWAG!

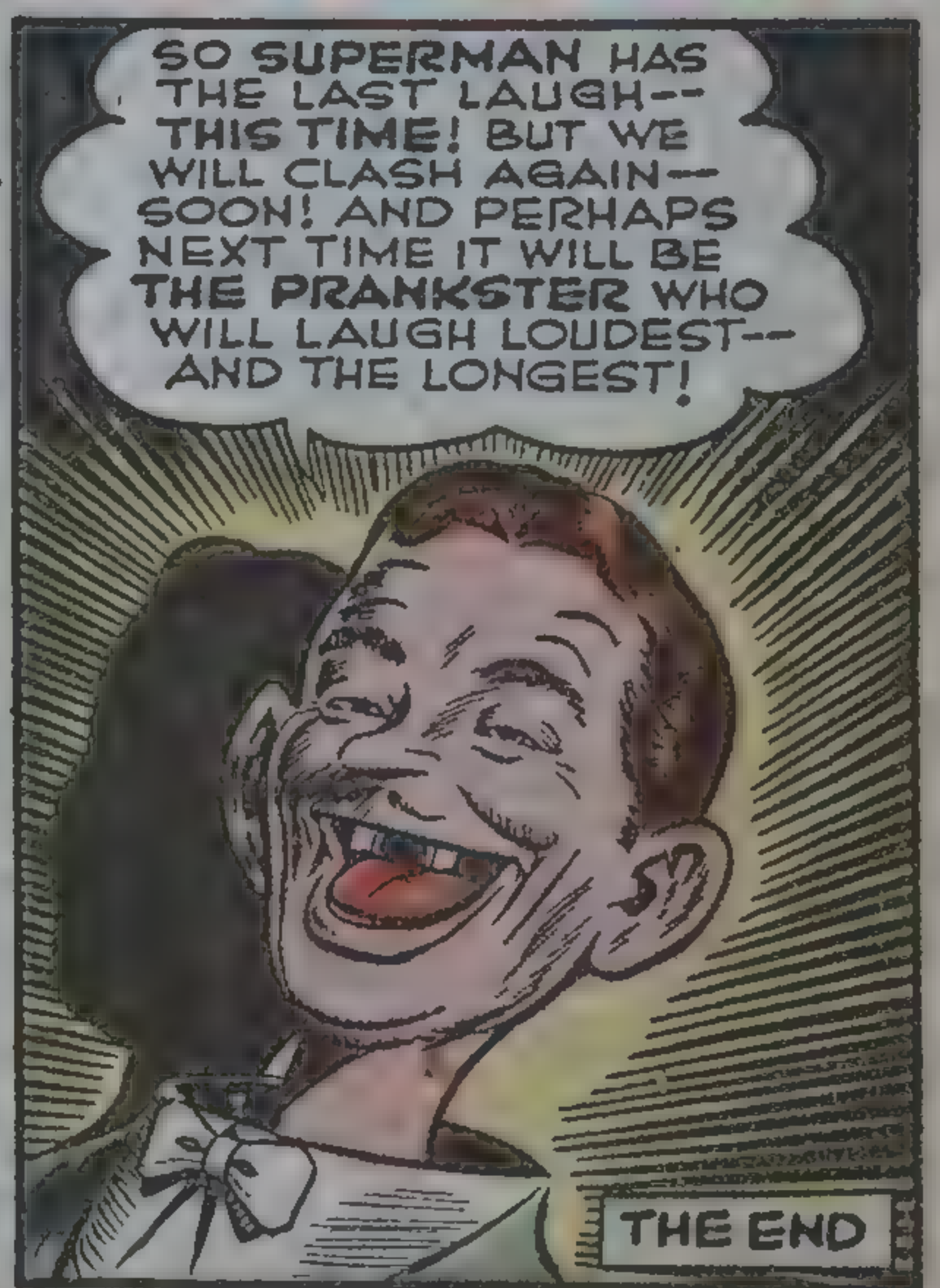
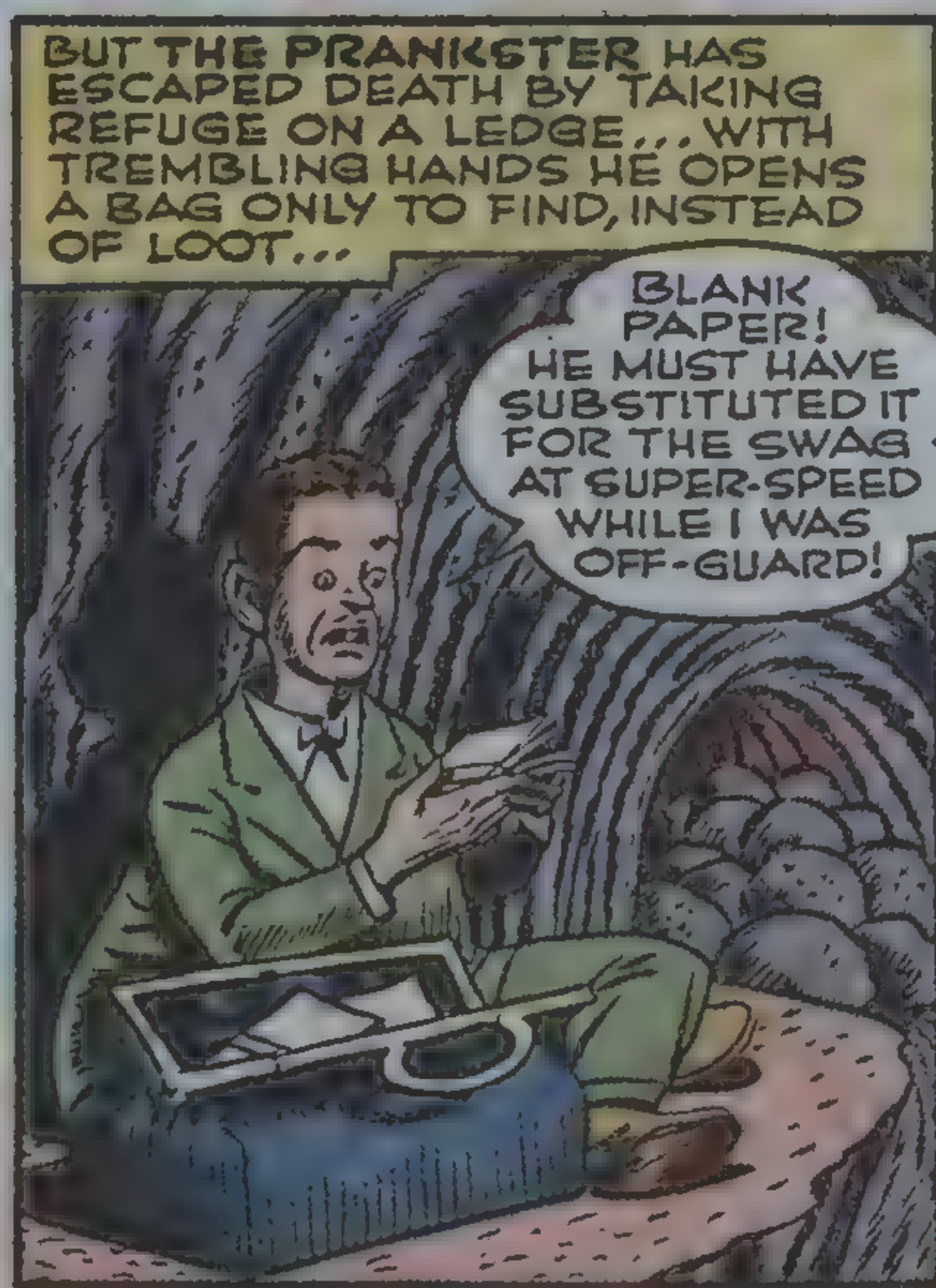
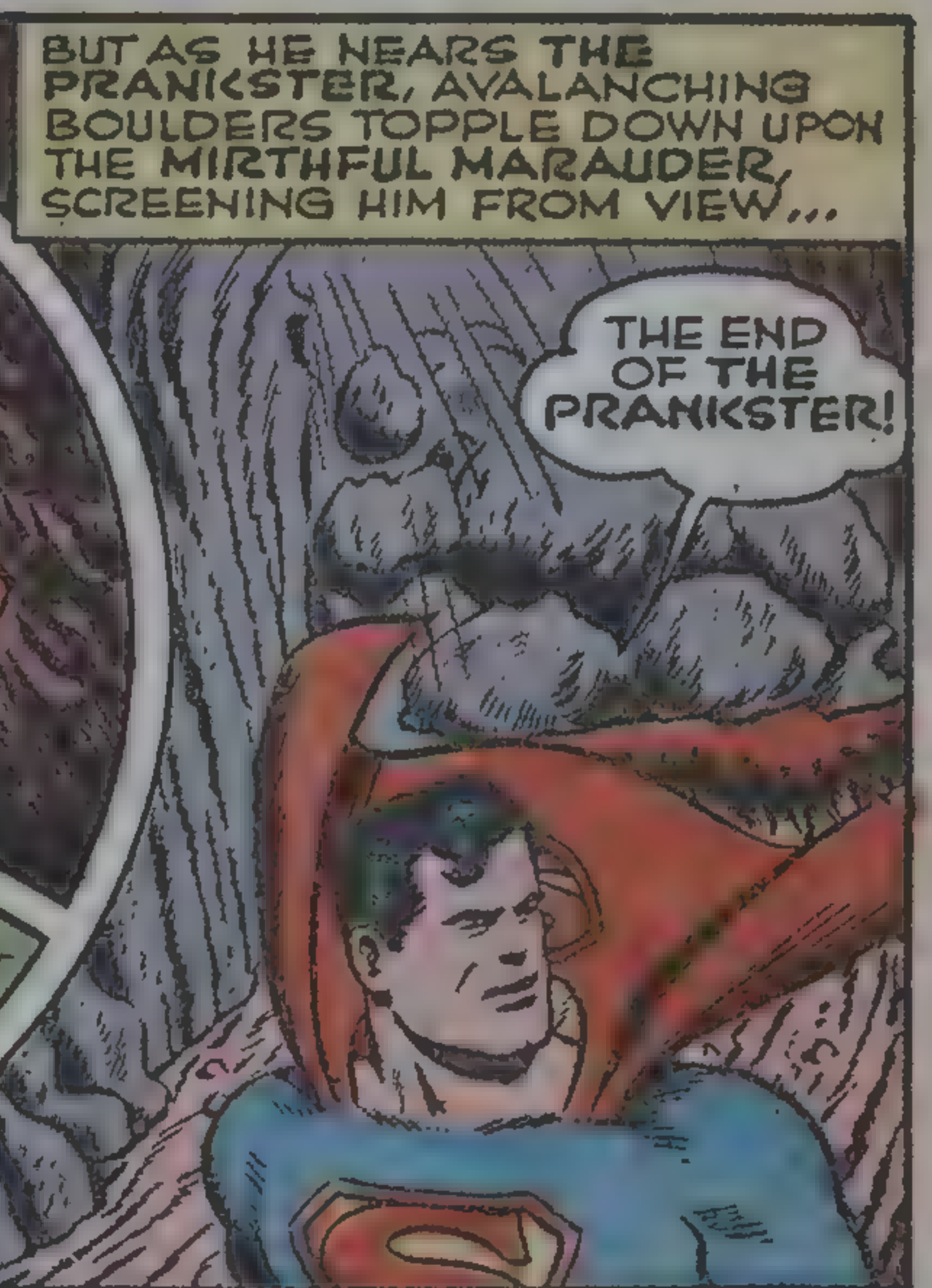
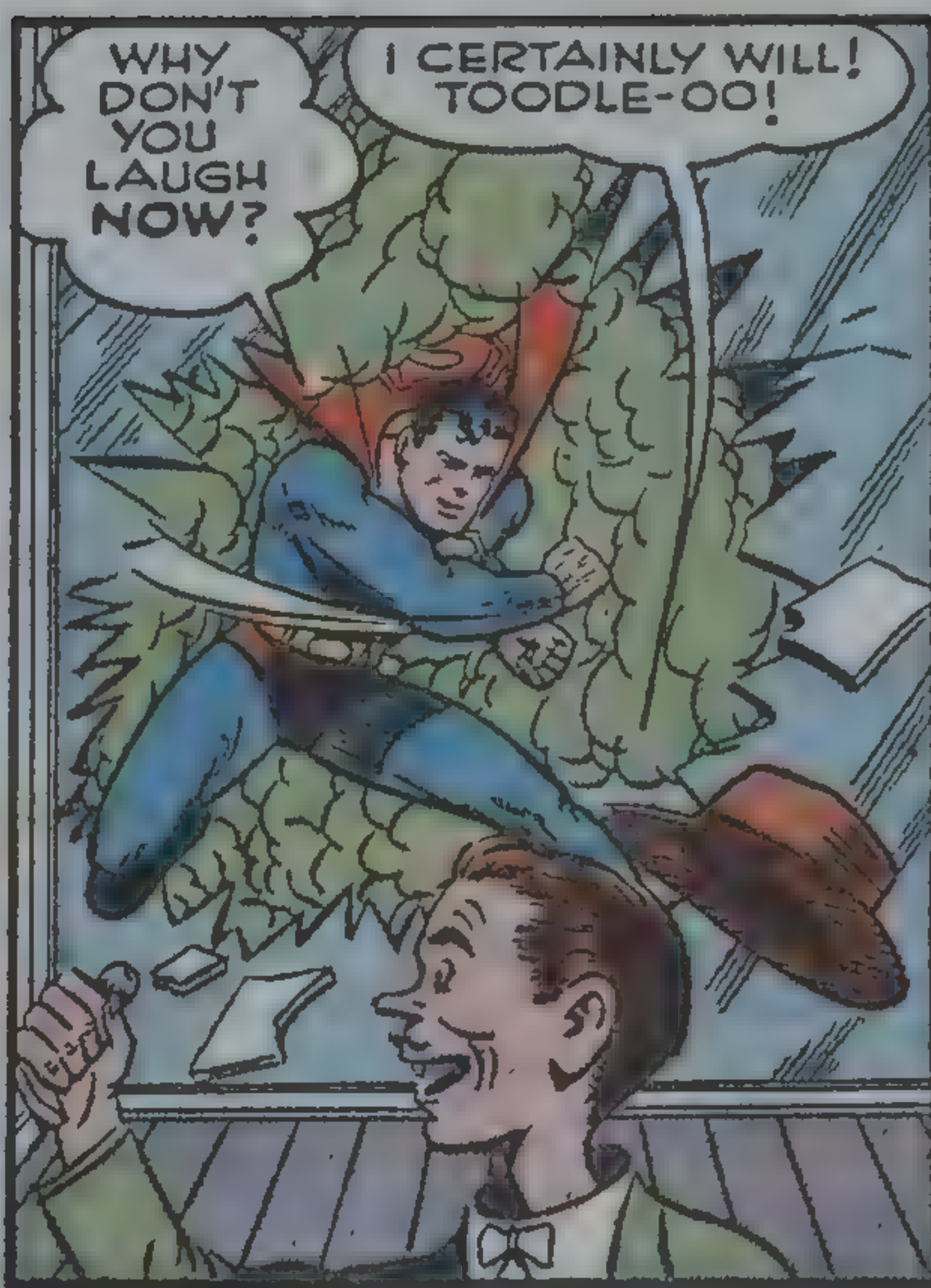
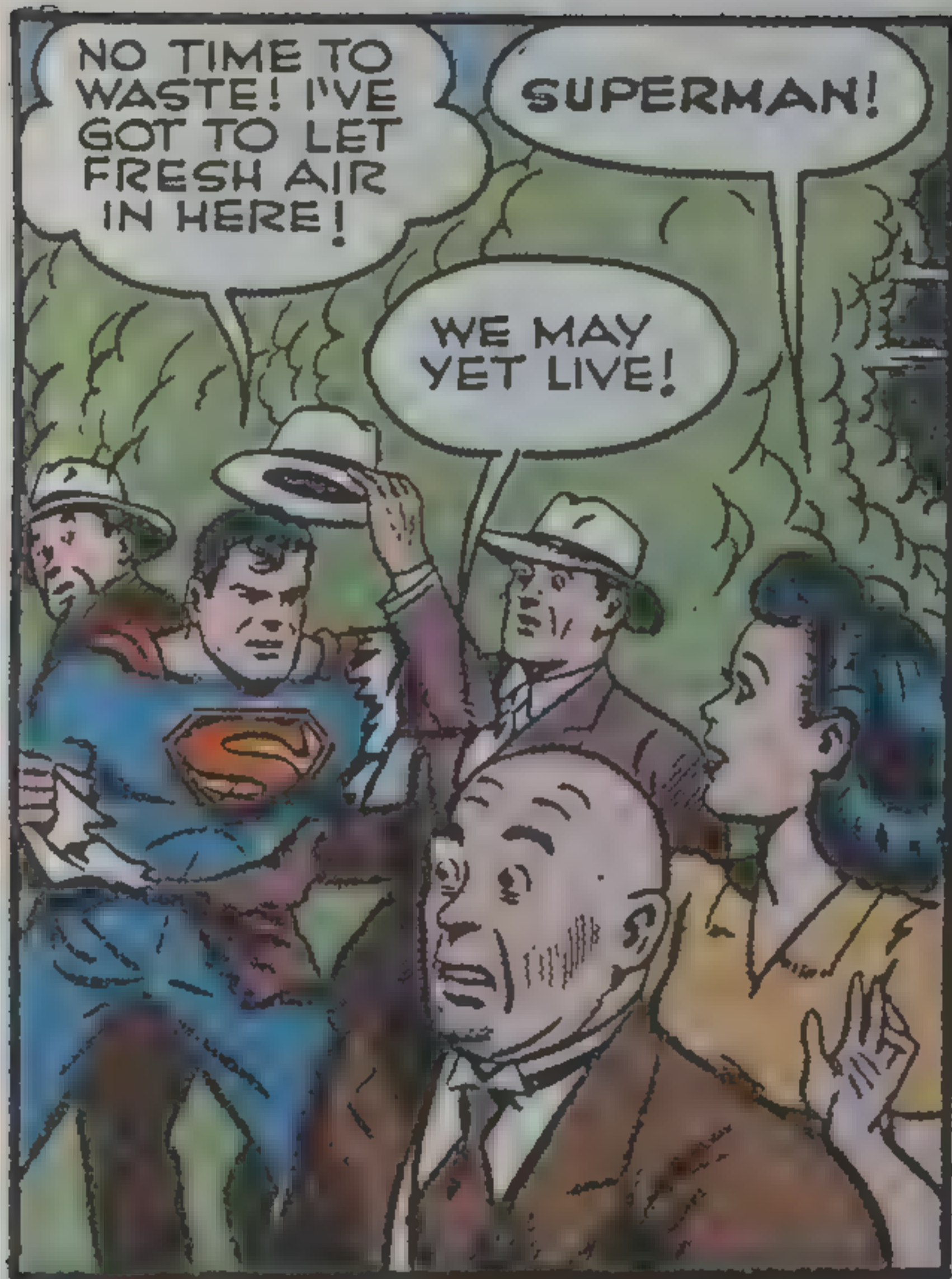
BOY--WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH TO LIVE ON EASY STREET FOR LIFE!

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!



WHIRLING, THE PRANKSTER PRESSES A SWITCH! IN RESPONSE, A GLASS CURTAIN DROPS, IMPRISONING HIS MEN AND CAPTIVES IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM... GAS HISSES INTO THE SMALL PRISON...

A LETHAL GAS--A FEW MORE MINUTES AND YOU'LL ALL BE DEAD. THE MILLIONS WILL BE MINE! SOME PRANK, EH?



THE END



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

GREETINGS, SUPERMAN members! If I were to tell you that, in only two months of Philippine fighting, one American soldier machine-gunned 116 Japs, raced forward under fire through a large force of Japanese and rescued a whole unit of American troops, a unit which had been cut off for six days—that this same soldier later formed a "suicide anti-sniper" unit with eighty-four other volunteers to eliminate some 300 enemy snipers who had slipped in behind the American lines—wiped out a nest of Japanese phone-tappers who were listening in on American communications—well, you'd say that if such a man achieved all these exploits, he's a veritable one-man army!

And you'd be right! For Capt. W. Wermuth, the hero of these feats, is America's No. 1 one-man army to the officers and men of the Fifty-seventh Filipino Scout Regiment. His actions forestalled many enemy attacks and prepared the way for many of the American counter-attacks which held the numerically superior Jap forces at bay for so many heart-breaking weeks on the Bataan Peninsula.

Wermuth fought the war like he played football for Northwestern Military Academy in Wisconsin—fearlessly and for keeps! This 190-pounder with a Van Dyke beard was perfectly at home in the Bataan Mountains, where he has spent many years.

Speaking of football, one particular exploit remains the favorite of Wermuth's companions. They love to tell of how Wermuth was out on lone pa-

trol one night when he bumped into a squad of armed Japs, out reconnoitering.

"Shhh!" whispered the Jap leader to Wermuth, failing to spy his American uniform in the heavy darkness.

Realizing that he had been mistaken for a Jap scout, Wermuth acted swiftly.

"Shhh!" he whispered back and, removing the pin from a hand grenade, quickly "passed" it into the Jap's palm, folded the Oriental's hand over it.

As Wermuth retreated briskly into the gloom, the bewildered Jap stared down at the grenade, failing to comprehend the ruse. Automatically, without thinking, he opened his hand several seconds later. The hand grenade went off. There was a shattering, ear-deafening report—and it was goodbye Jap squad! The Jap had "carried the ball" for Wermuth!

Like father, like son, the saying goes. Never was the adage more true than in the case of Capt. Wermuth, whose late father was a World War hero. Even though young Wermuth has received the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary

heroism, the Silver Star for gallantry, and the Purple Heart with two clasps signifying that he has been thrice wounded, he still needs an Oak Leaf Cluster for his D.S.C. to equal his father's World War record!

As this issue goes to press, the heroic defense of Bataan has officially ended. Some of its defenders have made good their escape to the fortress-island of Corregidor in Manila harbor and are still denying the use of that coveted naval base to the Japs. Many of the gallant American troops have given their lives, and many others—ill with malaria and worn to complete physical exhaustion by the onslaughts of wave upon wave of fresh Jap troops, have been forced to surrender. Still others, living like shadows in the deep jungles of the peninsula with their Filipino comrades, are still carrying on fierce guerilla warfare against the invaders. I do not know into which of these groups Capt. Wermuth falls—but you can be assured that if he still survives, this SUPERMAN OF THE U. S. ARMY is still battling gallantly against the foe.

Sincerely,

CLARK KENT

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

AUG.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

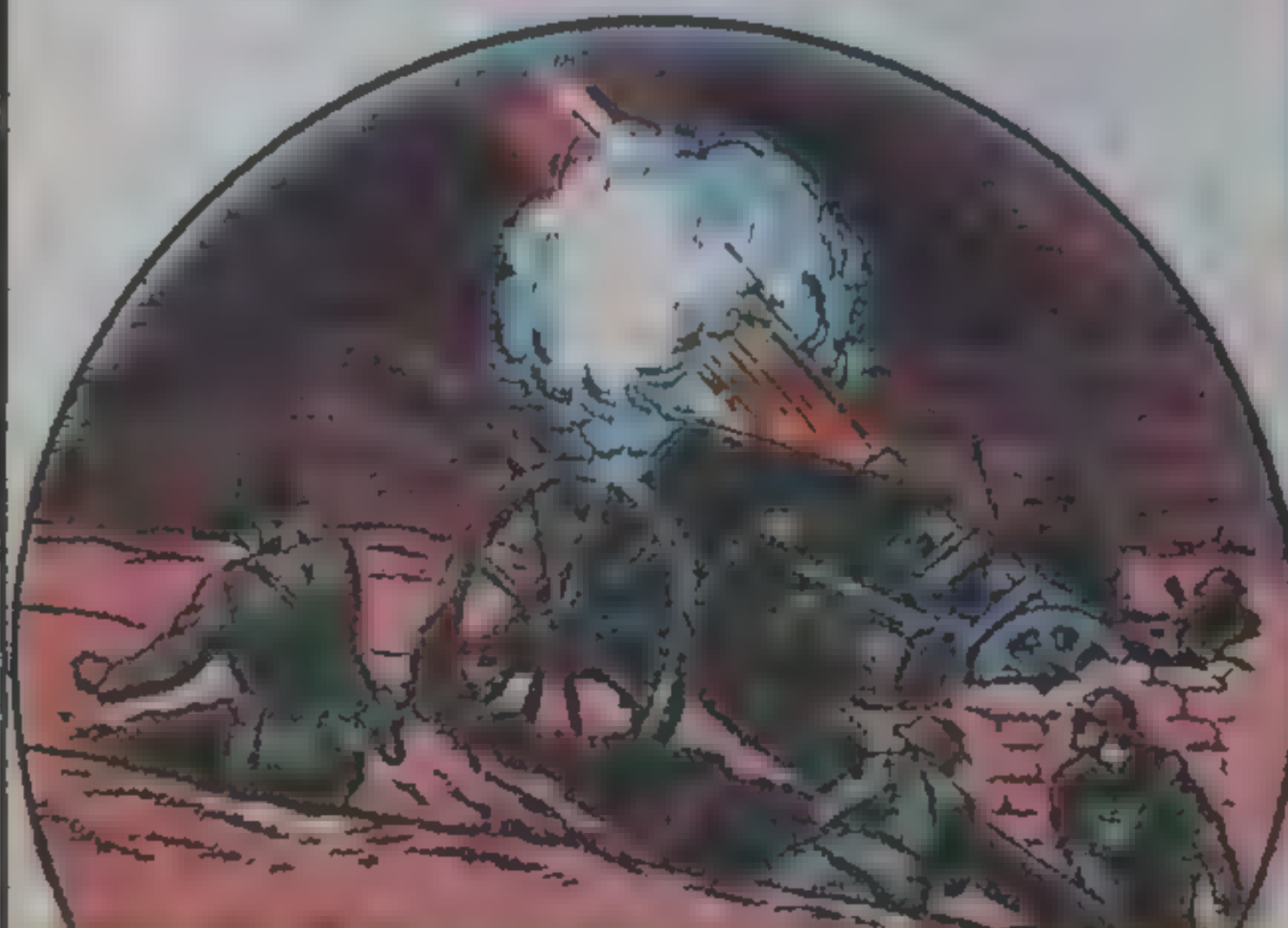
SUPERMEN OF THE U.S. ARMY

ONE-MAN
ARMY!



**CAPTAIN
ARTHUR WERMUTH-**

THRICE-DECORATED FOR HIS
TREMENDOUS BATTLING DURING
THE HEROIC SIEGE OF BATAAN!



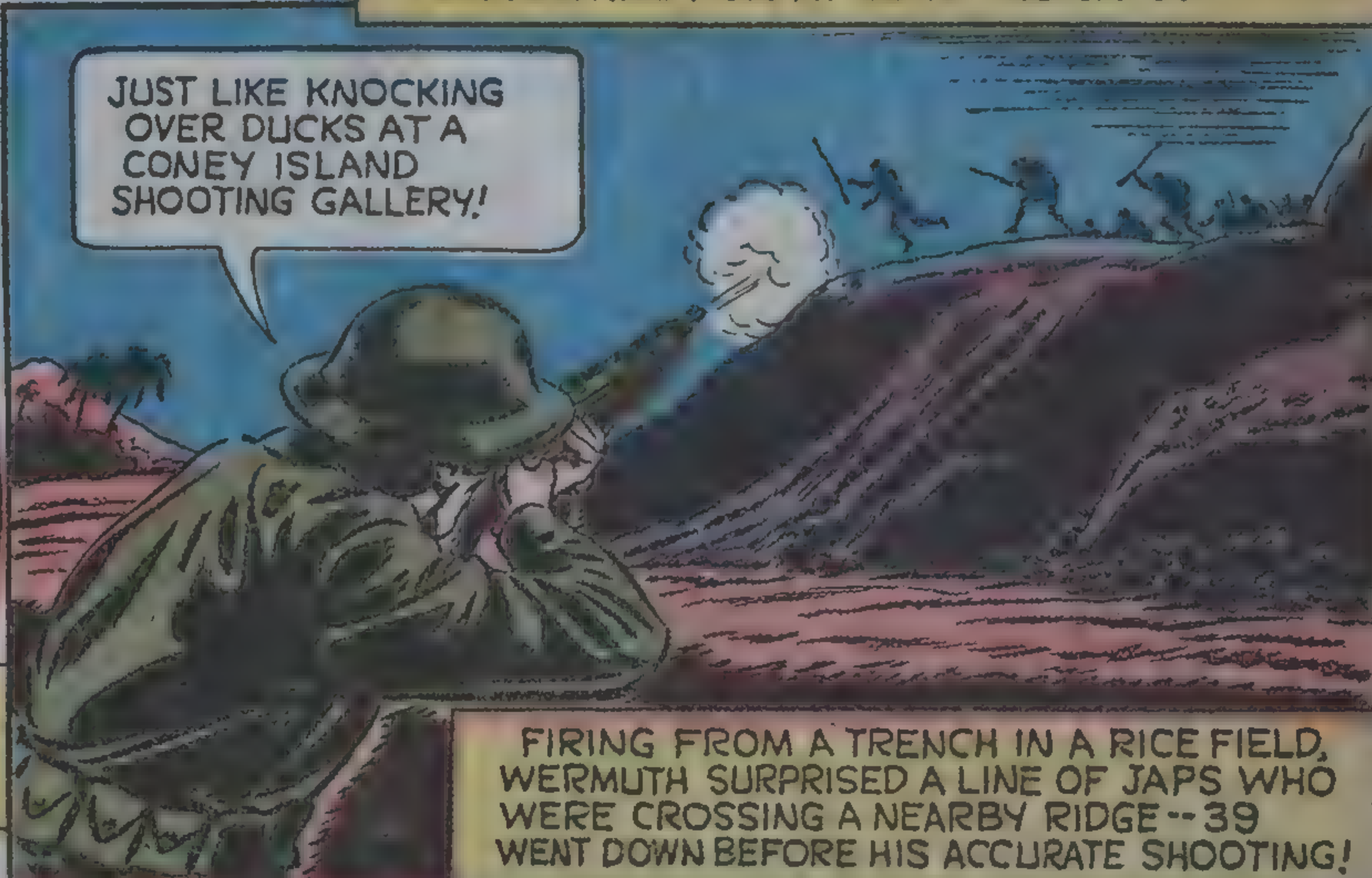
A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK! ...
WERMUTH'S LATE FATHER WAS
A HERO OF THE FIRST WORLD
WAR--FOUR TIMES DECORATED!



COLORFUL
HERO!

AN AMAZING WARRIOR, THIS 190-POUND
EX-GRIDIRON STAR WEARS A VAN DYKE
BEARD IN ACTION AND FIGHTS THE WAR LIKE
HE USED TO PLAY FOOTBALL--FEARLESSLY
AND FOR KEEPS! A CRACK SHOT AND A
TERROR AT HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING--HE WAS
WOUNDED THREE TIMES AT BATAAN, WHILE
ACCOUNTING FOR AT LEAST 116 JAPS!

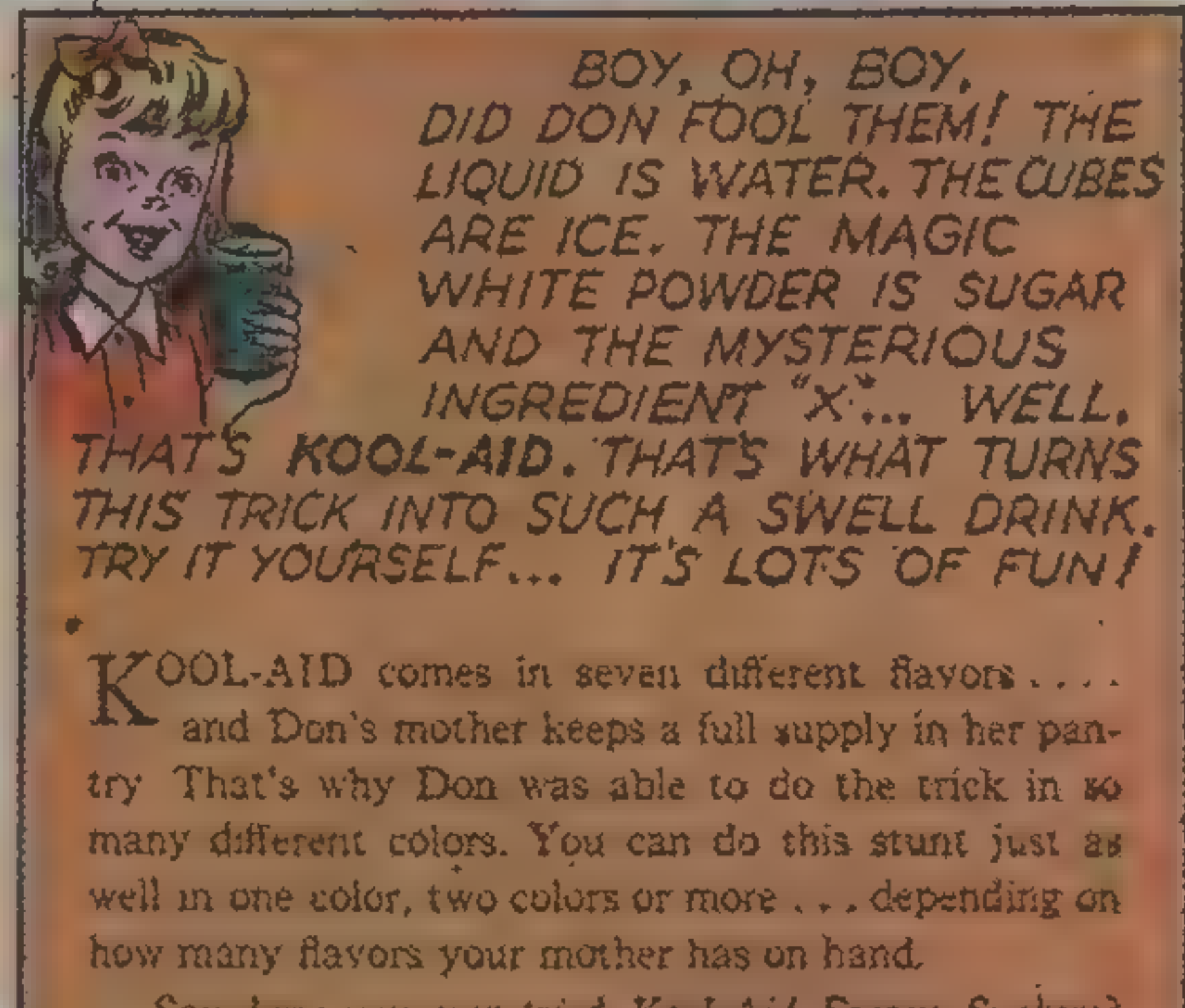
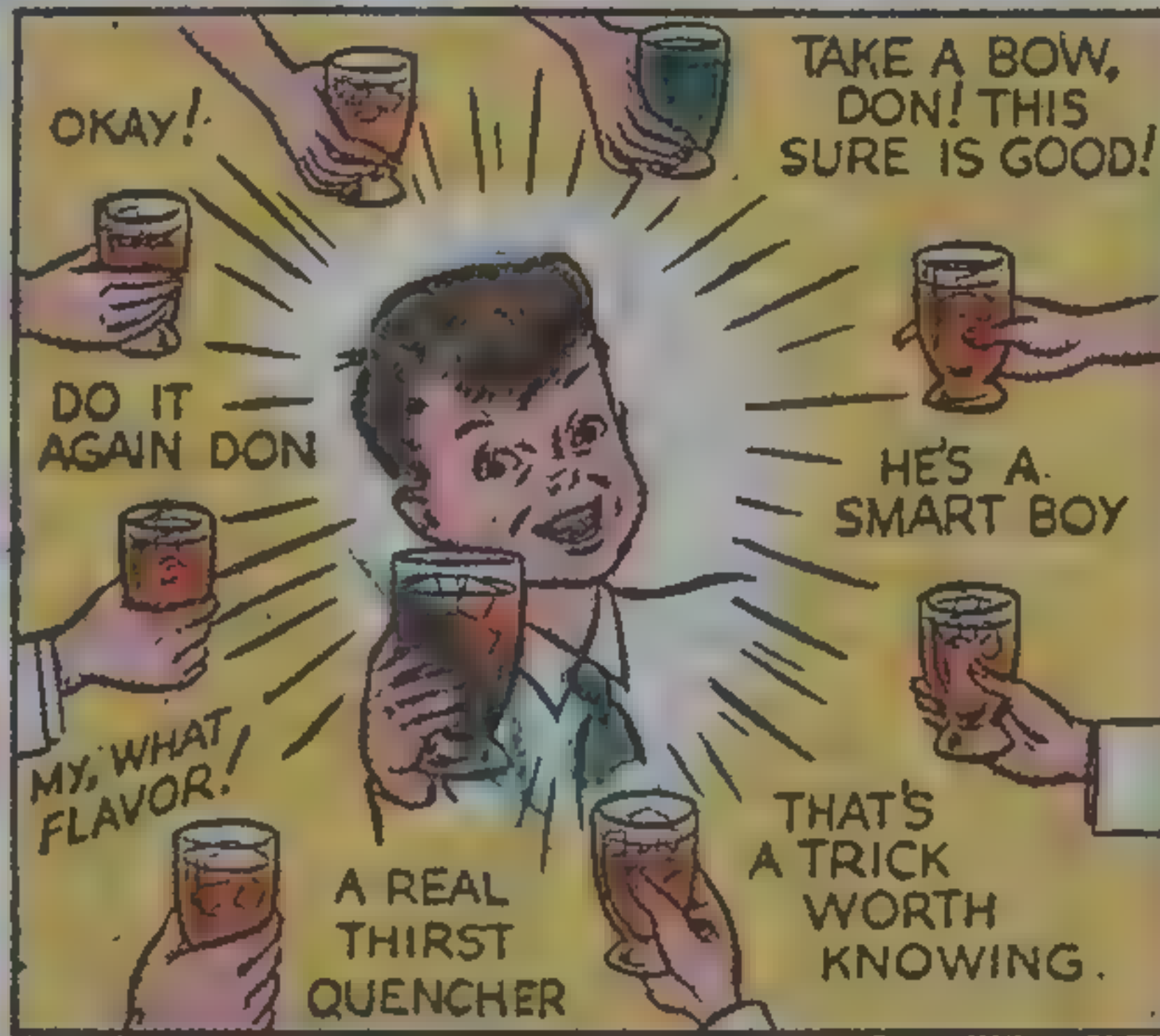
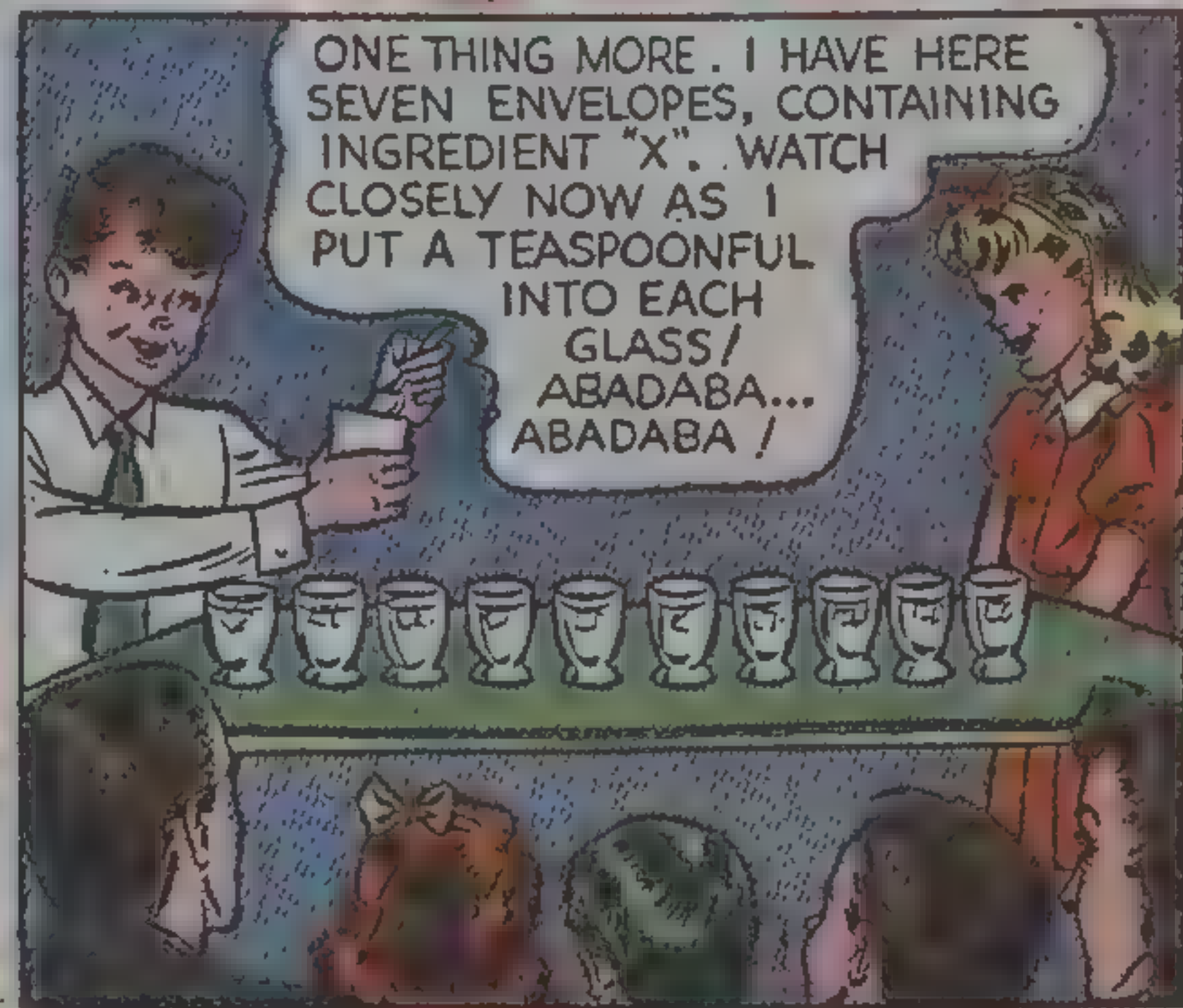
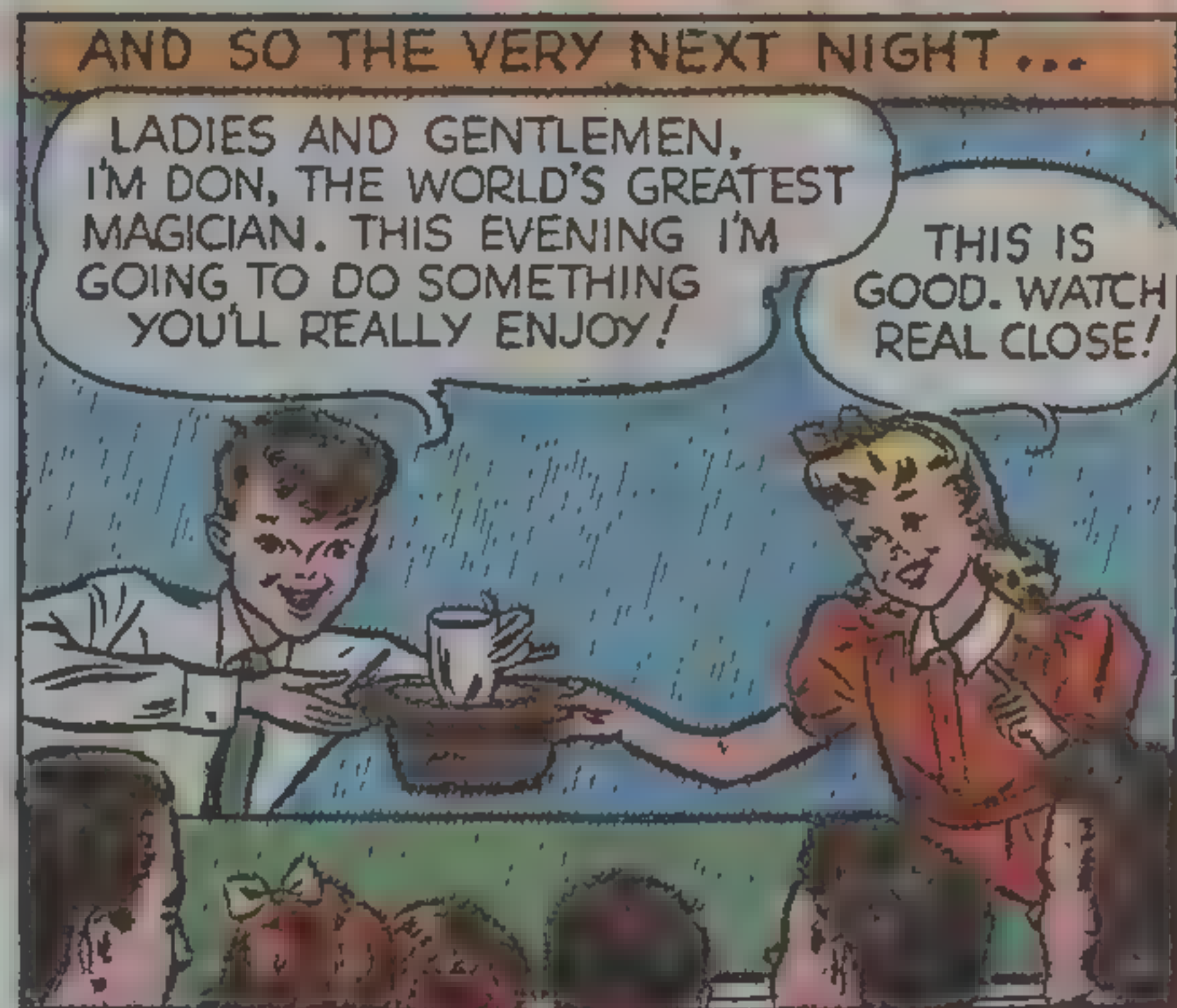
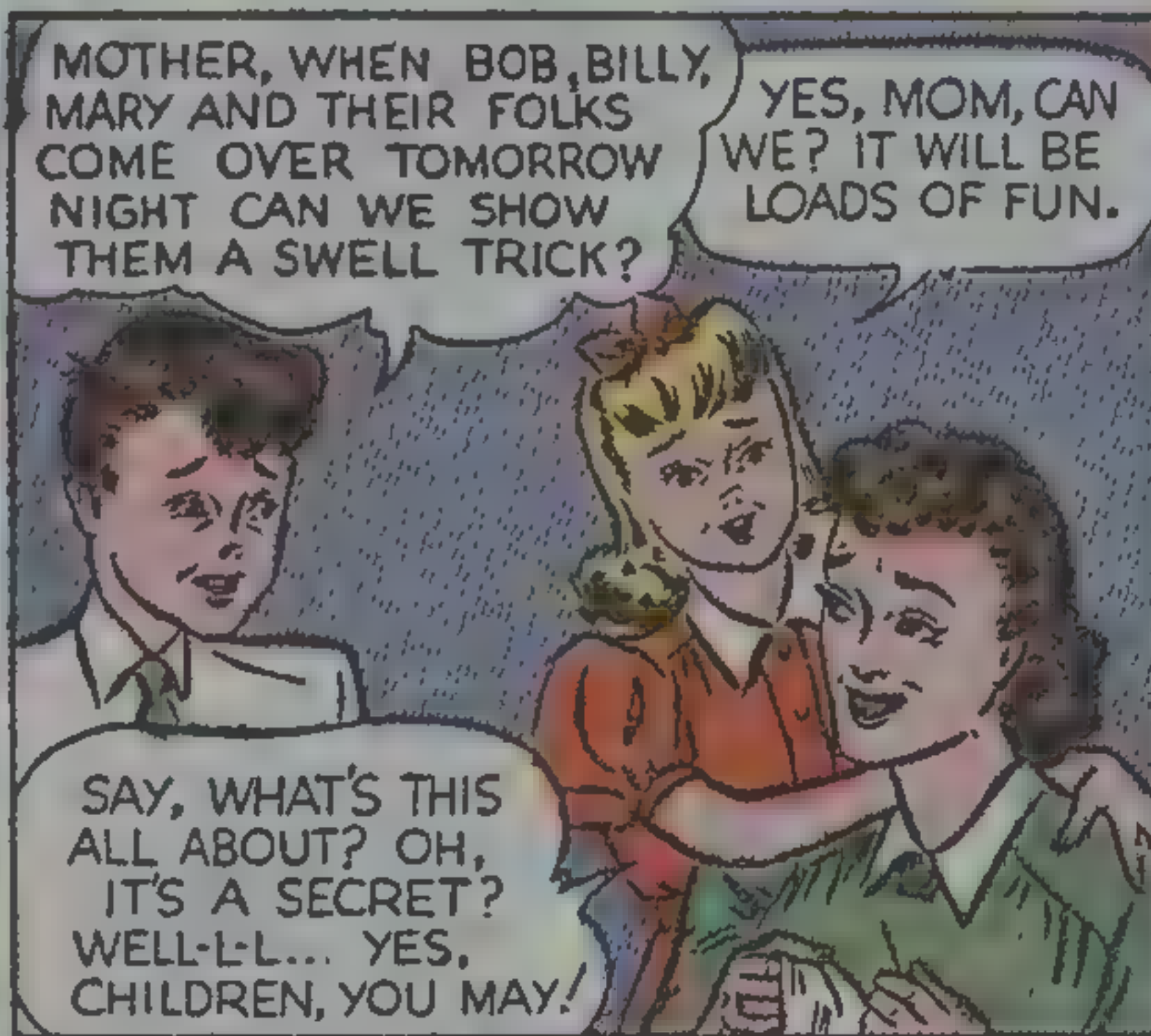
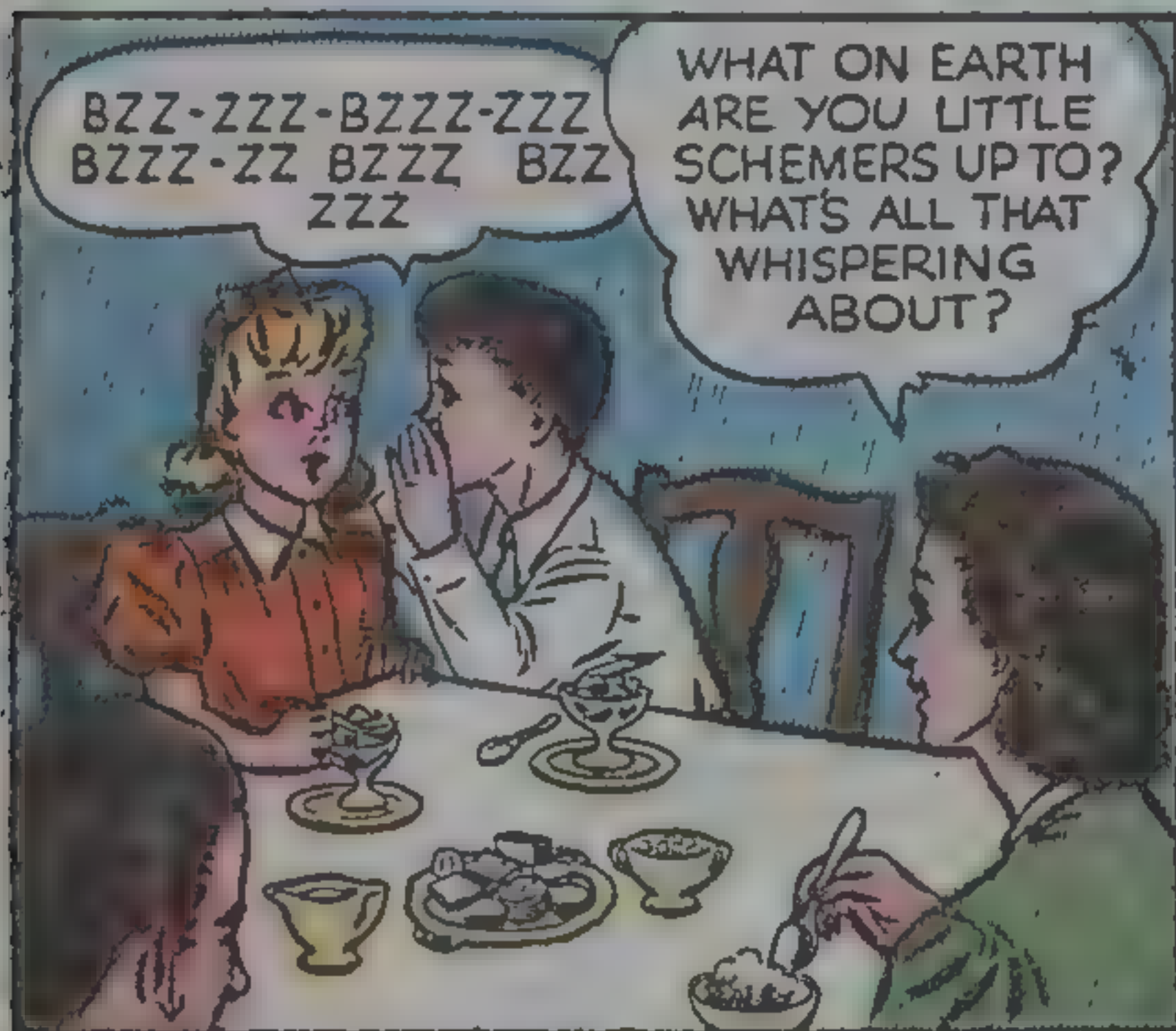
JUST LIKE KNOCKING
OVER DUCKS AT A
CONEY ISLAND
SHOOTING GALLERY!



FIRING FROM A TRENCH IN A RICE FIELD,
WERMUTH SURPRISED A LINE OF JAPS WHO
WERE CROSSING A NEARBY RIDGE--39
WENT DOWN BEFORE HIS ACCURATE SHOOTING!

DON & NANCY *magicians* ENTERTAIN THEIR FRIENDS!

IT'S A SWELL TRICK THAT YOU CAN DO, TOO!



BOYS! TRY KOOL-AID'S LATEST TREAT!



A NEW BUBBLE GUM THAT CAN'T BE BEAT!

KOOL-AID's new Bubble Gum is the swellest you ever tasted. It comes in five different, long-lasting flavors. Good and chewy, it's best for bubbles! You get a great big piece for only a penny. So buy some today! Look for the surprise fun that's printed on the inside of every wrapper!

Kool-Aid Bubble Gum is so new that your dealer may not have received his supply as yet. If he doesn't have it, tell him to get some right away, because Kool-Aid Bubble Gum is the kind you want from now on!



KOOL-AID SOFT DRINK POWDERS AND KOOL-AID BUBBLE GUM ARE WHOLESOME PRODUCTS MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED BY PERKINS PRODUCTS CO., 5555 W. 65th ST., CHICAGO

VIGILANTE

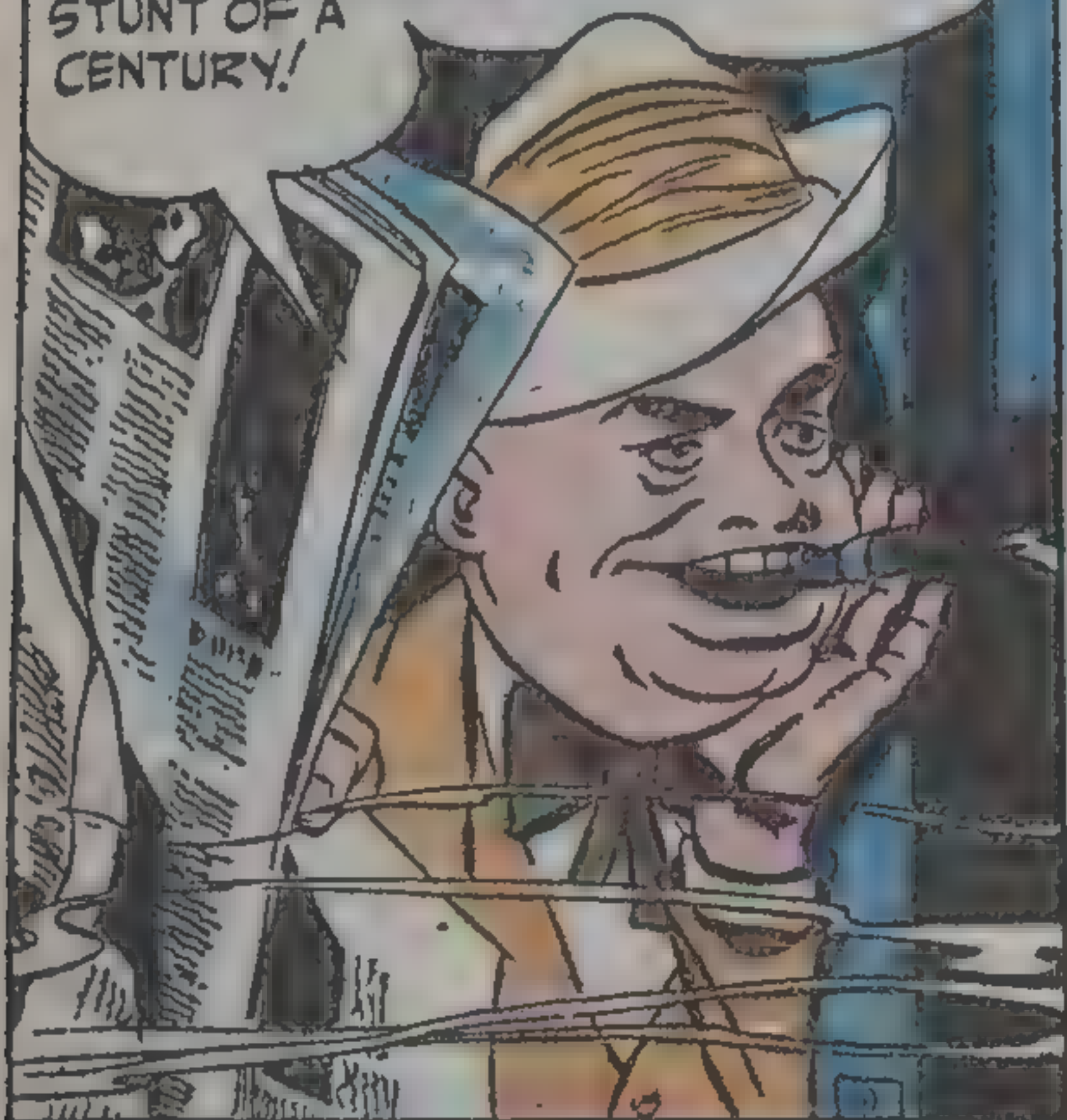


BACK TO THE LAND OF THE PURPLE SAGE
GOES GREG SANDERS, TO THE TINY TOWN OF HIS
BIRTH, WHERE THE SPIRIT OF FRONTIER DAYS STILL
LIVES IN THE MEMORY OF WHISKERED OLDSTERS...IT'S
A PUBLICITY MAN'S DREAM IN THE BEGINNING...BUT WHEN
THE LURE OF GOLD BRINGS DOWN MACHINE-GUN BANDITS FROM
THE UNDERWORLD OF THE EAST, IT BECOMES A NIGHTMARE OF
TERROR...UNTIL THE VALIANT VIGILANTE, WHOSE WESTERN WITS
AND WEAPONS HAVE LONG BEEN THE NEMESIS OF BIG CITY GUNMEN,
CORRALS A CARGO OF CROOKS IN... "GUNS, GOLD and GLORY!"

-BY
MORT
MORTON
and
CLIFF!

"BRAIN" STORME, RADIO PRESS AGENT,
SUFFERS A STROKE OF GENIUS...

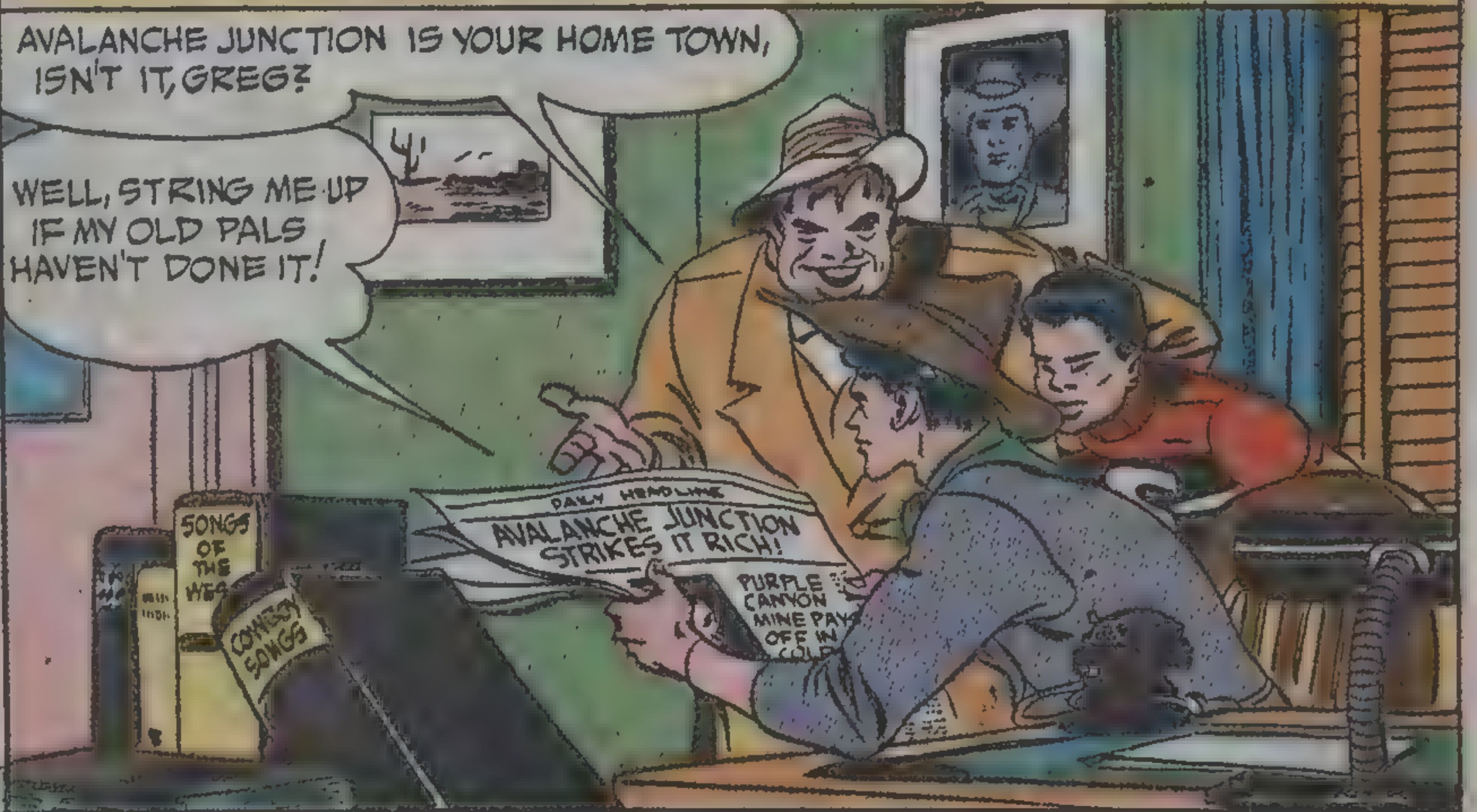
WHERE'S SANDERS? I'VE GOT THE
STUNT OF A
CENTURY!



AND GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, GETS SOME NEWS ABOUT THE
SAGEBRUSH COUNTRY.

AVALANCHE JUNCTION IS YOUR HOME TOWN,
ISN'T IT, GREG?

WELL, STRING ME UP
IF MY OLD PALS
HAVEN'T DONE IT!



EVERYBODY'S READING ABOUT THE GOLD STRIKE.
YOU GO BACK FOR A VISIT, AND WE STAGE A
SHOW THAT'LL HIT EVERY FRONT PAGE
IN THE COUNTRY!

PUBLICITY FOR
ME!...SO
THAT'S THE
ANGLE!



STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID,
SCENTS ADVENTURE....

BE A PAL, TROUBADOUR! BOTH
YOU AN' THE VIGILANTE HAVE
BEEN PROMISIN' TO TAKE ME
WEST, AN' I AIN'T GOT PAST
HOBOKEN YET!

ALL RIGHT,
PARDNER...IT'LL
BE SORT OF NICE
SEEING
THE OLD-
TIMERS
AGAIN!



TWO DAYS LATER...

IT'S A GYP! WE AIN'T
EVEN BEEN IN A TRAIN
ROBBERY!

WE HAVEN'T
REACHED THE
WIDE OPEN
SPACES YET,
STUFF!

BUT WE'RE
GETTING PLENTY OF
WIDE OPEN SPACES
IN THE
PAPERS!



OF COURSE THE WEST
ISN'T AS WILD AS IT
USED TO BE!

THIS IS A FINE TIME
TO BE TELLIN' ME!

HOW DO
YOU SPELL
SUPERCOLORSAL?



GOSH...IF I HAD KNOWN THE
BAD MEN HAD GONE SOFT, I'D
HAVE STAYED IN THE BIG
CITY AND HELPED THE VIG
ROUND UP
GANGSTERS!



KEEP YOUR
SHIRT ON, STUFF...
THE BIG CITY HASN'T
A MONOPOLY ON
CRIME! SOMETHING
TELLS US YOU AND
THE VIGILANTE WILL
BE RIDING HERD ON
TROUBLE LONG
BEFORE THIS
YARN IS
FINISHED...



NOT FAR FROM AVALANCHE JUNCTION, TITLED TRAVELERS RELAX AT THE LAZY U DUDE RANCH...

I'M GETTIN' RESTLESS, BARON ...HOW LONG IS THE KING GONNA KEEP US HIDIN' OUT HERE IN THE STICKS?

SEARCH ME, DUKE- BUT IT WON'T BE SO BAD IF WE CAN GRAB SOME OF THAT GOLD THEY'RE DIGGIN' IN TOWN!

WE BETTER LAY OFF THESE TOUGH WEST-ERN BABIES!

AW, SHADDUP, GOOFY! TH' KING AN' TH' DUKE AN' ME ARE THE BRAINS OF THIS MOB!

YEAH...WE JUST GOT YOU ALONG TO LUG THE BAGGAGE!

MAYBE I AIN'T SMART, BUT I'M CAREFUL!

HI, KING! WE WAS JUST TALKIN' ABOUT THAT GOLD OVER IN AVALANCHE JUNCTION!

WHILE YOU MUGGS TALK, I...THE KING...BEEN DOIN' SOME HEAVY THINKIN'! LOOKA THIS NEWS-PAPER!

AVALANCHE JUNCTION BUGLE 2CENTS
WILD WEST WELCOMES WARBLING WADDIE

PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR HOME ON THE RANGE
GREG SANDERS, RADIO FAVORITE, RETURNS TO NATIVE TOWN

SHERIFF HIDES GOLD FOR SAFE KEEPING! \$500,000 SHIPMENT AWAITS TRANSPORT TO U.S. MINT!

THE HICKS'LL BE WELCOMIN' THIS SANDERS GUY. THEY'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT THE GOLD! WE CAN TAKE OVER THE TOWN EASY!

ALL THEY GOT IS OLD-FASHIONED SIX SHOOTERS. OUR TOMMY GUNS'LL SCARE 'EM OUTA THEIR CHAPS!

I STILL DON'T LIKE IT!

THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!

THIS FIDDLE WILL FURNISH MUSIC FOR THE TROUBADOUR!

CUT IT OUT, GOOFY! YOU AIN'T GOT BRAINS ENOUGH TO WORRY!

I AIN'T WORRIED ABOUT THE SINGER...BUT IF THOSE OTHER GUYS ARE AS TOUGH AS THE VIGILANTE BACK EAST...

MEANWHILE, WESTERN HOSPITALITY BUBBLES UP AND OVERFLOWS AS THE CALIFORNIA FLYER MAKES A SPECIAL STOP AT AVALANCHE JUNCTION...

THANKS, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!... HI, THERE, SAM, YOU OLD POLECAT!

I SHOULD GET A RAISE FOR THINKING OF THIS!

IT'S GREG! HE'S HERE!... C'MON!

SUFFERIN' SNAKES... AN' HE SAID THE WEST WASN'T WILD!



NEXT TO THE VIGILANTE, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR IS THE GREATEST GUY IN THE WORLD.

I THINK I'M GOIN' TO LIKE IT, HERE!

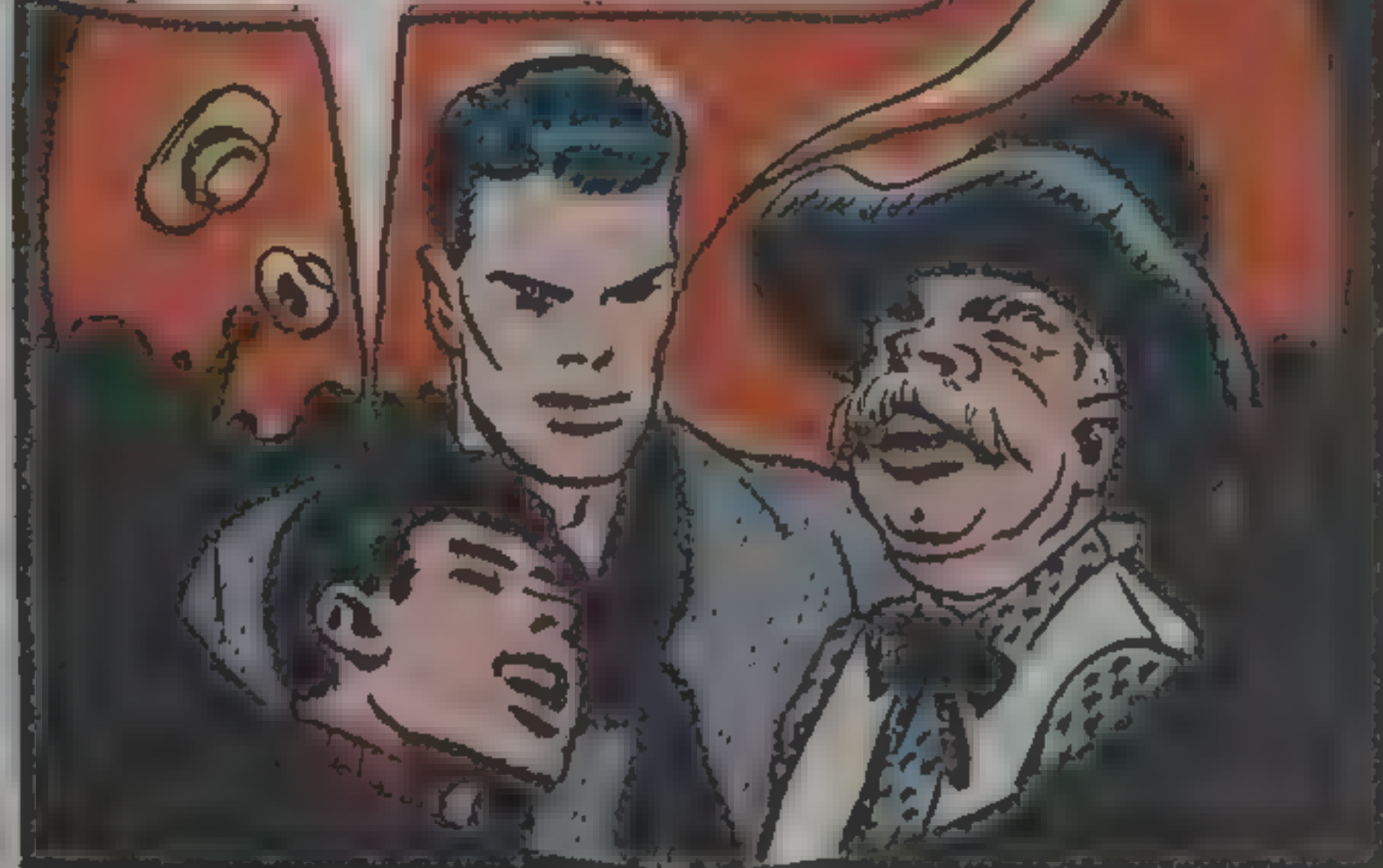
THE CHINATOWN KID IS A PAL OF THE VIGILANTE!

THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR OUR HERO!



MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW CITIZENS, WORDS FAIL ME...

BUT I GOT SOME LEFT, CHUMS... AN' I WANNA SAY I AIN'T HAD SO MUCH EXCITEMENT SINCE THE BIG CHINATOWN FIRE!

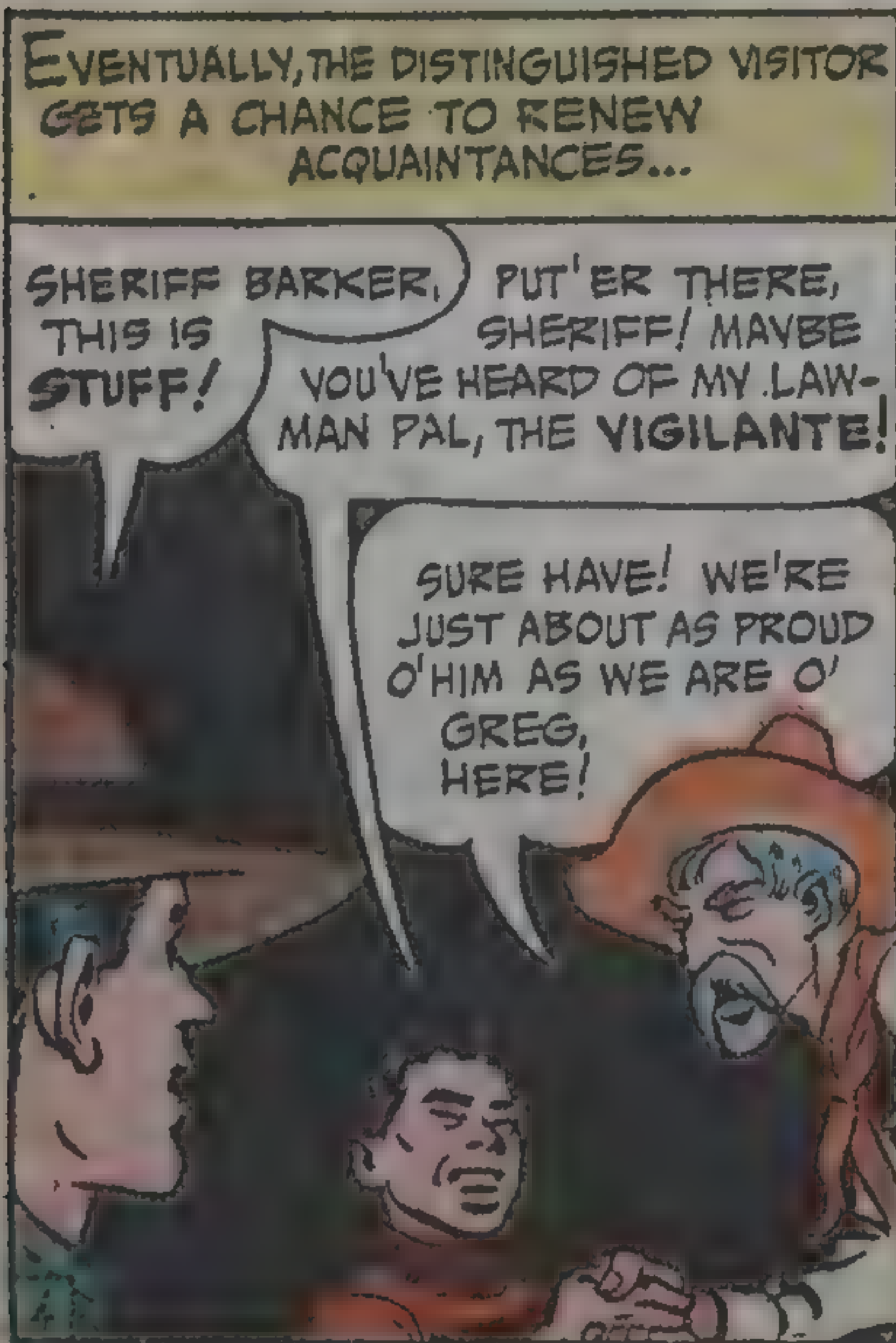


EVENTUALLY, THE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR GETS A CHANCE TO RENEW ACQUAINTANCES...

SHERIFF BARKER, PUT 'ER THERE, THIS IS STUFF!

SHERIFF! MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF MY LAW-MAN PAL, THE VIGILANTE!

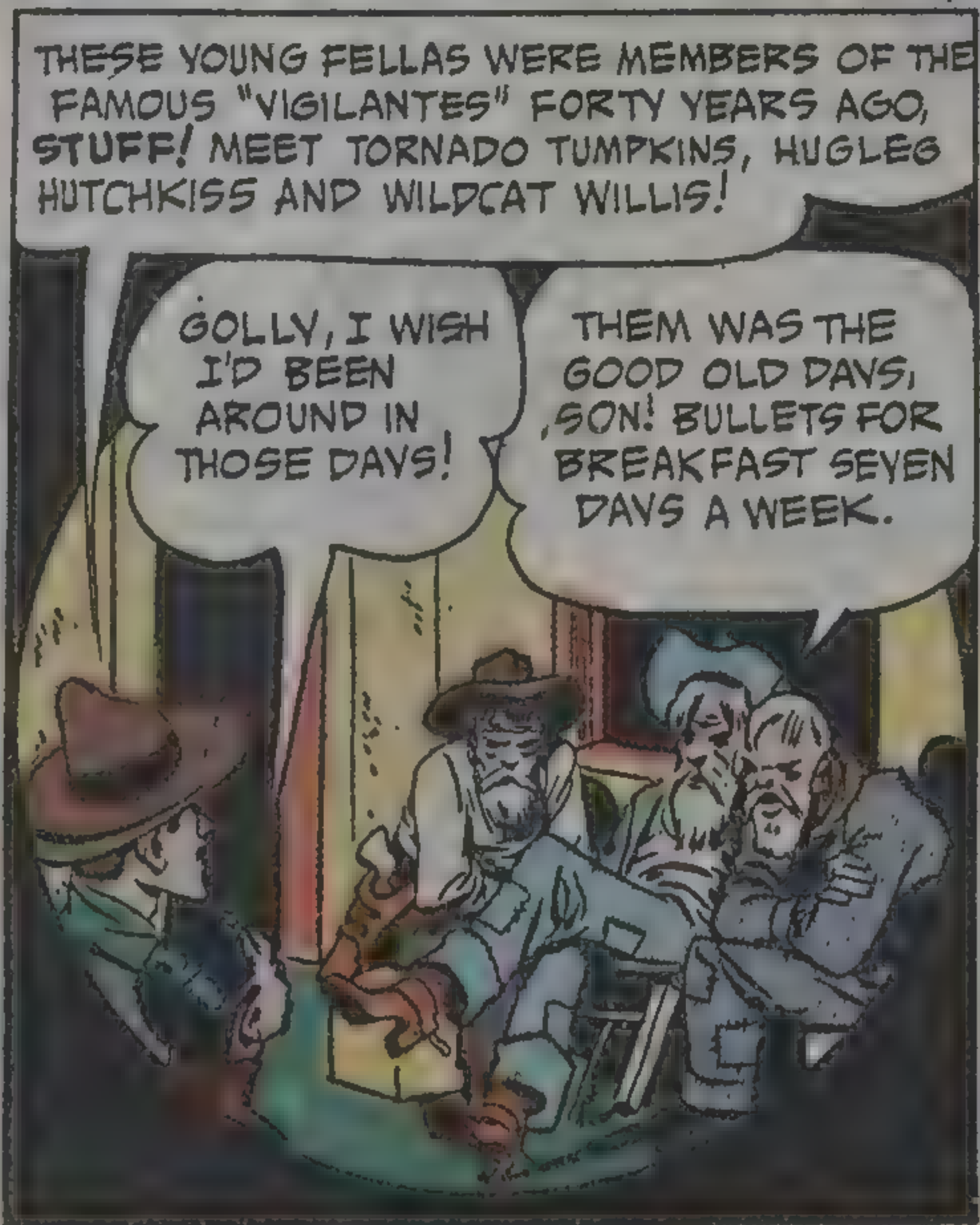
SURE HAVE! WE'RE JUST ABOUT AS PROUD O'HIM AS WE ARE O' GREG, HERE!



THESE YOUNG FELLAS WERE MEMBERS OF THE FAMOUS "VIGILANTES" FORTY YEARS AGO, STUFF! MEET TORNADO TUMPKINS, HUGLEG HUTCHKISS AND WILDCAT WILLIS!

GOLLY, I WISH I'D BEEN AROUND IN THOSE DAYS!

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS, SON! BULLETS FOR BREAKFAST SEVEN DAYS A WEEK.



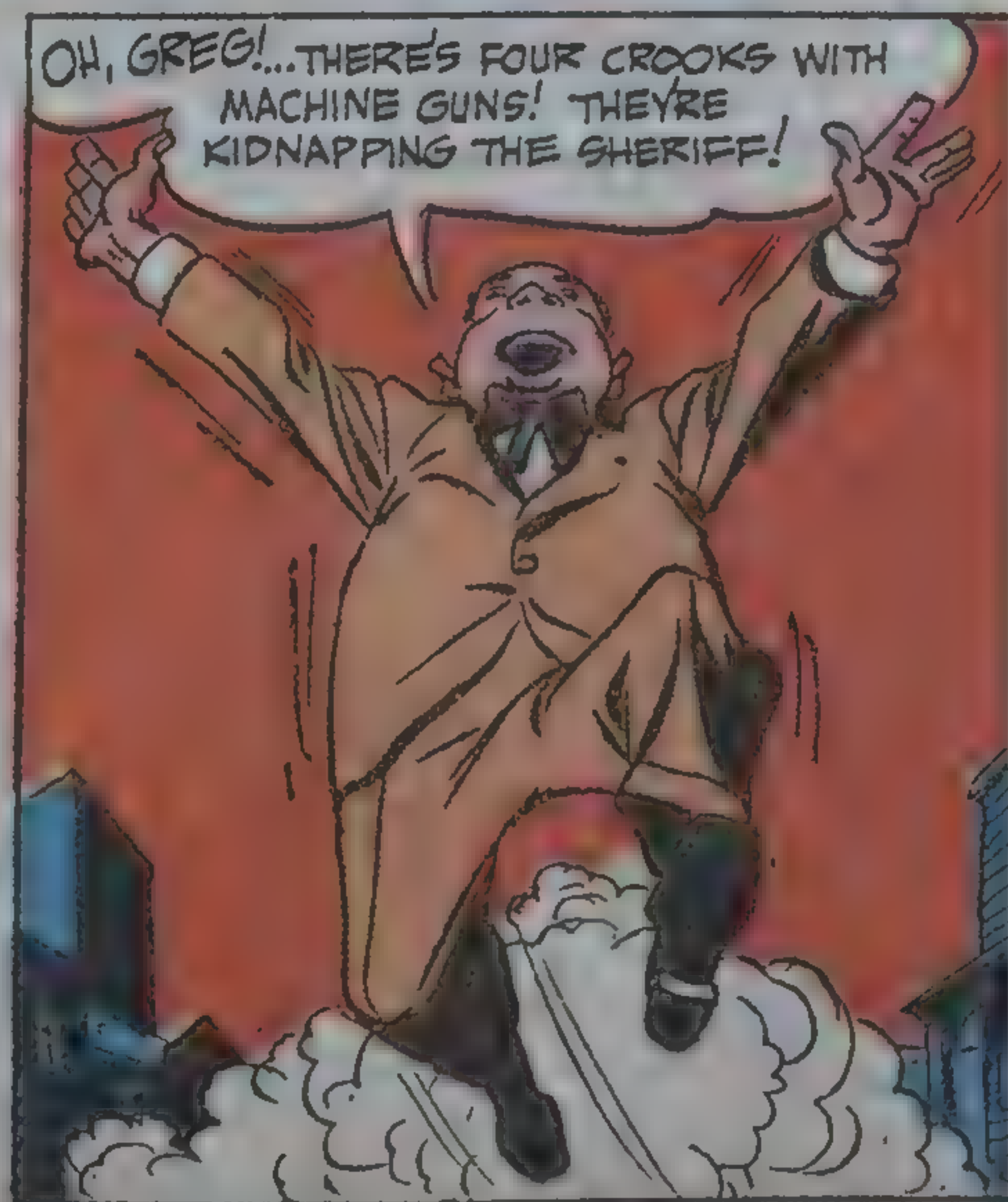
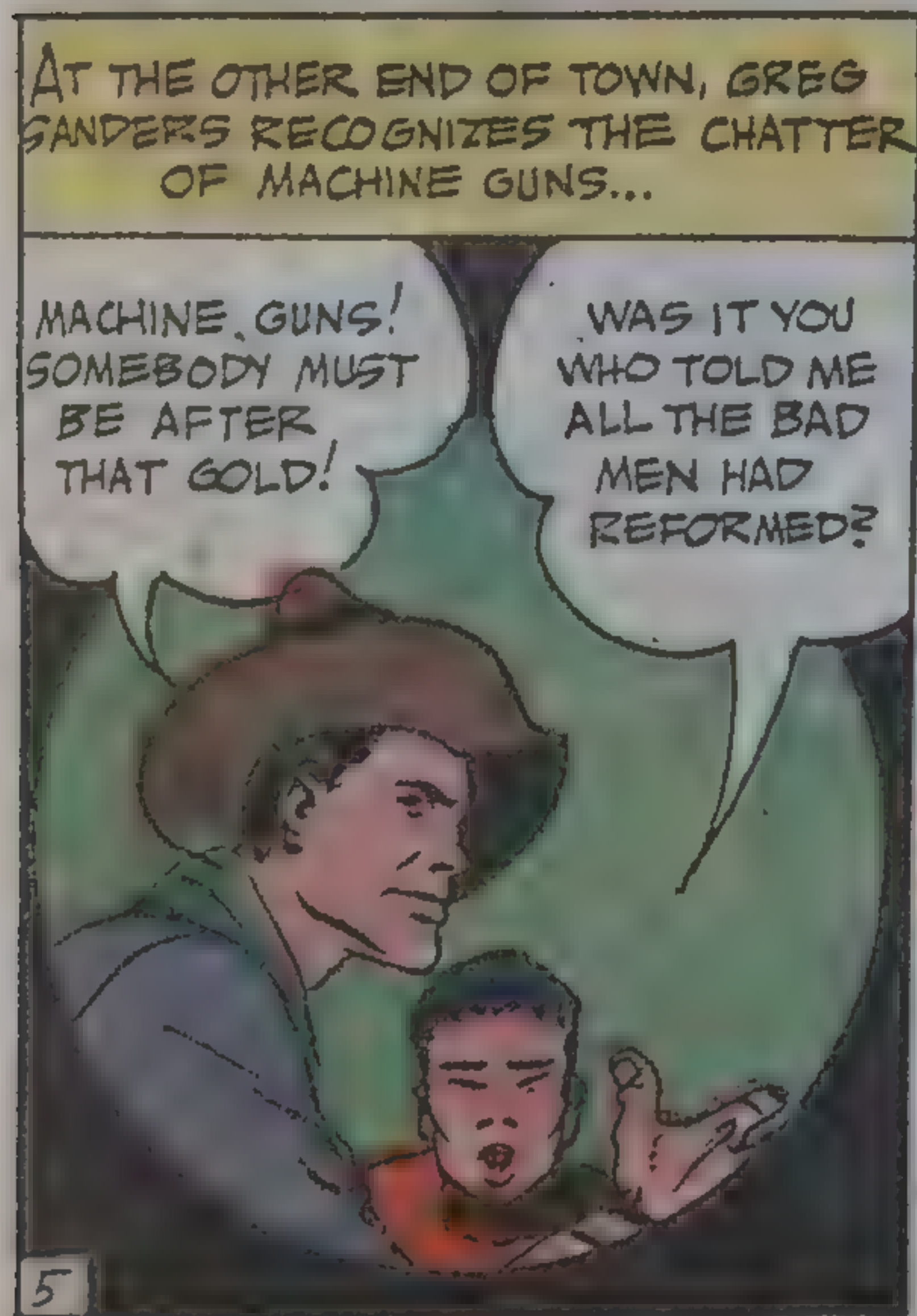
*TAKE A SWIG EVERY MORNIN', FOLKS, AN' YOU'LL BE AS SPRY AS ME WHEN YUH GIT TO BE A HUNDRED!

HE DON'T LOOK SO SPRY!

CROWDS ALWAYS BRING THESE OLD MEDICINE MEN TO TOWN!

OLD DOC'S NEVER DIES SWAMPROOT TONIC.





INSIDE THE JAIL, THE CITY GUNMEN THREATEN THE DAZED SHERIFF...

GET THIS, COPPER...
IF YA WANNA
KEEP LIVIN',
YA BETTER HAND
OVER THAT
GOLD!

SOMETHIN' TELLS ME
WE WERE WELL OFF AT
THE DUDE RANCH!

SHUT UP,
GOOFY!

OH-H-H-H...
MY HEAD!



YUH VARMINTS!
THE FOLKS O' THIS
TOWN WORKED
HARD FOR THAT
GOLD, AN' YUH
AIN'T STEALIN'
IT!

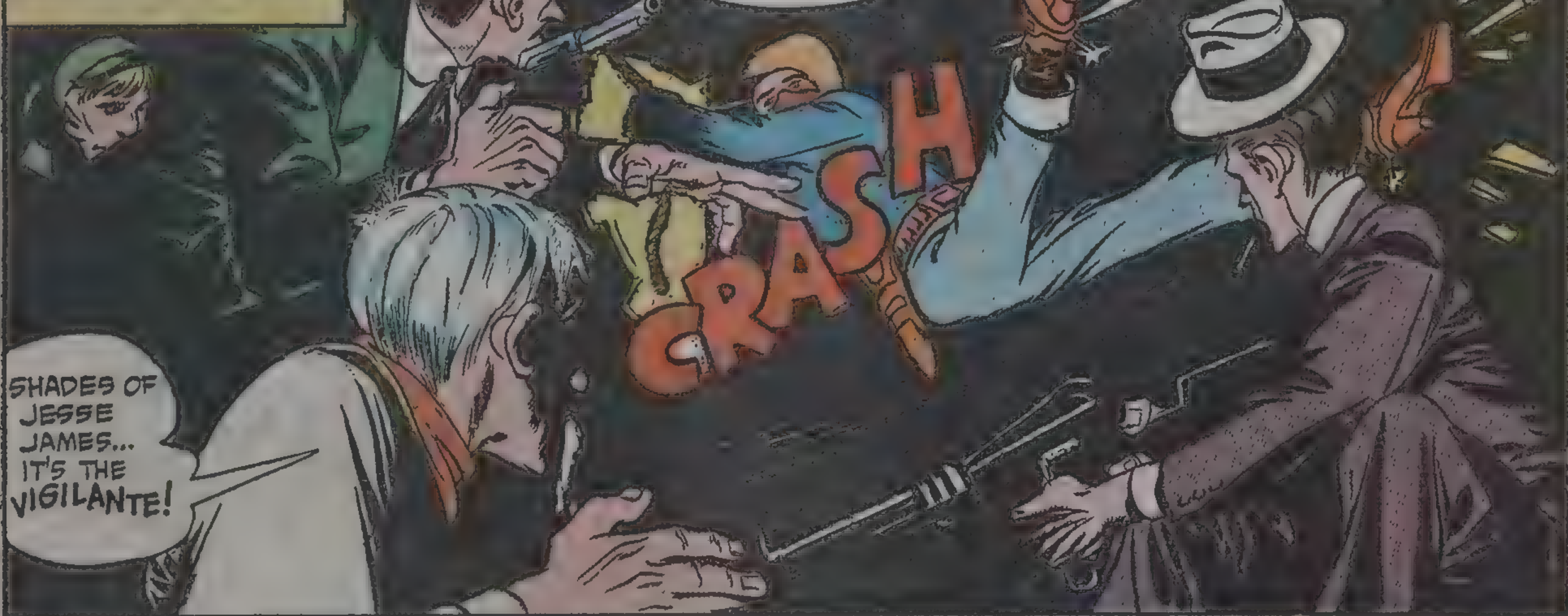


UNSEEN BY THE TOWNSMEN, A
PURPOSEFUL FIGURE MOUNTS A
ROOF OPPOSITE THE JAIL...
THE VIGILANTE!



HERE'S
WHERE
A HOME-
TOWN BOY
REALLY
MAKES
GOOD...
OR ELSE!

THE NEXT INSTANT...
THE SPLINTERING OF WOOD
IS THE CRIMINALS' FIRST
WARNING OF TROUBLE...



OKAY, SHERIFF...IT'S
CURTAINS FOR...HEY!
WHAT'S THIS?

WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE ROYAL
FAMILY OF THE UNDERWORLD!

SHADES OF
JESSE
JAMES...
IT'S THE
VIGILANTE!

HOW'D THE VIGILANTE
KNOW WE WERE
OUT HERE?

STOP TRYIN' TO
FIGURE IT OUT AN'
LET IT HIM HAVE IT!

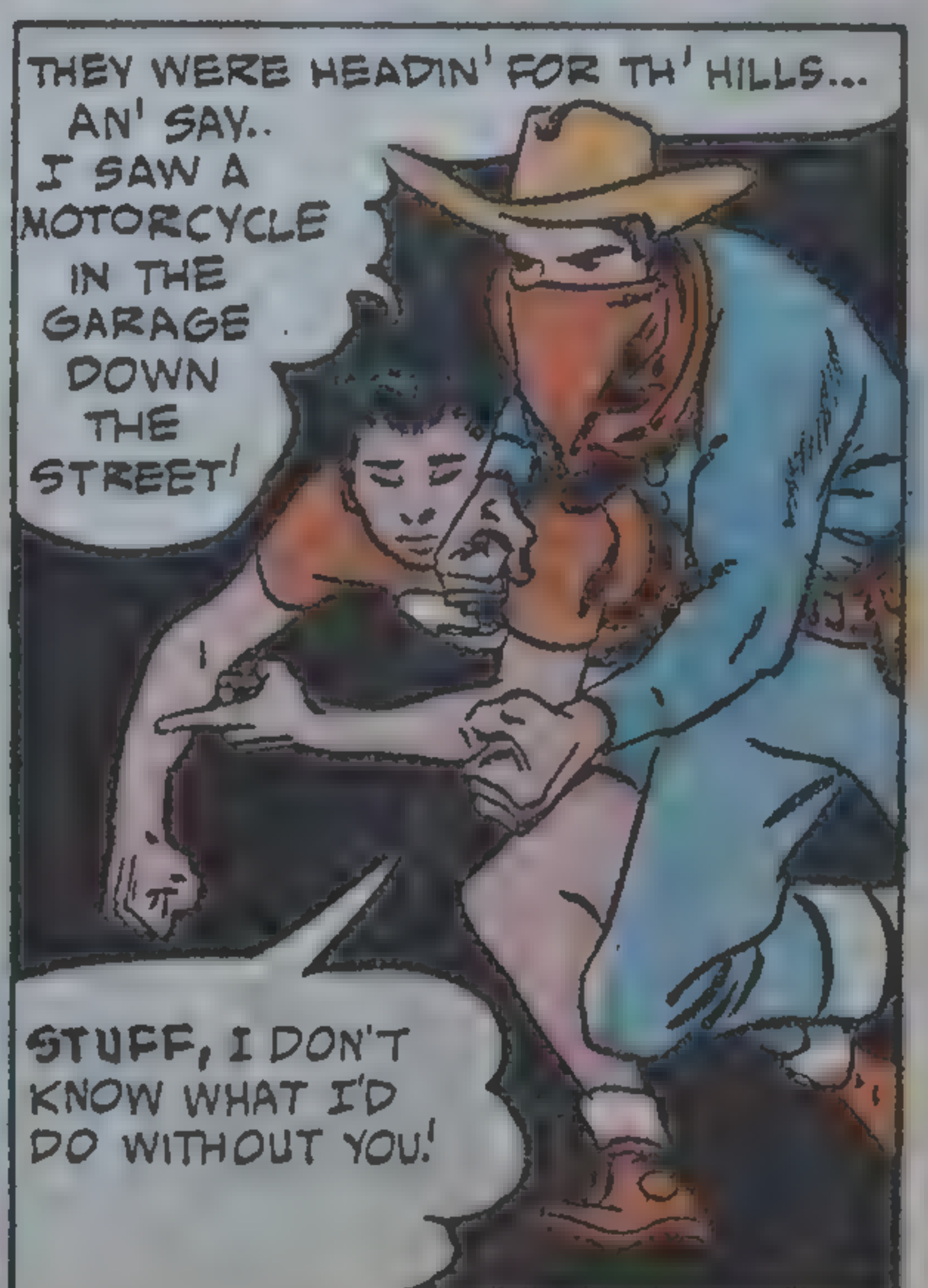
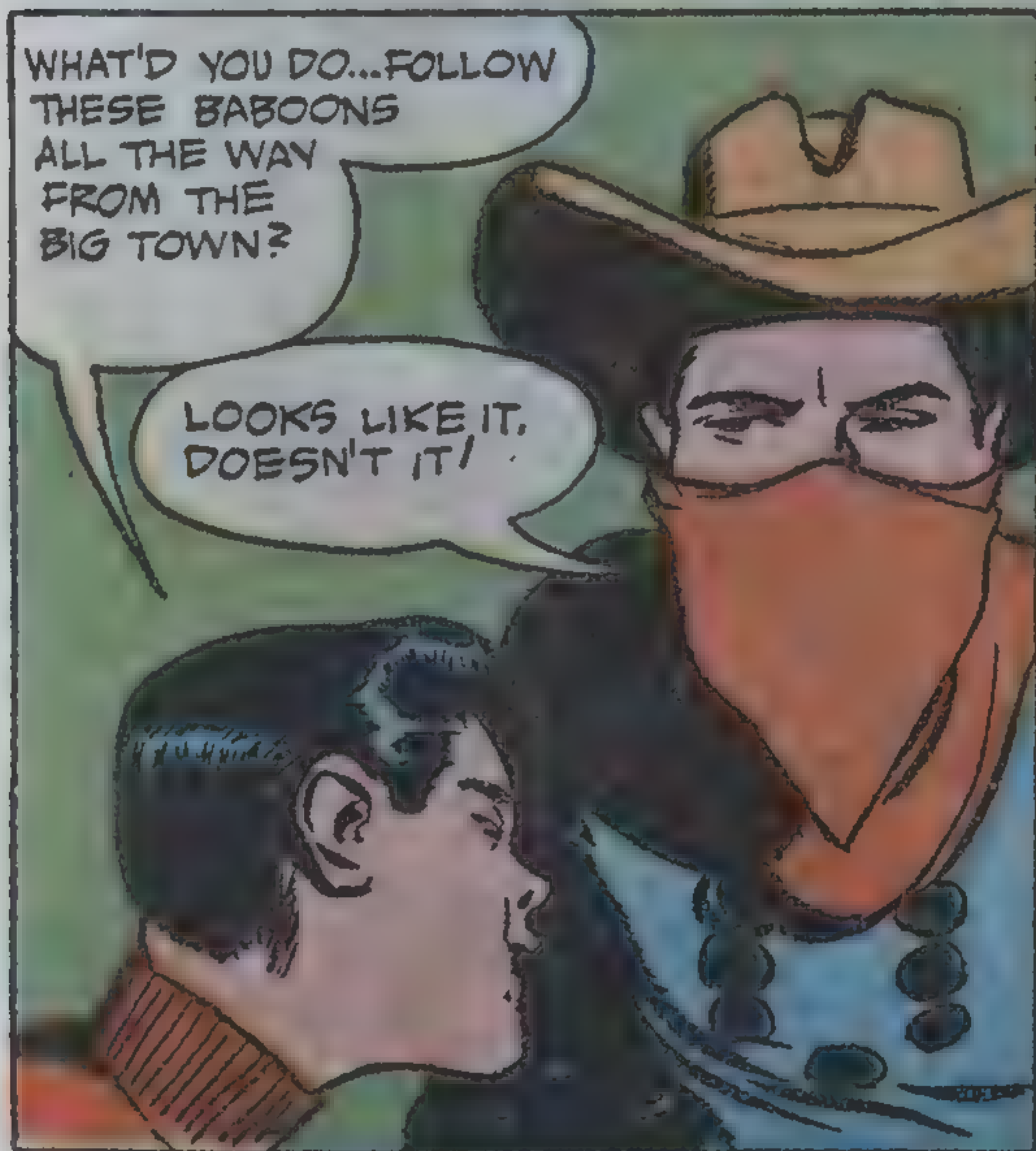
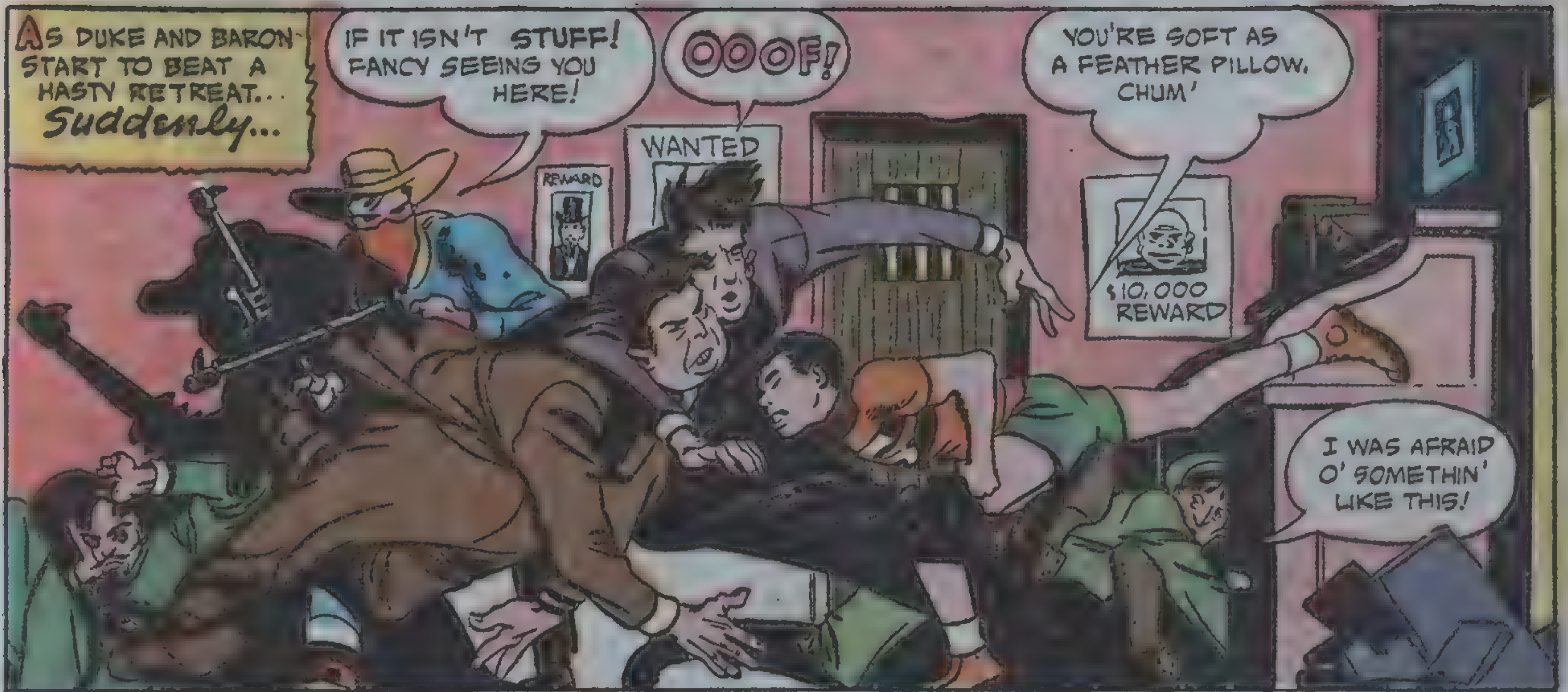
YOU LOOK BETTER UP THERE
IN THE ROGUES' GALLERY!



HE'S GOT OUR
GUNS!
WE GOTTA RUN
FOR IT!

I'D BETTER
TAKE
THESE!

RAT-A
TAT-
AT-A
TAT



A moment later...

HOW D'YA LIKE THAT?
FIRST HE CAN'T GET
ALONG WITHOUT ME,
THEN HE LEAVES
ME FLAT!

WHILE IN THE GANGSTERS' CAR.

HE'S AFTER US! WE AIN'T GOT
A CHANCE!

YUH NEVER SAID
A TRUER WORD,
SON!

SWING INTO
DEVIL'S
CANYON, KING!
I KNOW HOW TO
FIX THAT BIRD!

IF THEY THINK THEY
CAN LOSE ME, IN THOSE
CANYONS WHERE
I GREW UP,
THEY'VE GOT
ANOTHER GUESS
COMING!

BUT THE TREACHEROUS CUNNING OF THE KING AND HIS COHORTS CATCHES THE
VIGILANTE OFF-GUARD.

THE VIGILANTE
DOESN'T KNOW IT,
BUT HE'S RIDING
FOR A FALL!

A ROPE! AND
NO TIME TO STOP!

THIS IS
ONE TIME
I COULD
USE A
PARACHUTE!

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! TIE HIM UP
BEFORE HE GETS
OVER THE
SHOCK!

YOU'RE
TELLIN'
ME!

BARON, DO YOU THINK THE SHERIFF
MIGHT TALK TO SAVE THIS GUY'S
LIFE?

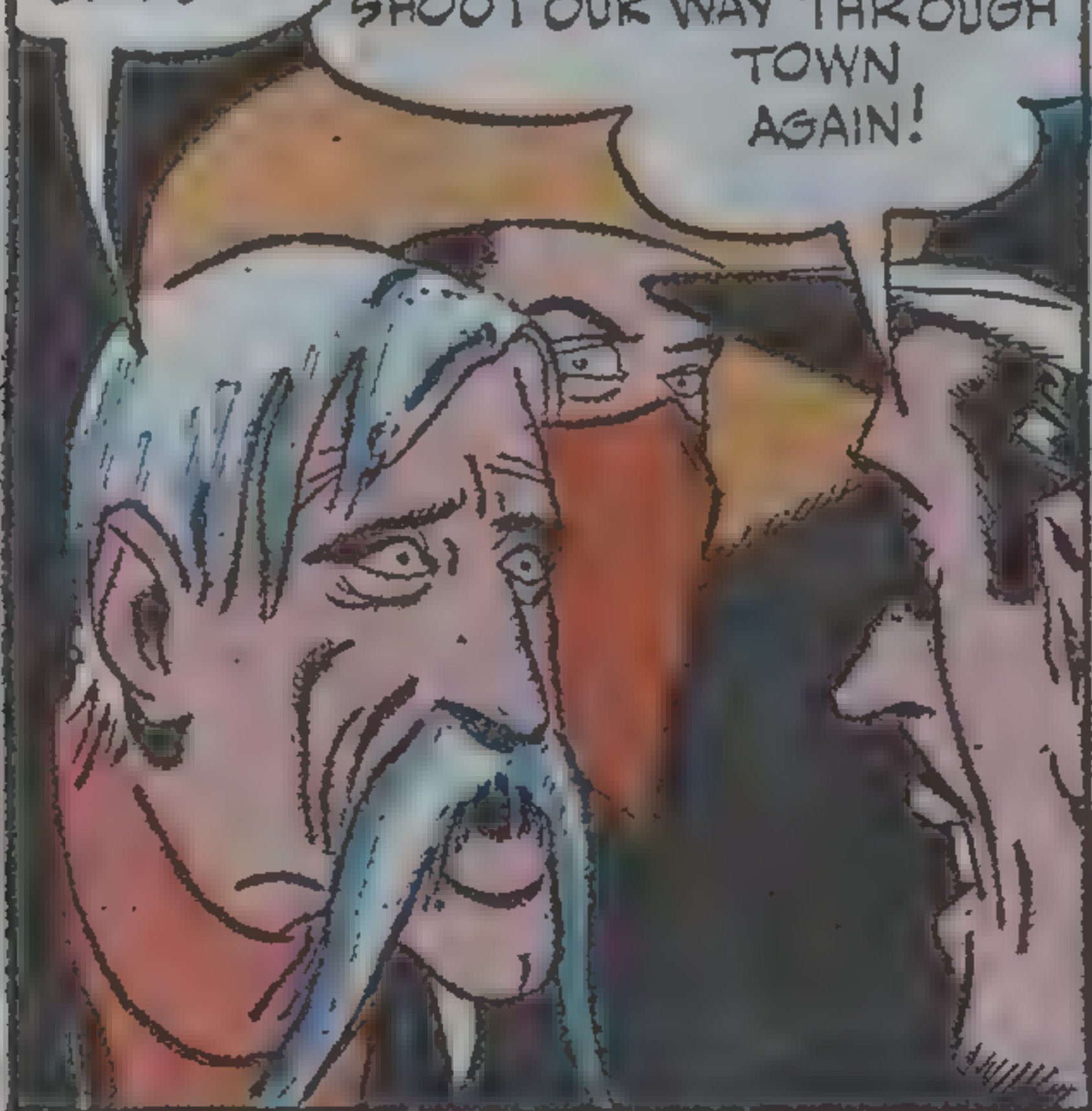
KING, IT'S
THE BEST
IDEA
I'VE HEARD
YET!

HE WON'T IF I HAVE
ANYTHING TO
SAY ABOUT IT!

THE SHERIFF, HOWEVER, VALUES THE VIGILANTE'S LIFE BEYOND GOLD.

DON'T KILL HIM! I LOCKED UP THE GOLD IN A CELL AT THE JAIL!

NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS SHOOT OUR WAY THROUGH TOWN AGAIN!



BUT FIRST WE GOTTA RUB OUT THESE GUYS SO THEY CAN'T MAKE NO MORE TROUBLE!

YEAH...WE'LL STRING 'EM UP!

NAW! LET'S SHOOT 'EM UP!



TO SAVE ARGUMENT, WE'LL HOIST 'EM UP AN USE 'EM FOR TARGETS! THAT'LL SATISFY BOTH OF YA!

I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER TO TRUST YA!



THEY'VE SURE GOT US OUT ON A LIMB!

PISTOLS AT SIXTY PACES OUGHT TO MAKE IT INTERESTING!



I SURE HATE DYIN' THIS WAY...BUT I WON'T BE MISSED NEAR AS MUCH AS YOU, VIGILANTE!

WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE, PARDNER!

THAT ABANDONED BIRD'S NEST ON THE LEDGE BELOW... I WONDER...



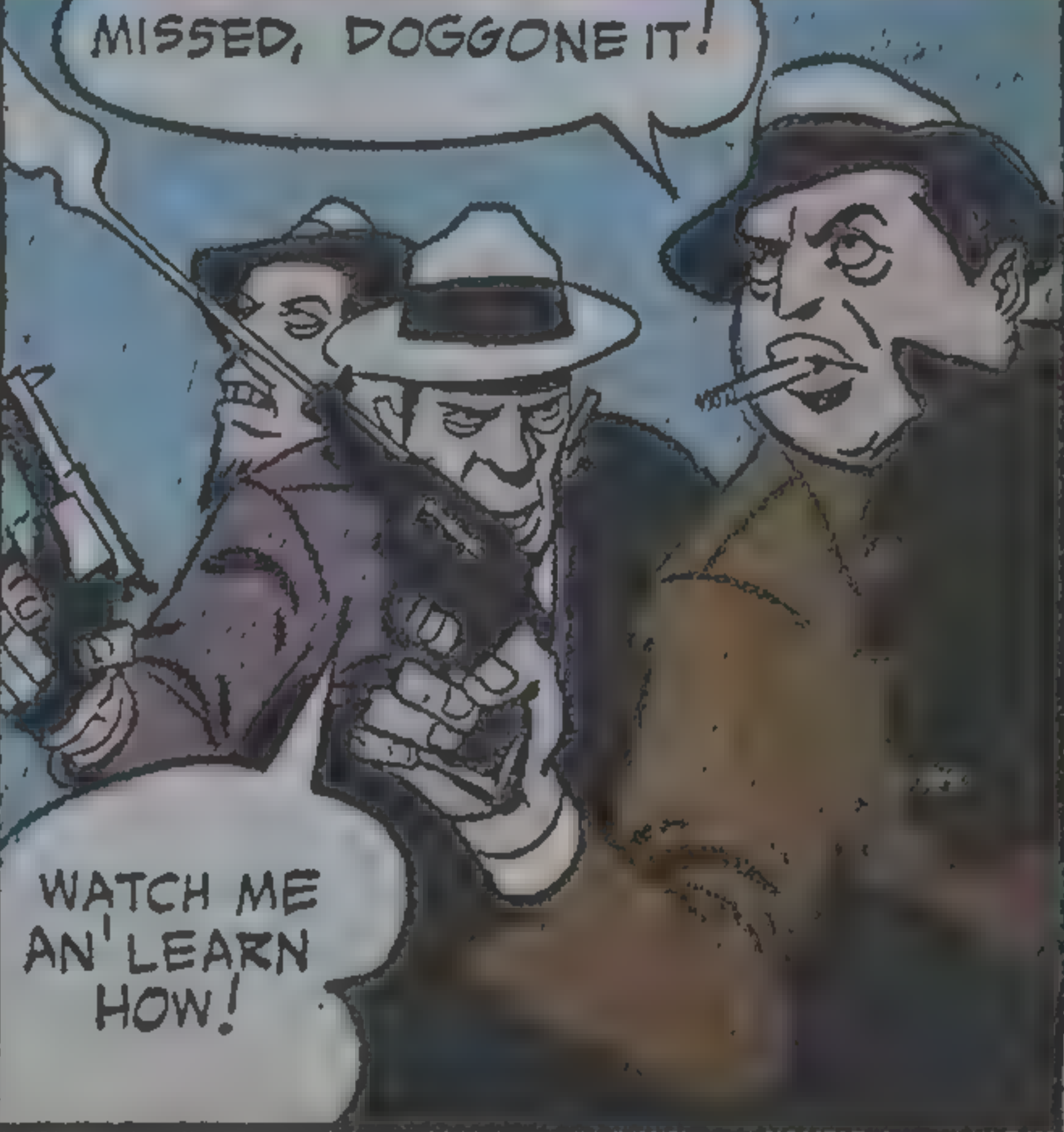
THE WESTERN WARRIOR'S STEEL SPURS SCRAPE AGAINST THE ROCK...SPARKS SHOWER THE TINDER-DRY NEST AND IT FLARES INTO FLAME...

THE "VIG" PICKS UP THE FLAMING NEST ON A SPUR...

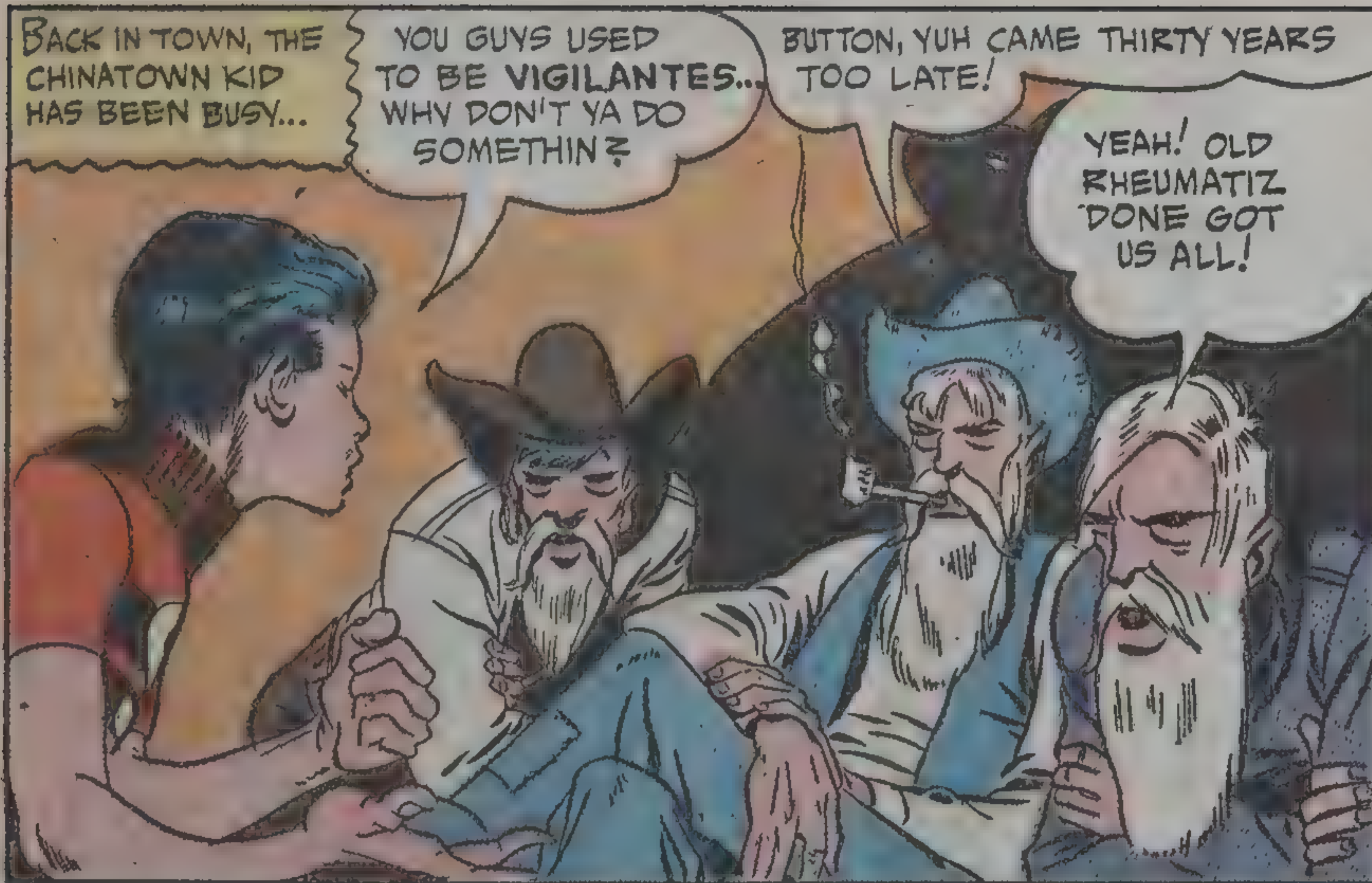


AT THAT MOMENT, THE GANGSTERS OPEN FIRE ON THEIR SUPPOSEDLY HELPLESS VICTIMS...

MISSED, DOGGONE IT!



WATCH ME AN' LEARN HOW!



BACK IN TOWN, THE CHINATOWN KID HAS BEEN BUSY...

YOU GUYS USED TO BE VIGILANTES... WHY DON'T YA DO SOMETHIN'?

BUTTON, YUH CAME THIRTY YEARS TOO LATE!

YEAH! OLD RHEUMATIZ DONE GOT US ALL!



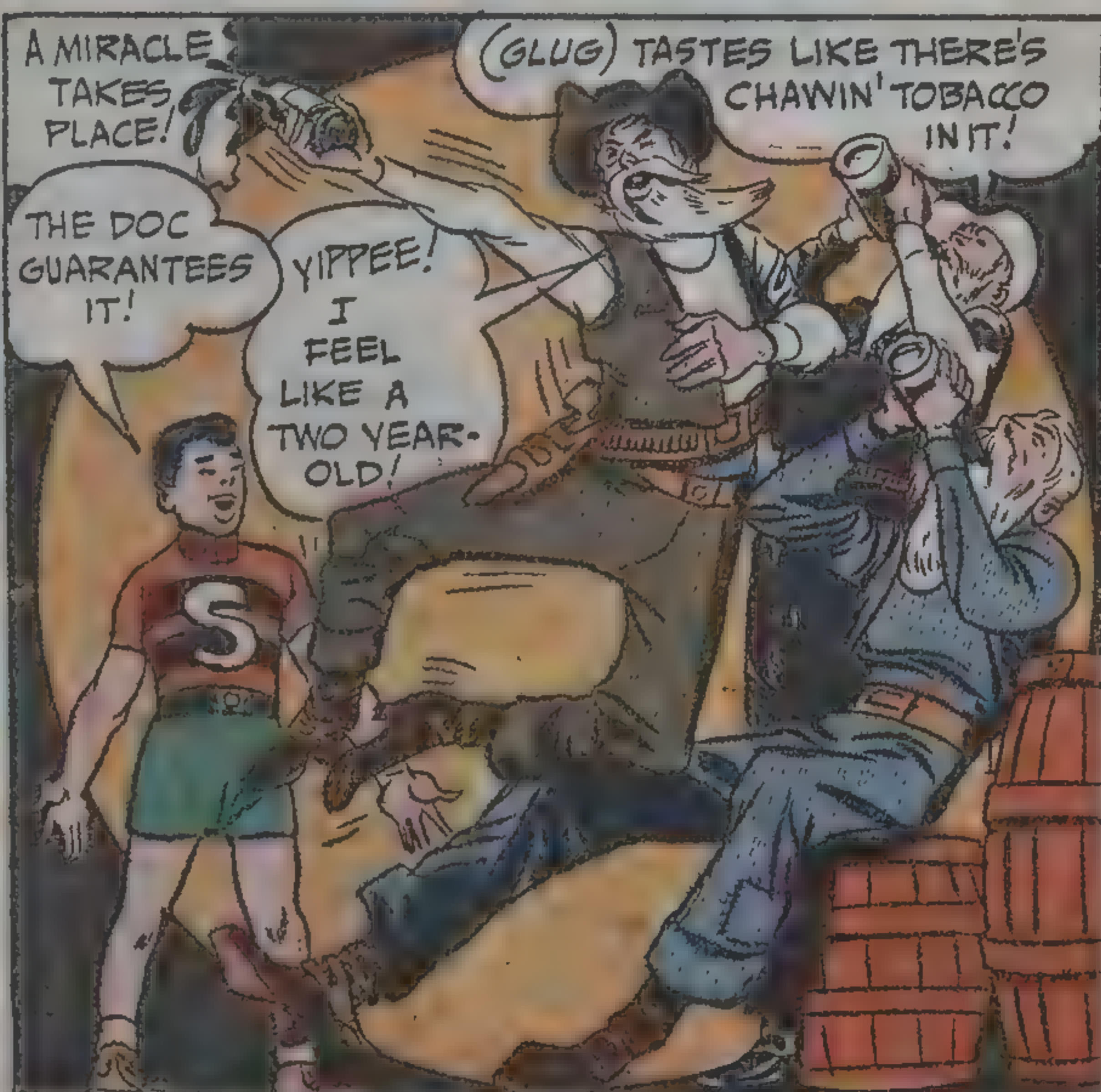
LADIES AND GENTS...IF YUH'D BEEN TAKIN' SWAMPROOT TONIC, YUH'D MASSACREED THEM BANDITS! IT MAKES OLD MEN YOUNG!

WHAT MORE COULD I ASK?



NO KIDDIN', DOC... DOES IT REALLY MAKE OLD GUYS YOUNG?

LOOK AT ME, SON... SPRY AS A COLT AT A HUNDRED AND EIGHT!

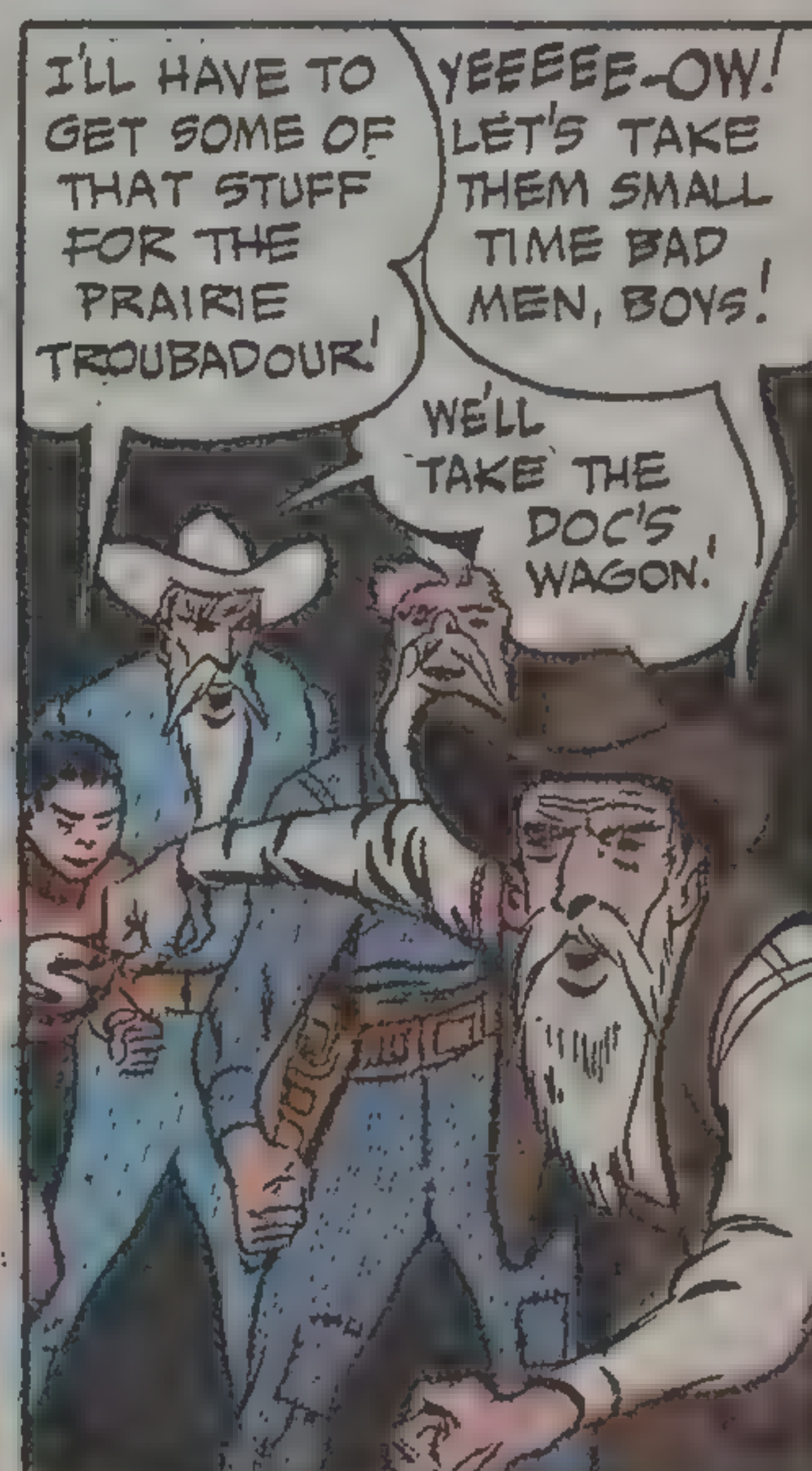


A MIRACLE TAKES PLACE!

THE DOC GUARANTEES IT!

YIPPEE! I FEEL LIKE A TWO YEAR-OLD!

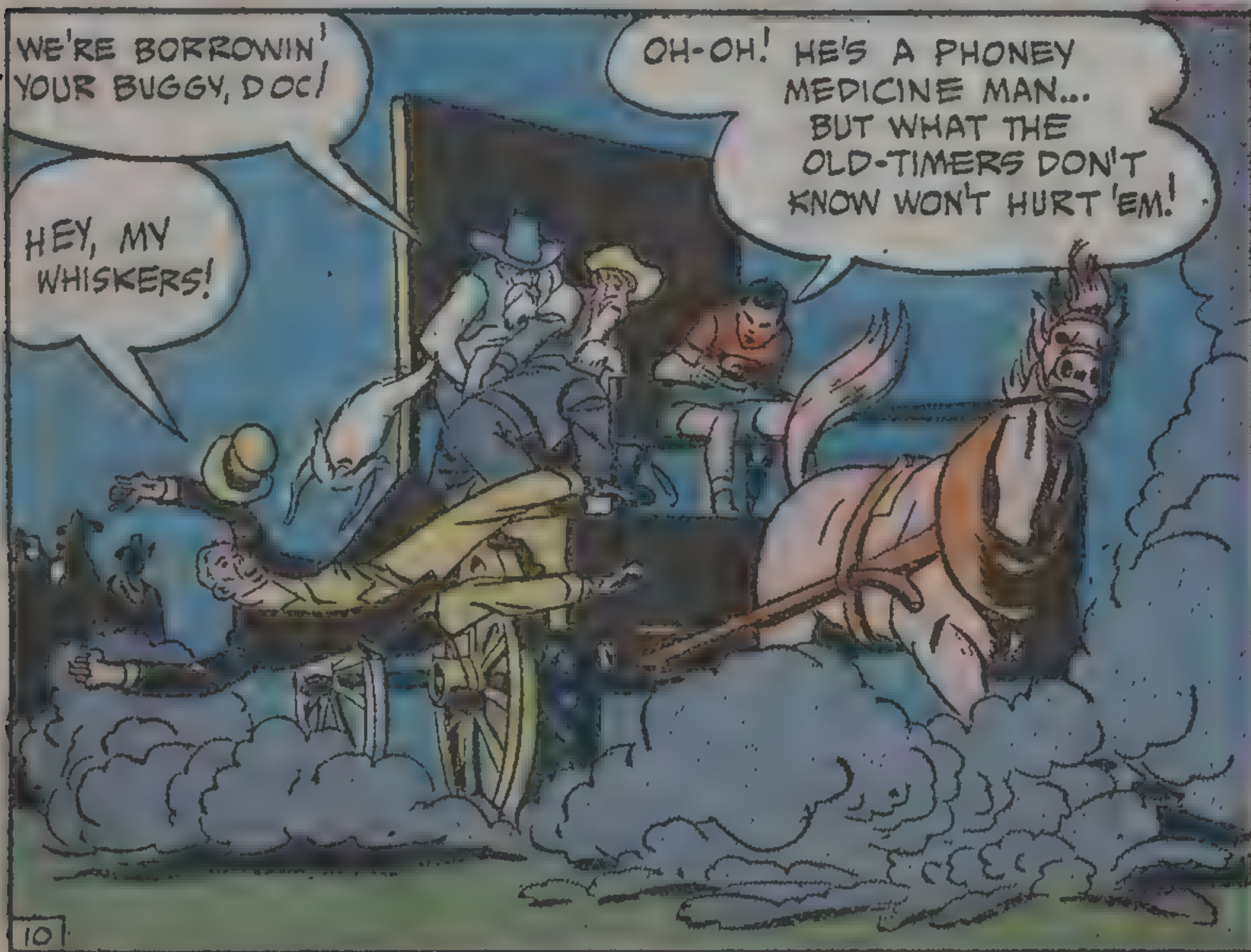
(GLUG) TASTES LIKE THERE'S CHAWIN' TOBACCO IN IT!



I'LL HAVE TO GET SOME OF THAT STUFF FOR THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!

YEEEEEE-OW! LET'S TAKE THEM SMALL TIME BAD MEN, BOYS!

WE'LL TAKE THE DOC'S WAGON!



WE'RE BORROWIN' YOUR BUGGY, DOC!

HEY, MY WHISKERS!

OH-OH! HE'S A PHONEY MEDICINE MAN... BUT WHAT THE OLD-TIMERS DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT 'EM!



LOOK OUT TROUBLE... HERE WE COME!

MOST FUN I'VE HAD SINCE THE INJUNS REFORMED!

IT JUST GOES TO SHOW WHAT A LITTLE KIDDIN' YOURSELF WILL DO!

A TINY FLAME RACES ROARING DEATH AS THE TWO LAWMEN DANGLE AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE ROPE...

THEY'VE DONE ALL THEIR SHOOTING IN CITIES, WHERE EVERYTHING'S AT CLOSE RANGE... THAT'S WHY THEY'RE MISSING!

OUCH! WHAT DO YUH MEAN, MISSIN' ONE O' THEM SLUGS JUST SCRAPPED MY SHOULDER!



AND THE FLAME WINS...NOT AN INSTANT TOO SOON...

OOOFF! YOU WEIGH PLENTY, VIG!

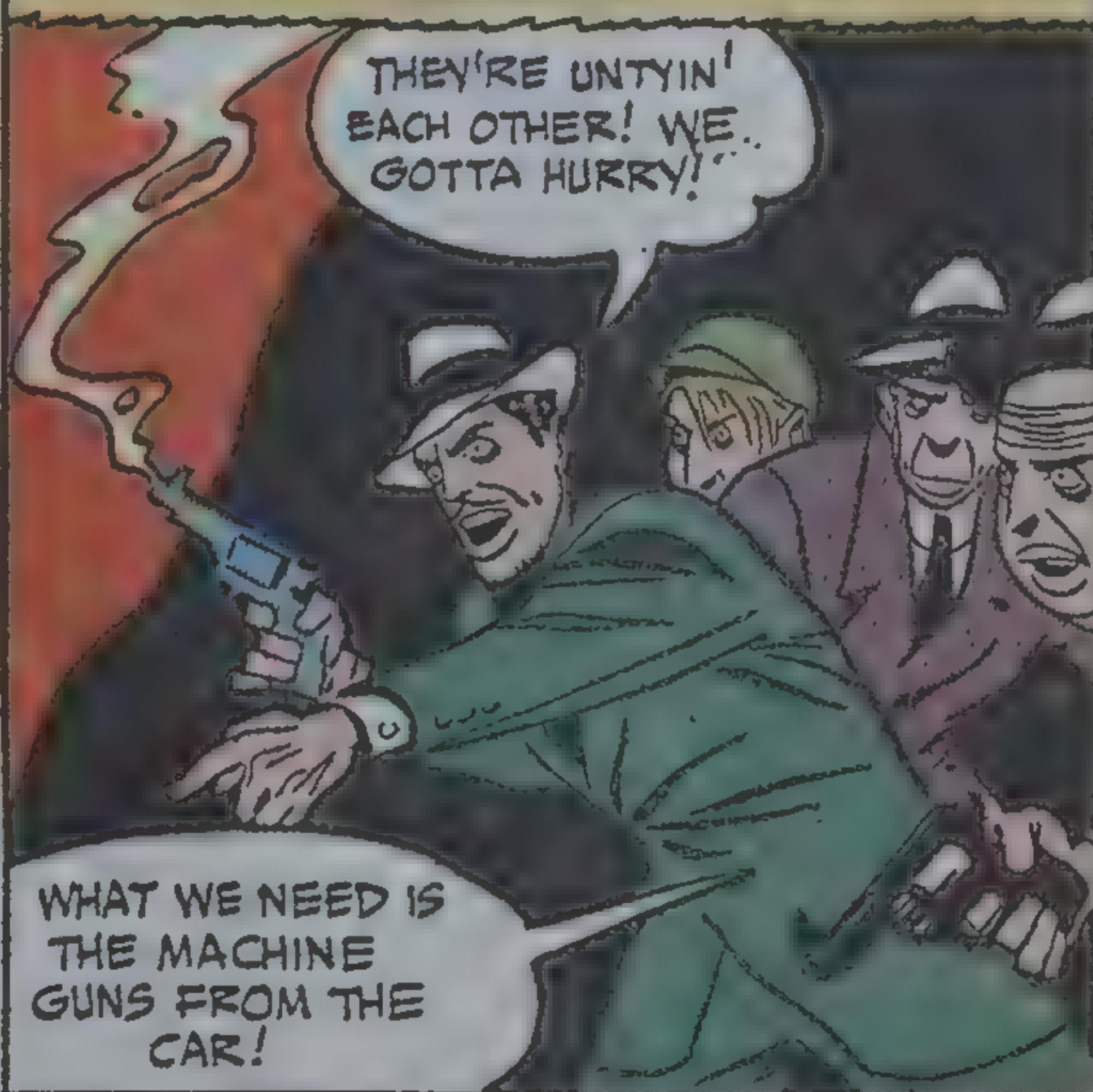
SORRY TO LAND ON YOU, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ANY CHOICE!



REALIZING WHAT HAS HAPPENED, THE KILLERS CHARGE...

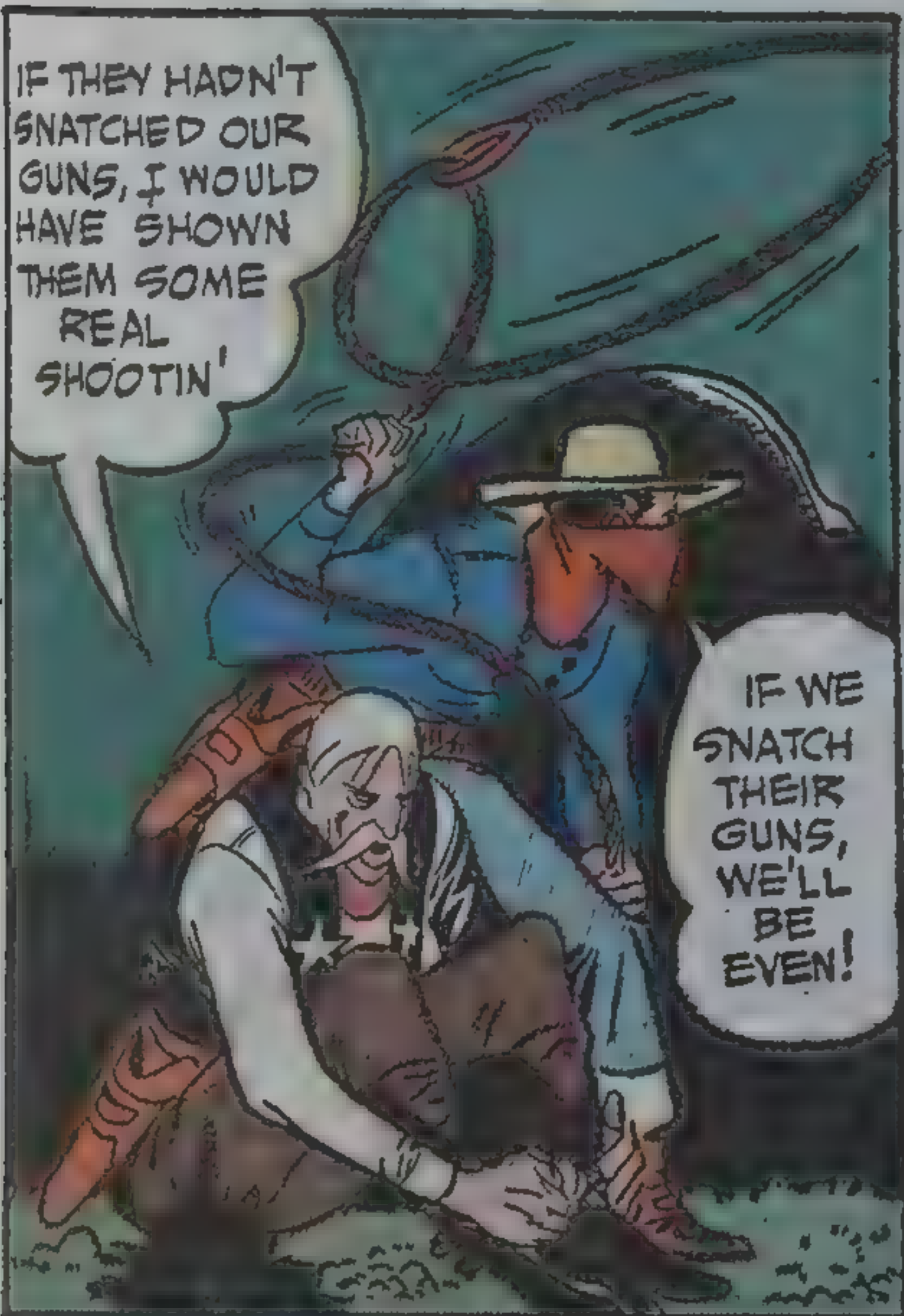
THEY'RE UNTYIN' EACH OTHER! WE... GOTTA HURRY!

WHAT WE NEED IS THE MACHINE GUNS FROM THE CAR!



IF THEY HADN'T SNATCHED OUR GUNS, I WOULD HAVE SHOWN THEM SOME REAL SHOOTIN'!

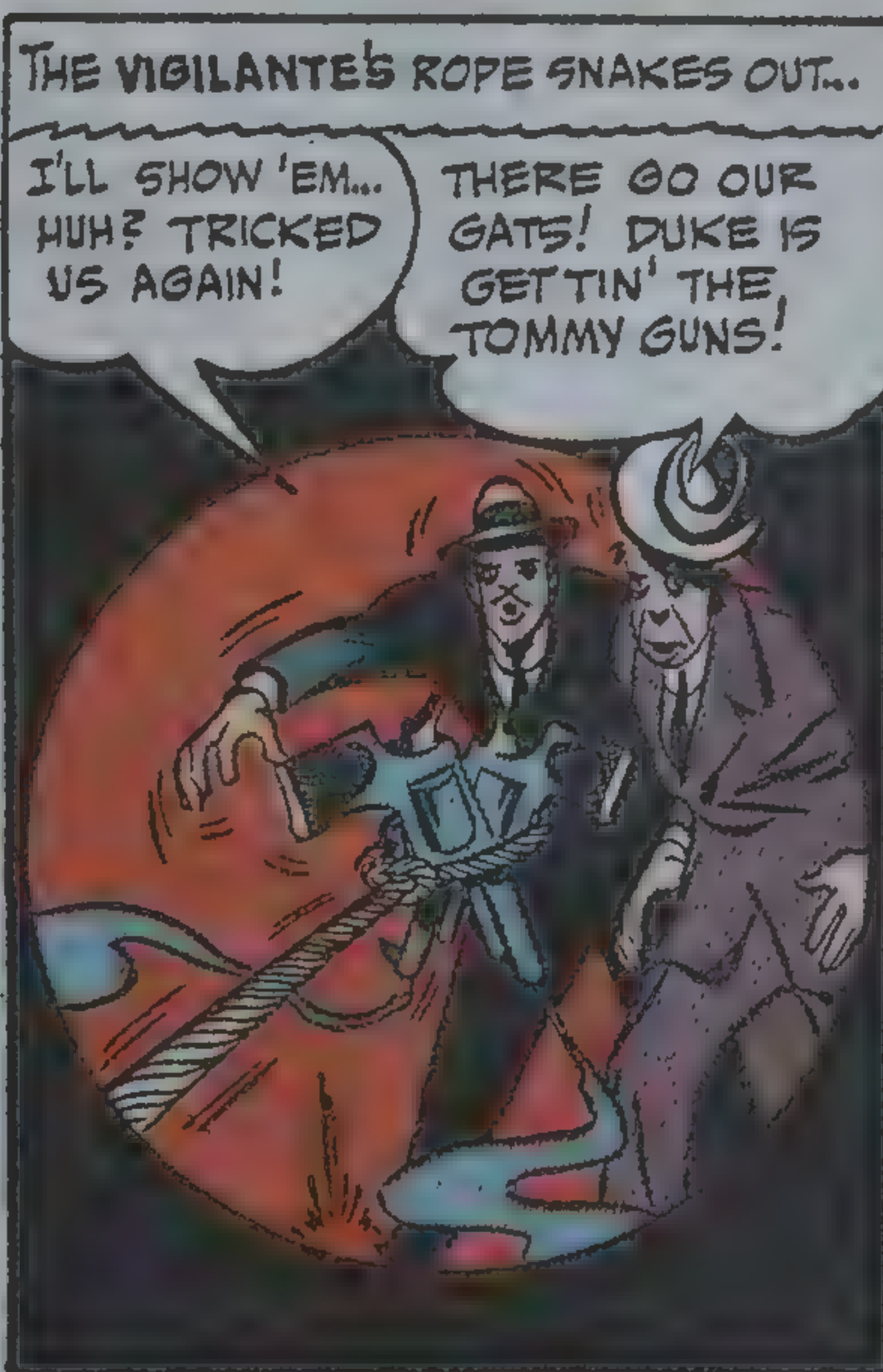
IF WE SNATCH THEIR GUNS, WE'LL BE EVEN!



THE VIGILANTE'S ROPE SNAKES OUT...

I'LL SHOW 'EM... HUH? TRICKED US AGAIN!

THERE GO OUR GATS! DUKE IS GETTIN' THE TOMMY GUNS!



SOMEBODY KICKED ME!

HEY, FELLERS... LET'S GET OUTA HERE WHILE WE'RE ABLE!



IF WE'D ONLY BEEN A LITTLE QUICKER!

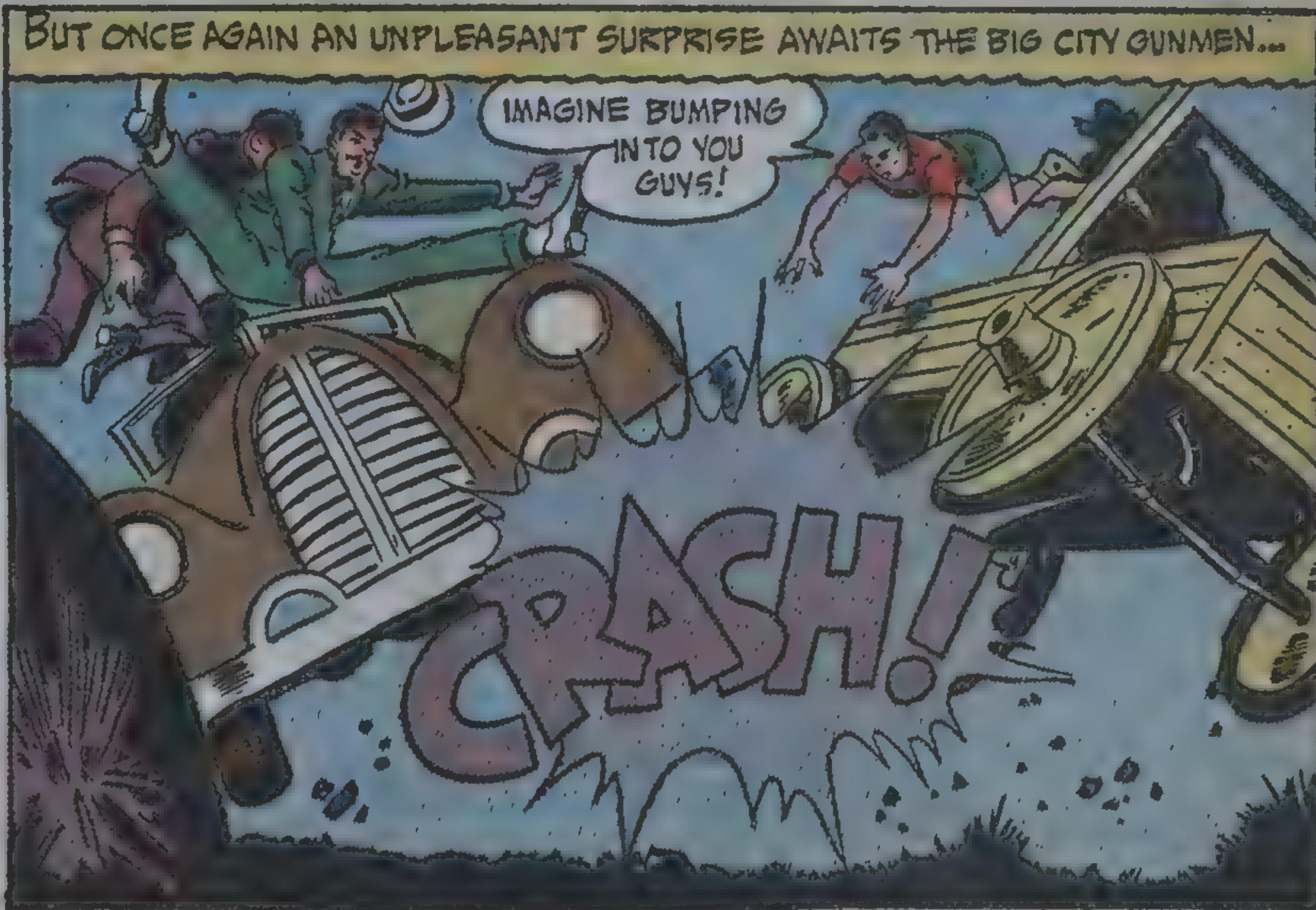
WE'LL GET 'EM! THE WHOLE WEST AIN'T BIG ENOUGH TO HIDE 'EM, NOW THAT I GOT YOU ON MY SIDE!



BUT ONCE AGAIN AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE AWAITS THE BIG CITY GUNMEN...

IMAGINE BUMPING INTO YOU GUYS!

CRASH!



BEFORE THEY CAN UNSCRAMBLE THEIR WITS...

YOU SHOULD HAVE PUT UP YOUR DUKES, DUKE!

HERE'S WHERE THE KING GETS CROWNED!

BOP

THE WHISKERED OLD-TIMERS TAKE A CAPTIVE.

SURRENDER, OR I'LL TEAR YUH LIMB FROM LIMB!

AIN'T NO CITY SLICKER CAN GET THE BETTER O' ME!

PLEASE, GUYS, CUT THE COMEDY AN' TAKE ME TO JAIL!

SO YUH THOUGHT THAT CITY METHODS COULD WORK OUT HERE...YUH OUGHTA BE LYNCHED.. BUT I RECKON I'LL JUST HAVE TO PUT YUH IN PRISON FOR LIFE!

AS THE PARTY RETURNS TO THE JAIL...

TIME FOR THE VIGILANTE TO DISAPPEAR AND FOR THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR TO COME OUT OF HIDING!

WELL, BOYS, YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET YUH WISH AT LAST! I'M PUTTIN' YUH IN THE CELL WITH ALL THE GOLD!

THERE'S THE GOLD... HAMMERED INTO BARS TOO THICK TO BEND OR BREAK, AN' PAINTED BLACK! IT WAS HIDDEN LIKE THIS ALL THE TIME!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GOLDEN BARS...

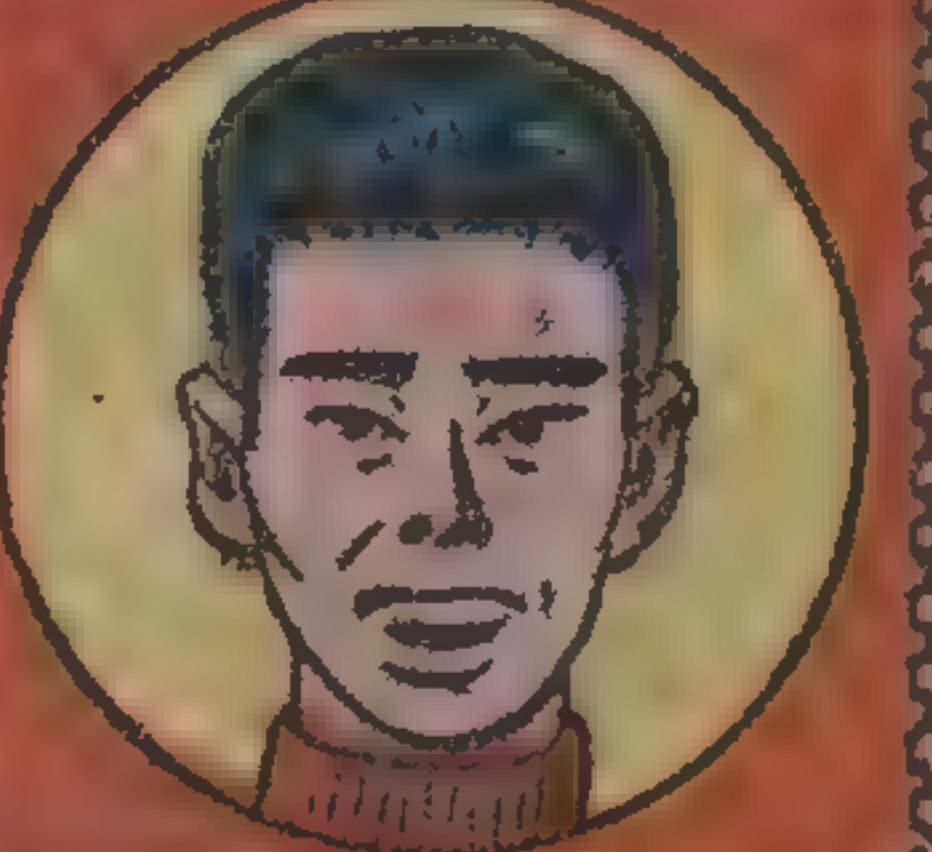
HERE YOU ARE, GREG! I WANTED YOU TO CATCH THOSE CROOKS FOR PUBLICITY...BUT THE VIGILANTE BEAT YOU TO IT!

THE VIGILANTE IS MY PAL...WHO AM I TO STEAL HIS GLORY?

LATER AS THE VISITORS DEPART...

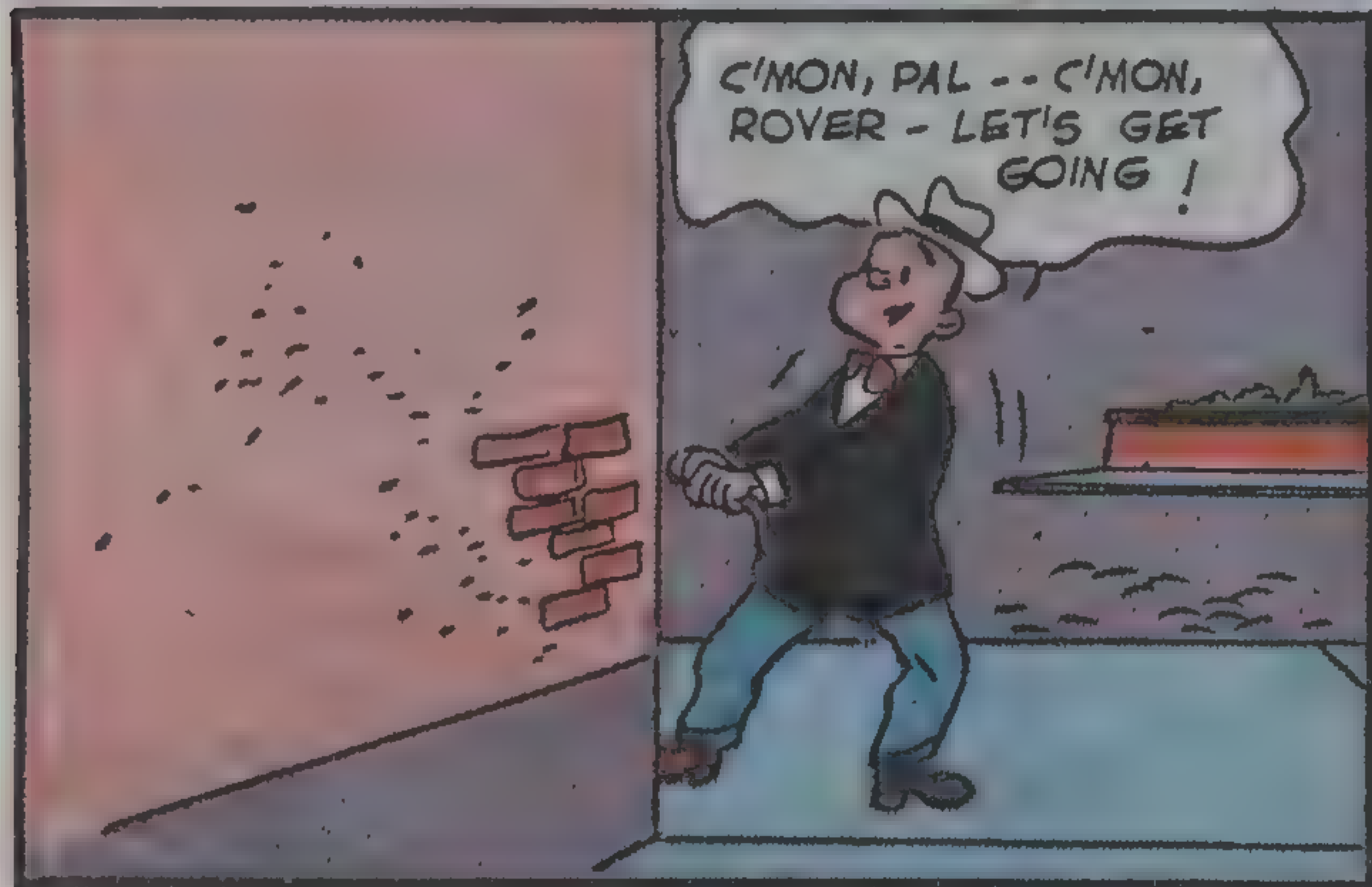
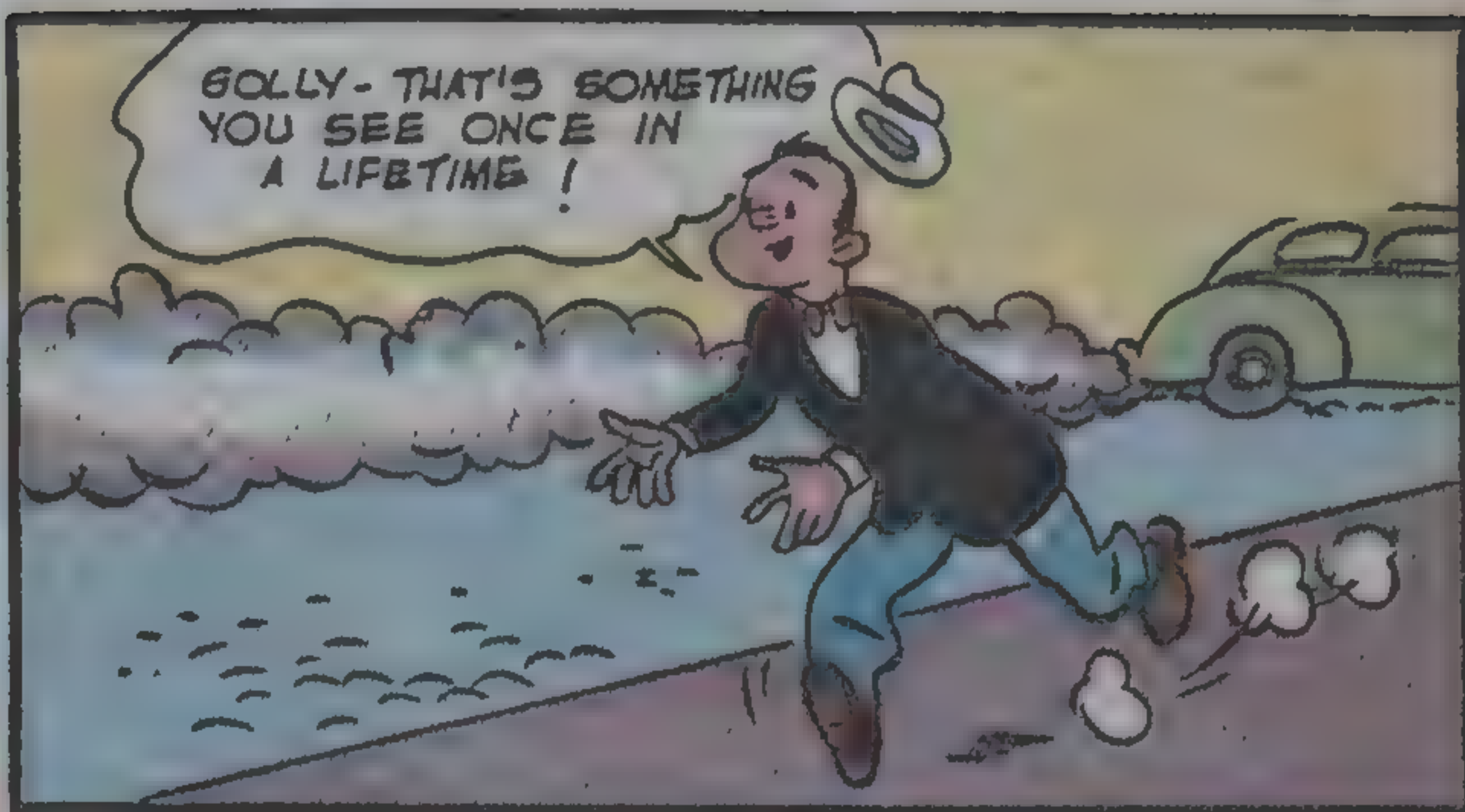
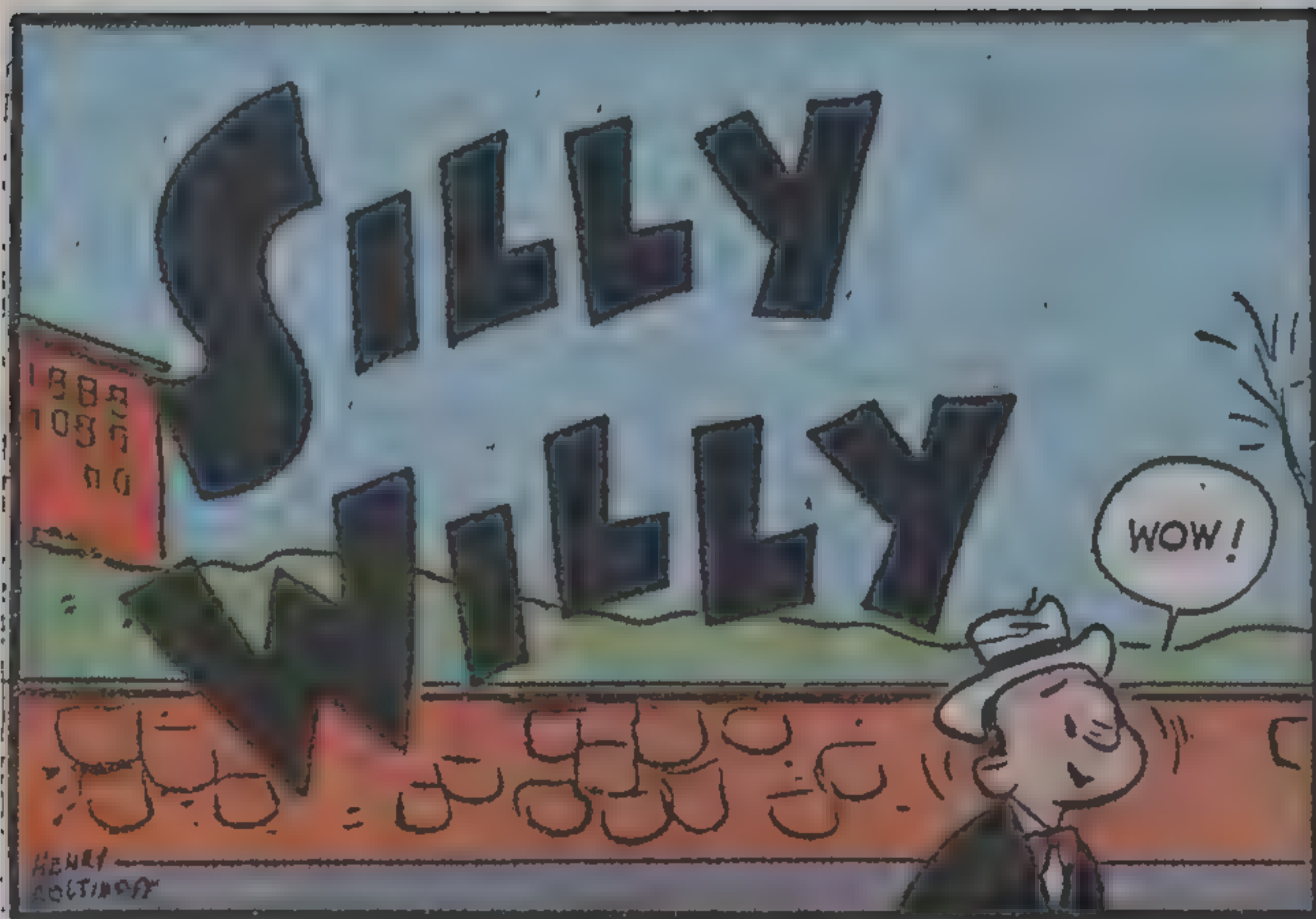
TRY SOME OF THIS SWAMPROOT TONIC, GREG!... IT MAY MAKE YOU AS TOUGH AS THE VIG!

NO THANKS, STUFF... WHAT IF IT SPOILED MY VOICE?



SHALL STUFF SHARE OUR SECRET THAT GREG GANDERS IS REALLY THE VIGILANTE? WHAT DO YOU SAY, FELLOWS

?



IN MOVIES

NEWSPAPERS

RADIO

--AND IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING BI-MONTHLY COMIC MAGAZINE, **SUPERMAN** PROVES HIMSELF TO BE THE WORLD'S GREATEST ACTION-ADVENTURE CHARACTER!

No. 98

SUPERMAN

10¢

WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS DO THE JOB ON THE LEAN

ON SALE JULY 3

3 ACES



DEEP IN THE DESOLATION OF THE SOUTH; WESTERN "DEAD LANDS", THE **THREE ACES** INVESTIGATE THE MYSTERY OF A VOLCANO CRATER THAT SWALLOWS UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTING SHIPS OF THE AIR...AND FIND THEMSELVES ROARING FULL TILT INTO NIGHTMARE PERILS IN...

"THE VALLEY OF THE VULTURES"!

A SPECIAL MISSION IS ASSIGNED AN EXTRA-SPECIAL SQUADRON OF TRIPLE-THREAT SKY-FIGHTERS..

THE LOST PATROLS WERE LAST SEEN AROUND THIS VALLEY..THE COASTAL COMMAND WANTS YOU TO INVESTIGATE!

JOLLY STRANGE, SHIPS VANISHIN' LIKE THAT!

THE VALLEY OF VULTURES, EH? ODD NAME!

RADIO LINKS THE TRIO OVER THE ROCKY WASTES...

LANDIN' IN THESE ROCKS WOULD BE A BIT OF A TRICK!

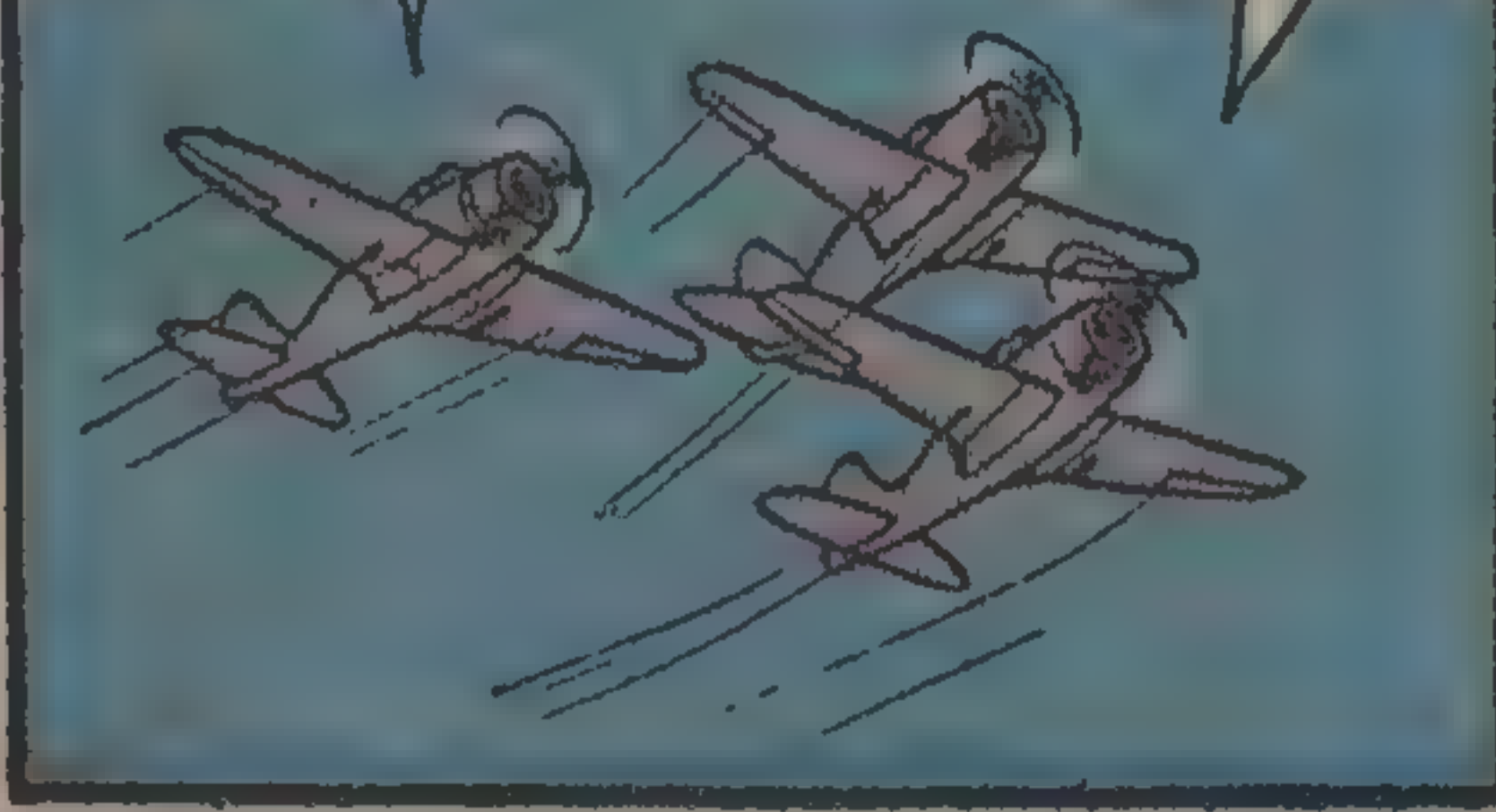
BUT WE'RE NOT LANDING TILL WE REACH THE VALLEY, FOG!

THINK WE CAN MAKE IT, GUNNER?

..AND AS THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION..

WHAT 'O.. WE'RE ARRIVIN'!

KEEP YOUR EYES SKINNED FOR SIGNS OF WRECKAGE



SUDDENLY, A VAST ROARING SOUNDS ABOVE THE SONG OF THE MOTORS, AND...

LOOK OUT!! IT'S A WHIRLWIND IN REVERSE!

BLIMEY...THE SUCTION'S GOT MY SHIP, LADS!

NO WONDER THOSE OTHER PLANES WERE LOST!

A MIGHTY LEAP BY FOG... AND HE IS WHIRLED OUTSIDE THE AERIAL WHIRLPOOL BY CENTRIFUGAL FORCE...

I MAY REACH THE GROUND ALIVE... BUT I JOLLY WELL WON'T STAY ALIVE LONG WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER!

THE NEXT INSTANT...

STRIKE ME PINK... I'M GOIN' RIGHT ON THROUGH!

HE DISAPPEARED! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, GUNNER?

IF HE KEEPS GOING AT THAT RATE, HE'LL BE FLYING FOR THE CHINESE TOMORROW!

THE WHIRLWIND'S STOPPED! SHALL WE LOOK INSIDE THE CRATER?

LET'S FIND A PLACE TO LAND FIRST!

ABRUPTLY, THE QUESTION OF A LANDING PLACE IS SETTLED FROM ANOTHER SOURCE...

ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE GUNS!! WHO SAID THIS VALLEY WAS DESERTED?

THEY'VE SMASHED MY CONTROLS! I'M A GONER!

And THE MIRACLE OF THE UN-RESISTING ROCKS IS REPEATED!

NOW HE'S CRASHED THROUGH! IF THAT DOESN'T BEAT EVERYTHING!

GONE!... BOTH MY PALS! IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO, I'LL EVEN THINGS UP WITH THE RATS BEHIND THIS MURDER MILL!

BUT HAVE FOG AND GUNNER BEEN KILLED?
LET'S TAKE A LOOK UNDERGROUND AND SEE
WHAT GOES ON THERE...

HUH? THESE BOULDERS
ARE ONLY PAINTED
CARDBOARD AND CANVAS!
AND THE FLOOR OF
THIS VALLEY IS FLAT
AS A DRUMHEAD!

WHEN FOG CRASHED THROUGH THE "ROCK",
HE WAS MOMENTARILY DAZED BY HIS
STARTLING DISCOVERY...

MARCHED THROUGH ARTIFICIAL
TUNNELS, HE IS BROUGHT FACE
TO FACE WITH A NIPPONESE OFFICER.

SO NICE OF
YOU TO COME
HERE! NOW WE
HAVE ONE MORE
AMERICAN
PLANE TO
BOMB AMERICAN
CITIES!

YOU'RE WRONG
ABOUT THAT, YOU
YELLOW BOUNDER!
MY SHIP
CRASHED INTO
A VOLCANO!

SUCTION PUMPS
PULL AMERICAN PLANES
OUT OF SKY, BUT THEY
LAND GENTLY ON
CUSHION OF AIR
AT BOTTOM!

OF ALL THE
DEVILISH
SCHEMES! EVEN
THE VOLCANO
IS A STAGE
PROP!

CAPTURED AMERICAN PILOTS
WORK FOR RISING SUN!
SOON WE SHALL HAVE
ENOUGH PLANES TO STRIKE
HARD AT WEST COAST
FACTORIES!

YOU BALLY
OAF! I'D LIKE
TO BREAK
YOUR
TREACHEROUS
NECK!

YOU
TUNE UP
PLANES..
OR ELSE
WE
SHOOT!

SHOOT IF YOU
WANT.. BUT YOU
CAN'T MAKE ME
HELP THE
AXIS!

PSSST..
BUDDY!

WE'RE ALL AXIS-HATERS
HERE.. LET'S PLAY BALL WITH
THE JAPS.. AND THEN WE'LL
TAKE THE RATS
BY SURPRISE!

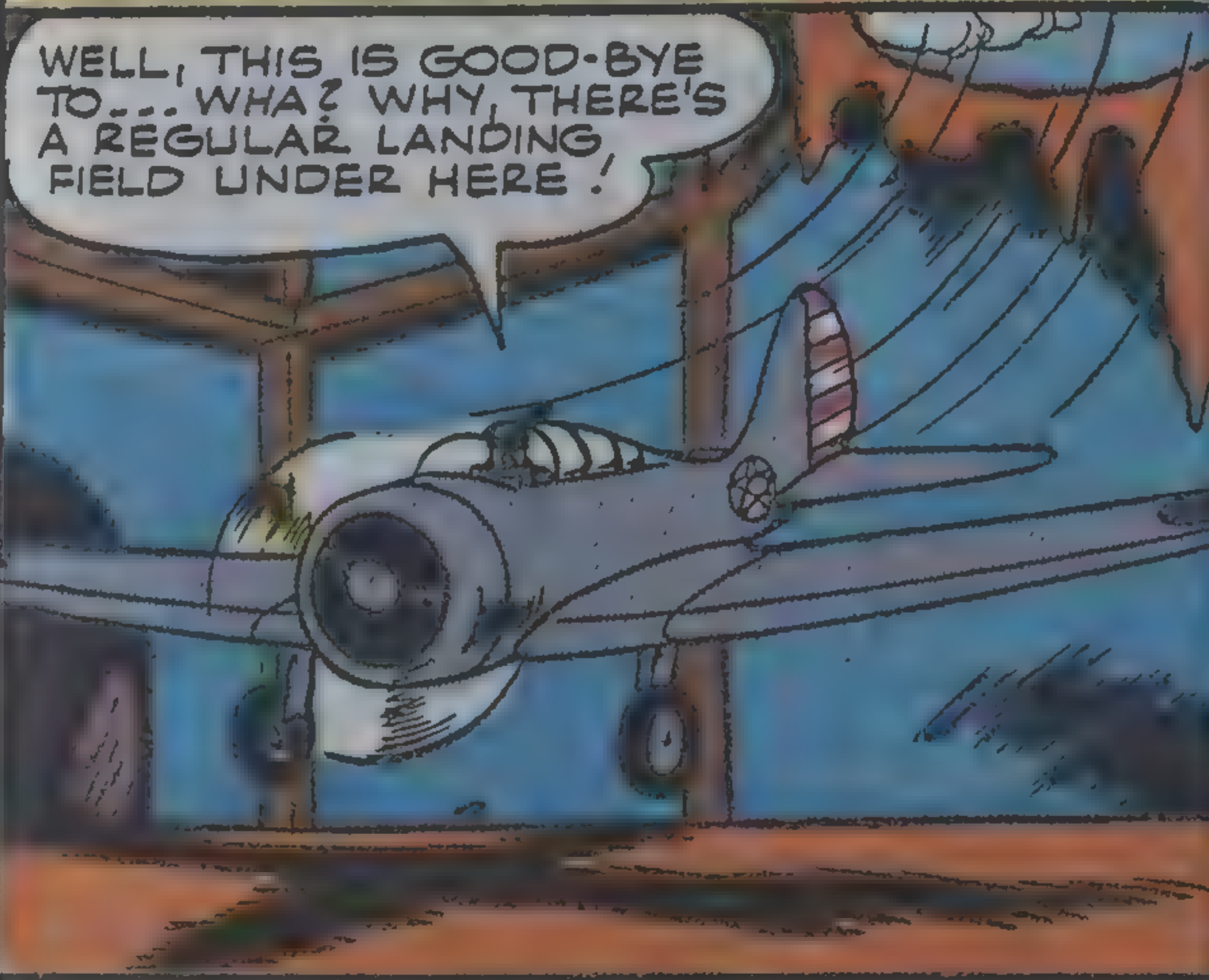
BY JOVE,
YOU HAVE
SOMETHING
THERE!

BEFORE HE COULD GATHER HIS WITS...

YOU WANT
TUMMY FULL
OF LEAD,
NO?

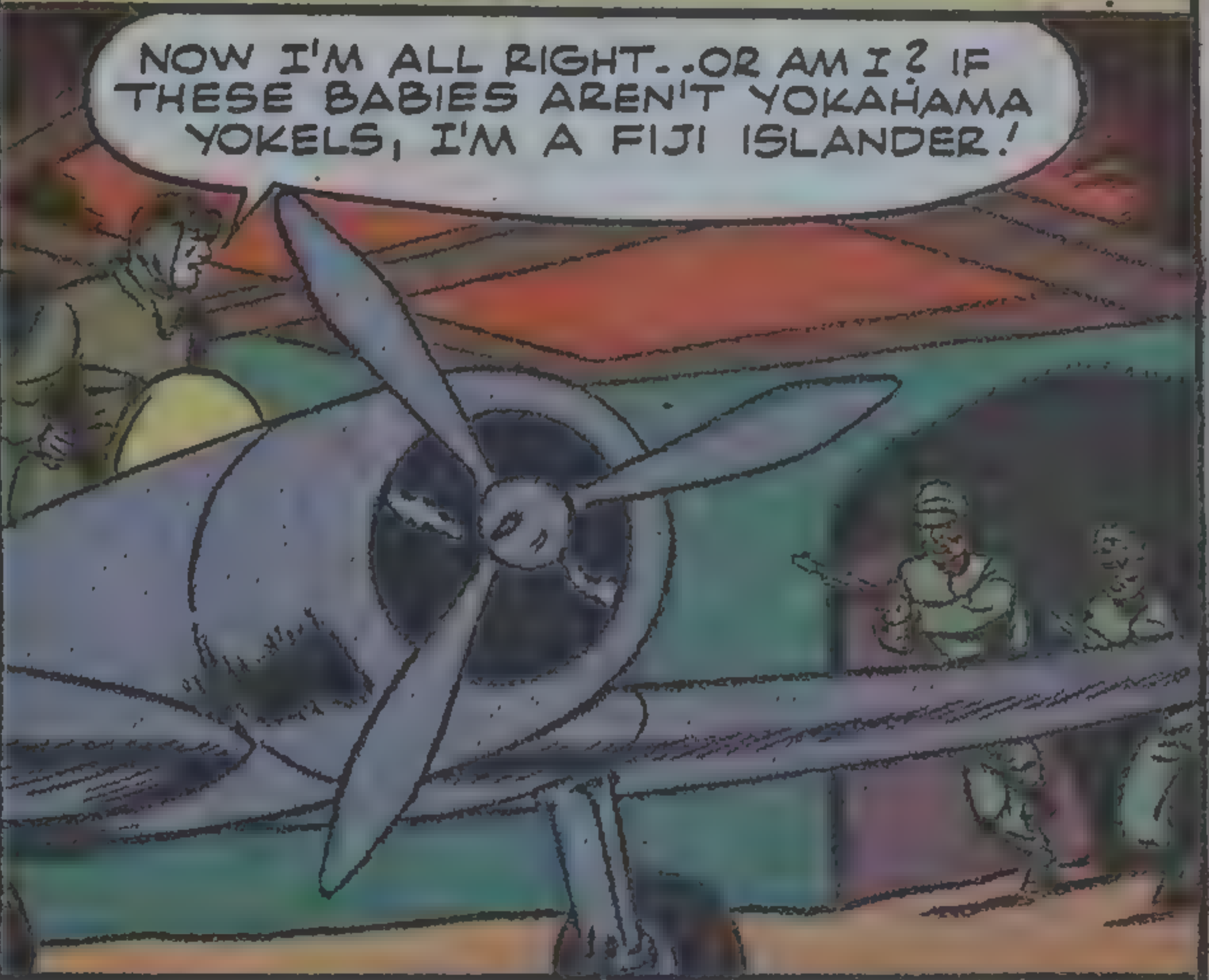
NO IS RIGHT, YOU
JAP BLIGHTERS!

GUNNER'S AMAZEMENT IS AS GREAT AS FOG'S AS HIS SHIP RIPS THROUGH THE FLIMSY CAMOUFLAGE...



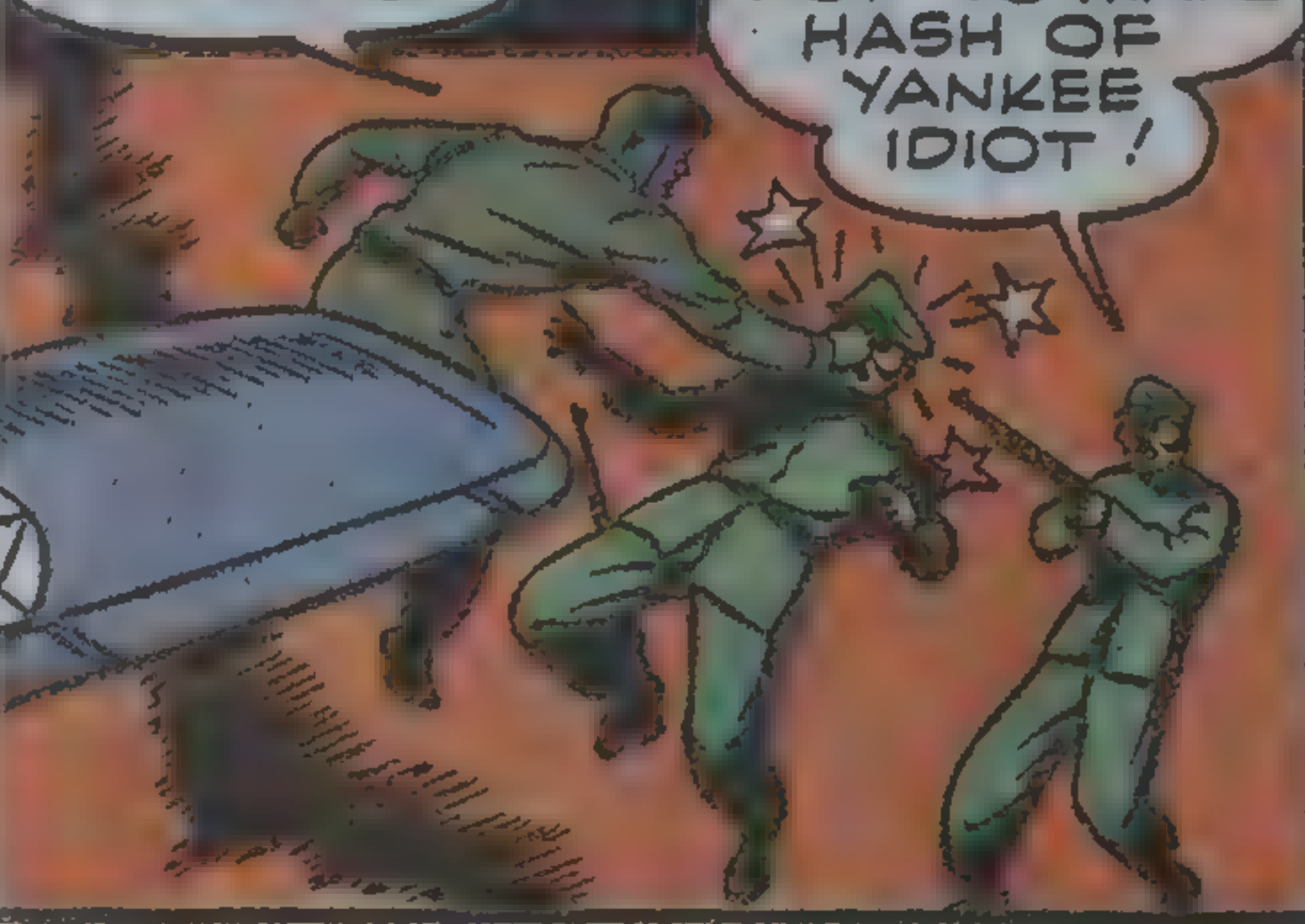
WELL, THIS IS GOOD-BYE TO... WHA? WHY, THERE'S A REGULAR LANDING FIELD UNDER HERE!

DESPITE A BULLET-SEVERED CONTROL WIRE, THE ACE GUIDES THE PLANE TO A SAFE REST...



NOW I'M ALL RIGHT...OR AM I? IF THESE BABIES AREN'T YOKAHAMA YOKELS, I'M A FIJI ISLANDER!

SO THIS IS A SECRET JAP BASE! AND HERE'S WHERE A SON OF THE RISING SUN SETS!



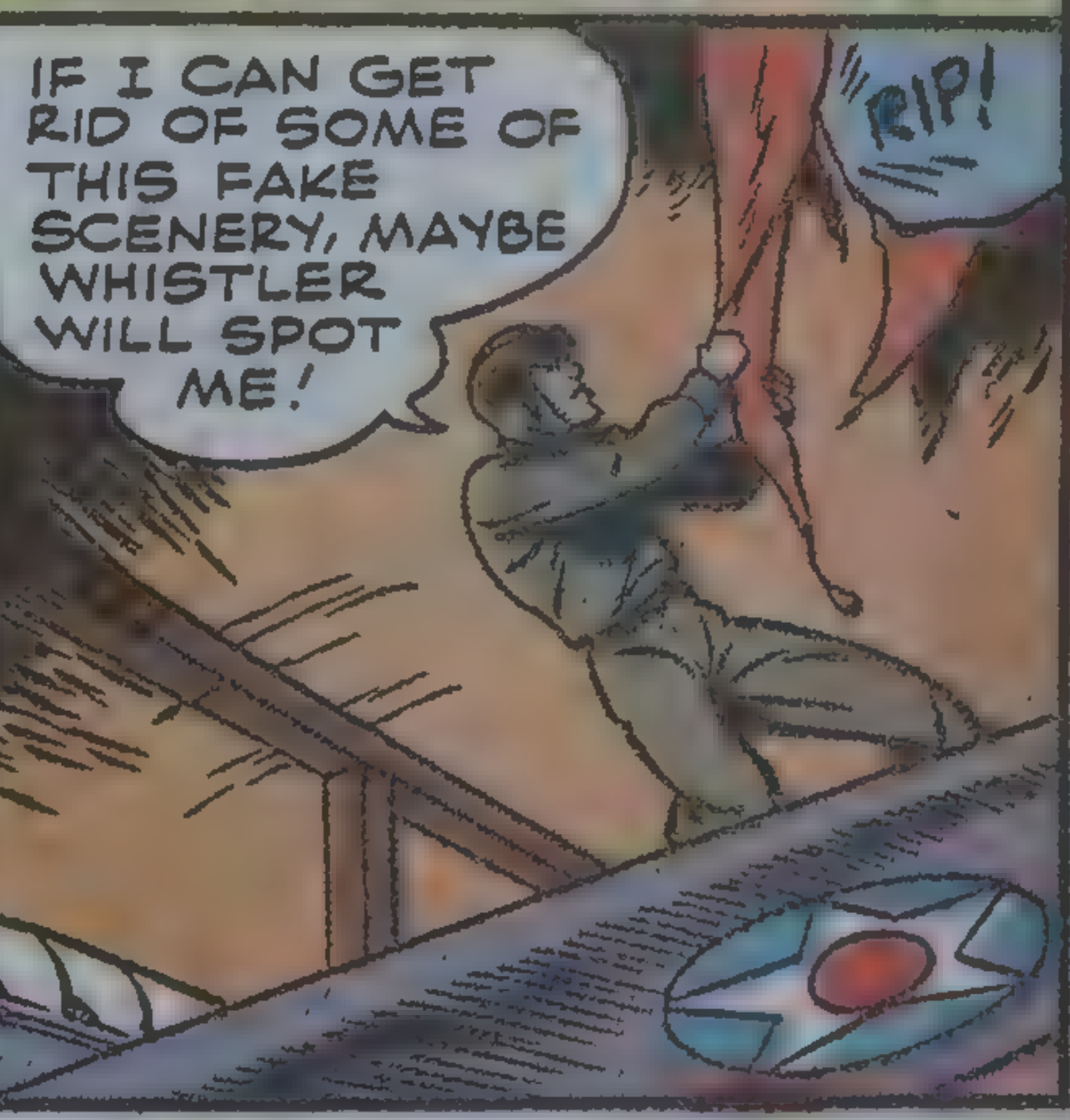
NOW TO MAKE HASH OF YANKEE IDIOT!

YOU'LL BE EATING HASH FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, UNLESS YOU GET SOME NEW MOLARS!



早作手立!!!

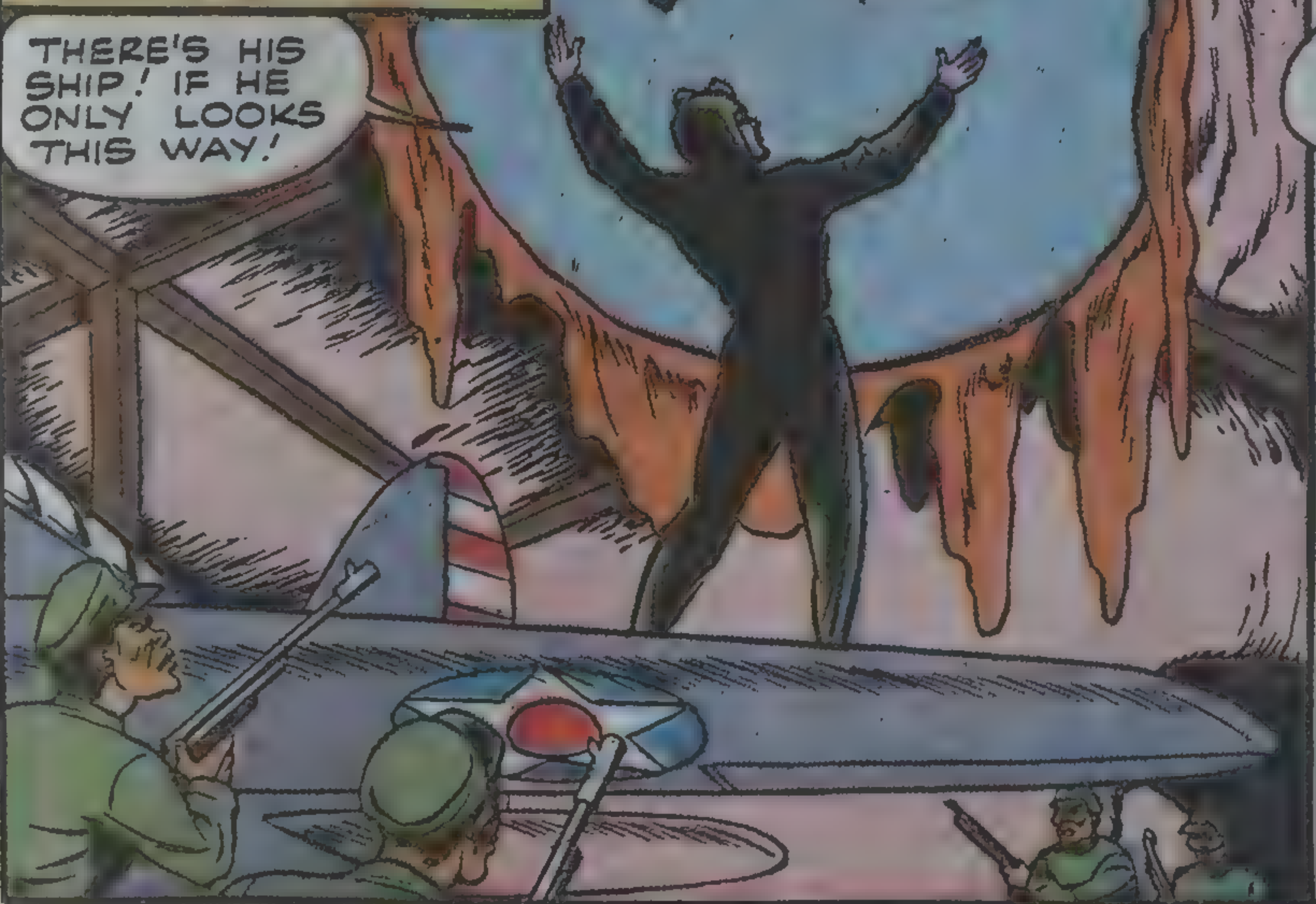
LEAPING UPON HIS PLANE. ONCE MORE, GUNNER THRUSTS HIS ARMS THROUGH THE FALSE ROOF



IF I CAN GET RID OF SOME OF THIS FAKE SCENERY, MAYBE WHISTLER WILL SPOT ME!

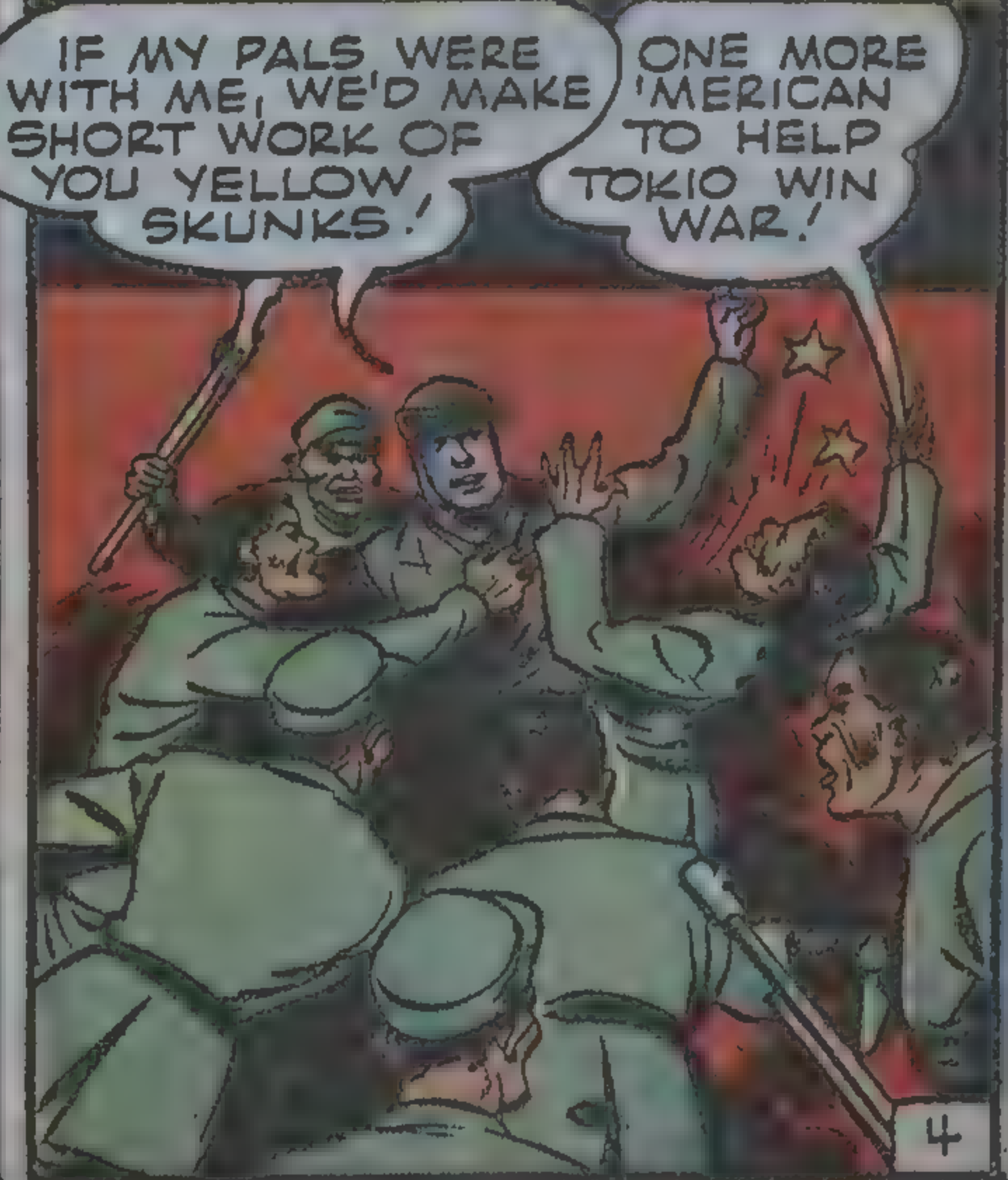
RIPI!

BUT AS HE SIGNALS FRANTICALLY, OTHER FOES ARE RUSHING TOWARD HIM IN RESPONSE TO THE MACHINE-GUN BURST..



THERE'S HIS SHIP! IF HE ONLY LOOKS THIS WAY!

CLAWING HANDS DRAG HIM DOWN!

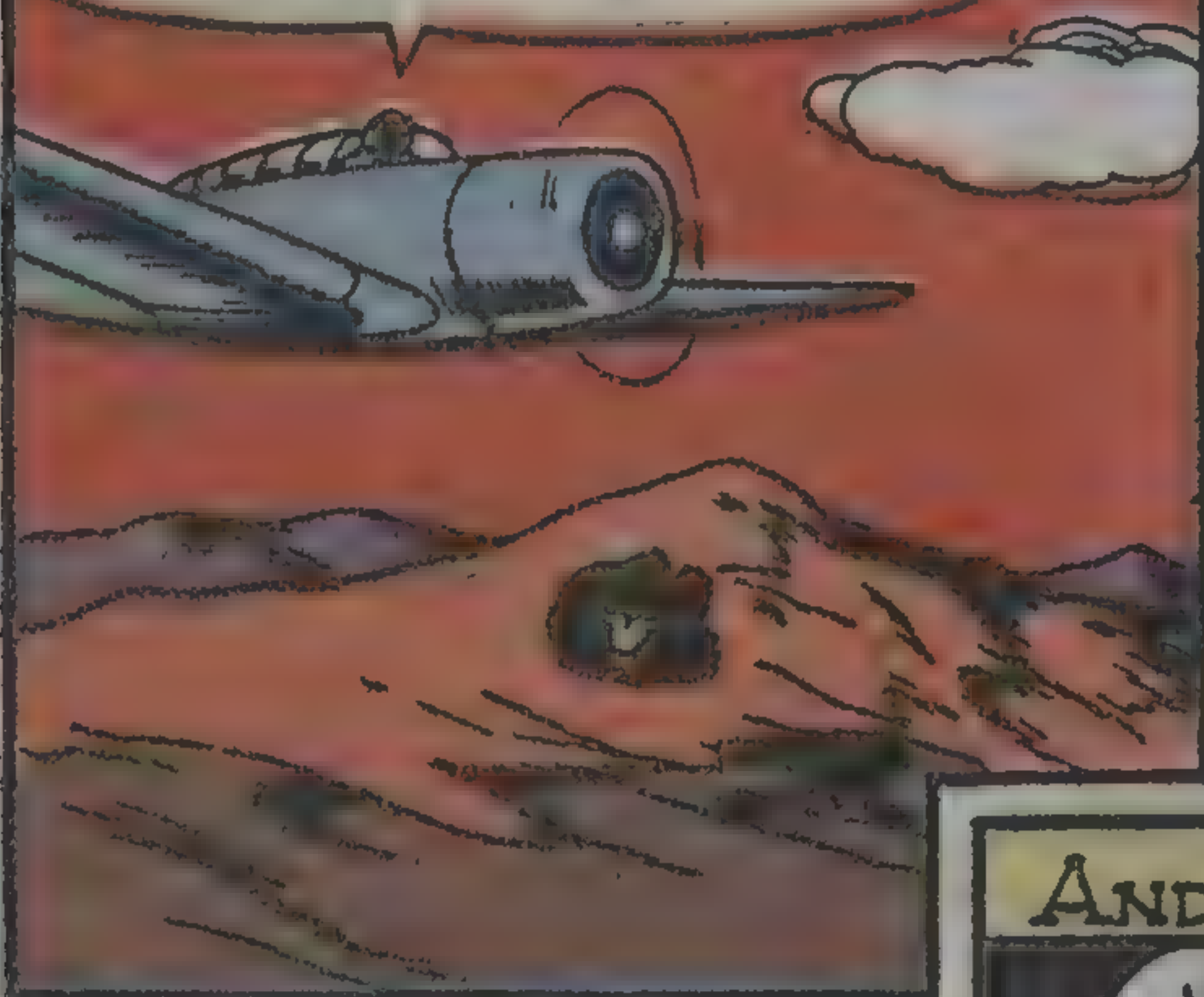


IF MY PALS WERE WITH ME, WE'D MAKE SHORT WORK OF YOU YELLOW SKUNKS!

ONE MORE 'MERICAN TO HELP TOKIO WIN WAR!

NOW IT IS WHISTLER'S TURN TO BE ASTONISHED---

EITHER MY BRAIN IS SLIPPING A COG, OR THAT'S GUNNER... ALIVE..AND SIGNALING ME TO MAKE A CRASH LANDING!



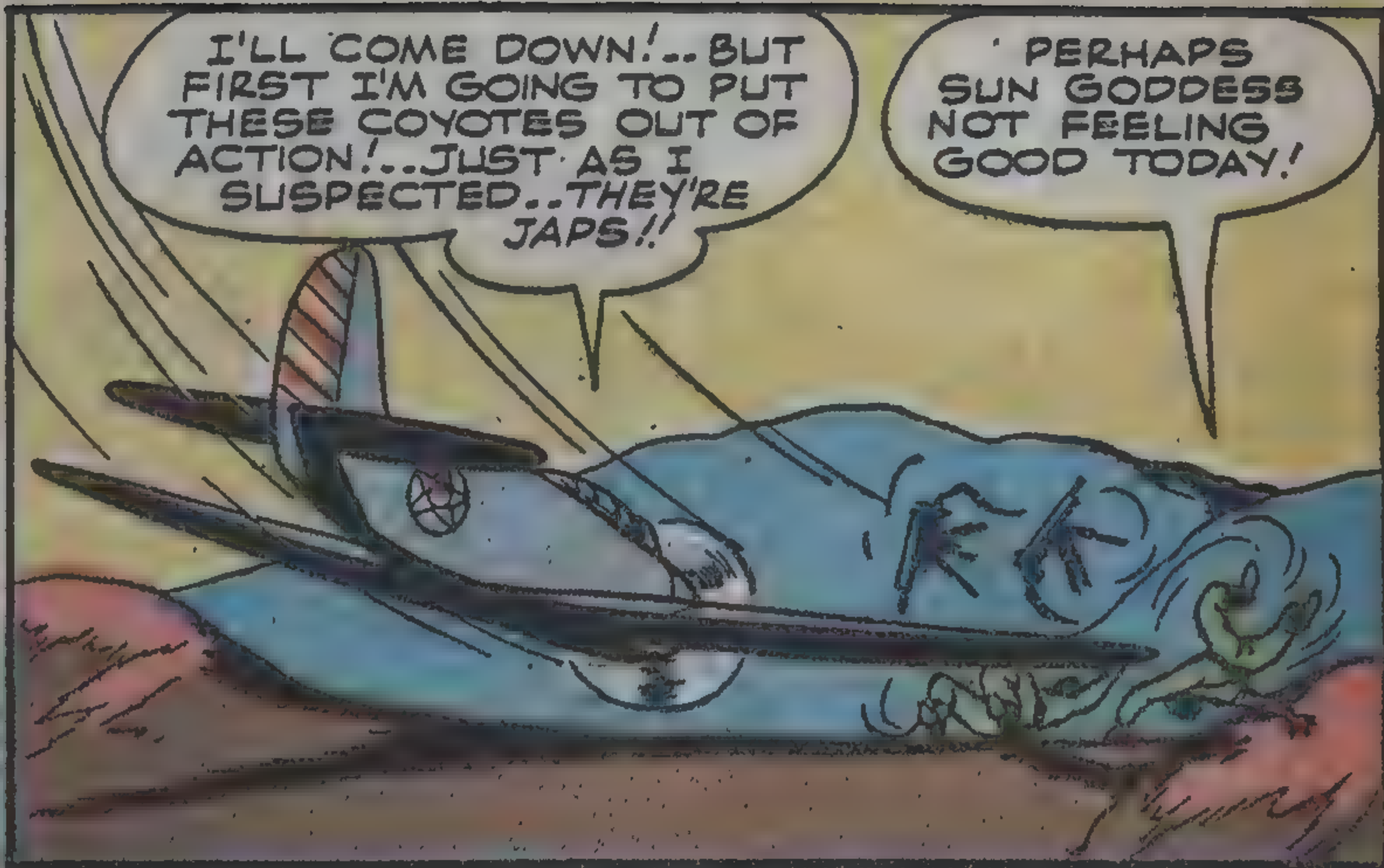
THE ROCKETING PLANE SHATTERS A MAKE-BELIEVE BOULDER...

CANVAS AND CARD-BOARD!! IT'S AS PHONY AS THE ONES WHO MADE IT!



I'LL COME DOWN!...BUT FIRST I'M GOING TO PUT THESE COYOTES OUT OF ACTION!...JUST AS I SUSPECTED...THEY'RE JAPS!!

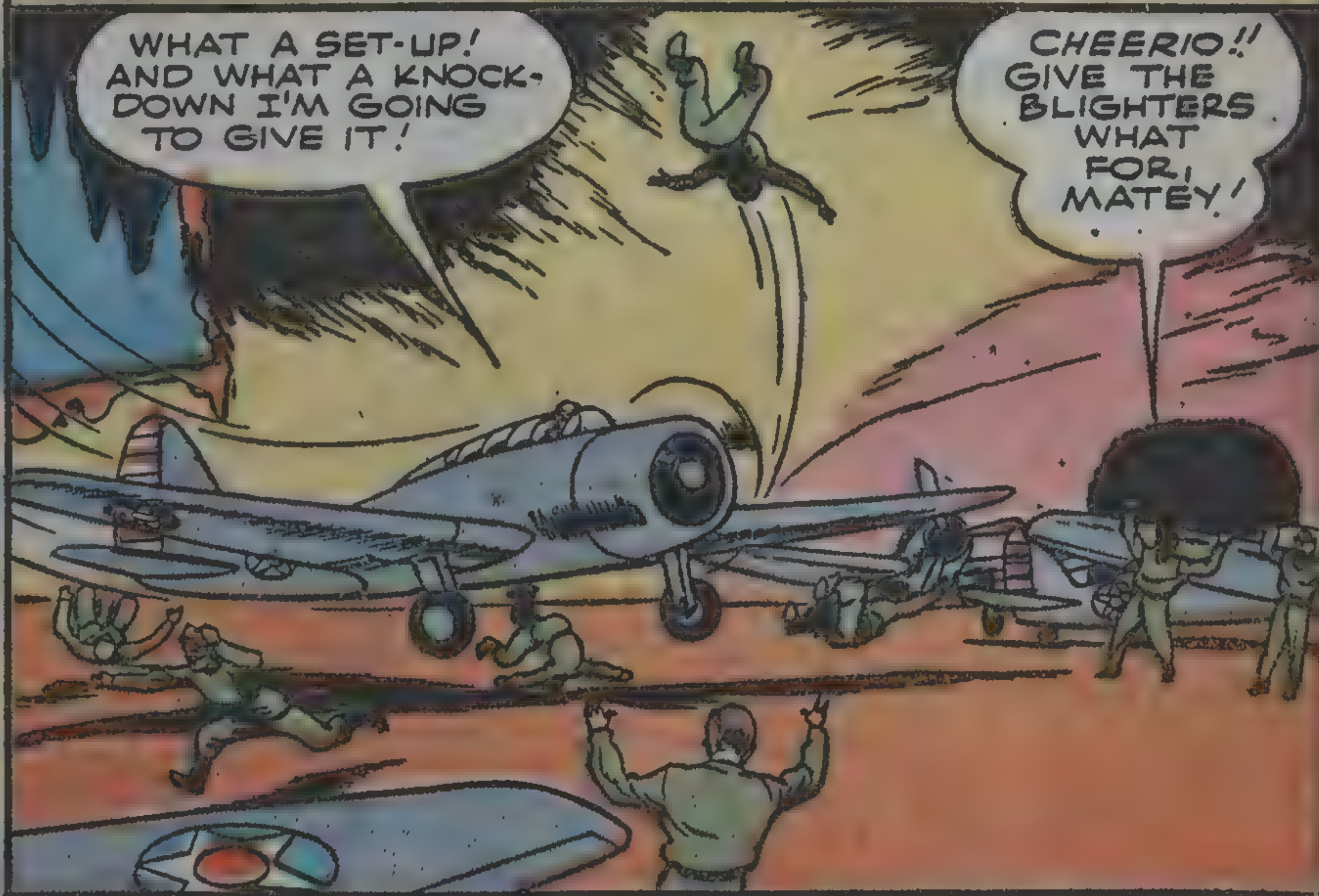
PERHAPS SUN GODDESS NOT FEELING GOOD TODAY!



AND SNARLS THROUGH THE SECRET HANGAR....!

WHAT A SET-UP! AND WHAT A KNOCK-DOWN I'M GOING TO GIVE IT!

CHEERIO!! GIVE THE BLIGHTERS WHAT FOR, MATEY!



THE CAPTURED PILOTS TURN THE TABLES ON THEIR DISMAYED GUARDS!

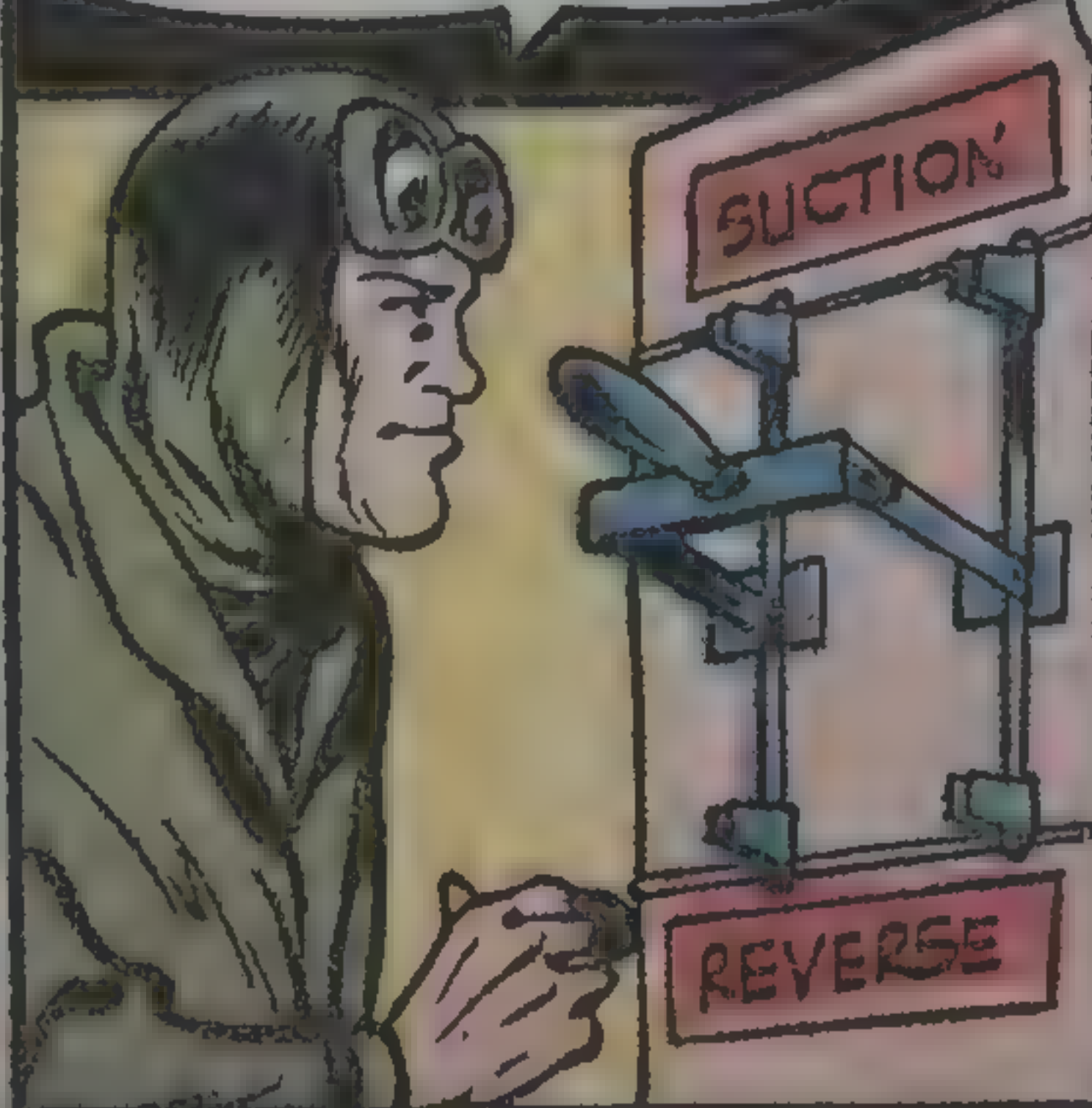
THIS IS FOR THE BEATINGS YOU'VE GIVEN ME!

IF YOU HADN'T STARVED ME, I'D SLAM YOU CLEAR ACROSS THE PACIFIC!



MEANWHILE, WHISTLER BRINGS HIS PLANE TO REST AND INSPECTS THE MACHINERY THAT OPERATES THE AIRPLANE TRAP...

SO THIS IS HOW THEY YANKED OUR PLANES OUT OF THE AIR!

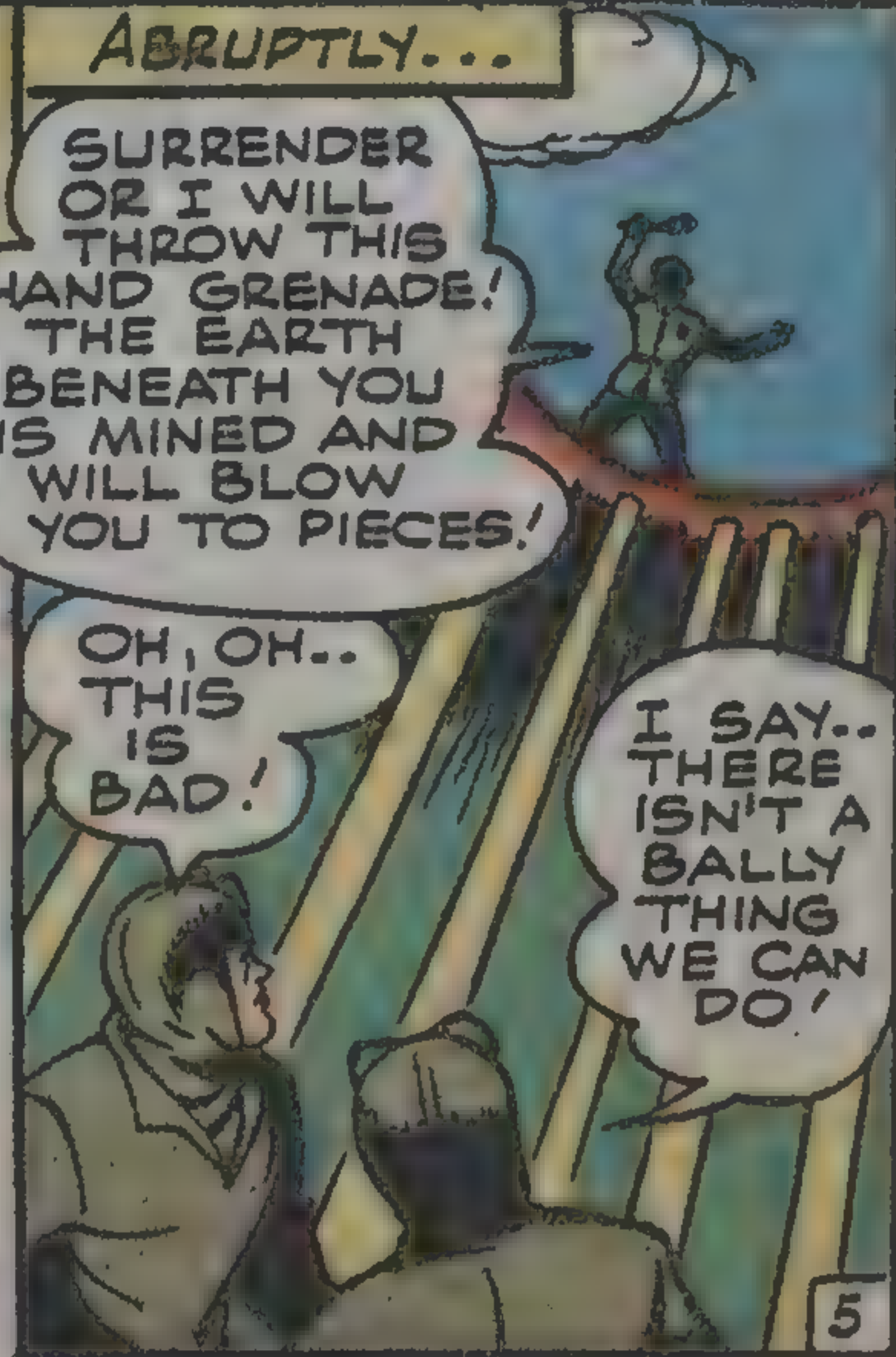


ABRUPTLY...

SURRENDER OR I WILL THROW THIS HAND GRENADE! THE EARTH BENEATH YOU IS MINED AND WILL BLOW YOU TO PIECES!

OH, OH.. THIS IS BAD!

I SAY.. THERE ISN'T A BALLY THING WE CAN DO!



WITH DEATH ABOUT TO POUNCE, WHISTLER TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE...

DIE THEN, FOOLS!

ARE YOU CRAZY, WHISTLER? ... HEY... HERE IT COMES!

IF ONLY THIS WORKS THE WAY I THINK IT WILL!

HE'S STARTED THE WHIRLWIND AGAIN... BUT THIS TIME IT'S BLOWING UPWARD!

IT'S TOSSING THE BOMB BACK!

THE REVERSE ACTION OF THE MONSTER SUCTION MACHINE, HURLS THE MURDEROUS JAP OFFICER SKYWARD...



INTO YOUR PLANES, EVERYBODY! REMEMBER, WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN.. AND WITH A BANG!

I CAN FIX THAT BROKEN CONTROL WIRE IN A JIFFY!

MOMENTS LATER...

WHY DIDN'T WE WRECK THAT SECRET BASE, WHISTLER?

I DOUBT IF IT WILL BE NECESSARY, FOG!

AND AS THE FLEET OF SKYFIGHTERS SOARS ALOFT, THE FALSE VOLCANO DISSOLVES IN AN UNSCHEDULED ERUPTION!

YOU SEE, THAT JAP OFFICER AND HIS HAND GRENADE HAD TO COME DOWN AGAIN!

I GET IT! WHEN HE CAME DOWN, EVERYTHING WENT UP!

BOOM!

SO ENDS OUR STORY, WITH THE THREE ACES AGAIN VICTORIOUS, RETURNING IN TRIUMPH WITH A LOST SQUADRON OF HEROES...

SO LONG, MAMA -- WE'RE OFF TO YOKOHAMA!

..... BUT THEY'LL BE BACK TO ZOOM WITH DAREDEVIL TACTICS THROUGH ANOTHER SMASHING ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF

ACTION COMICS

Mr. AMERICA

and
FAT MAN

by BERNARD
BAILLY

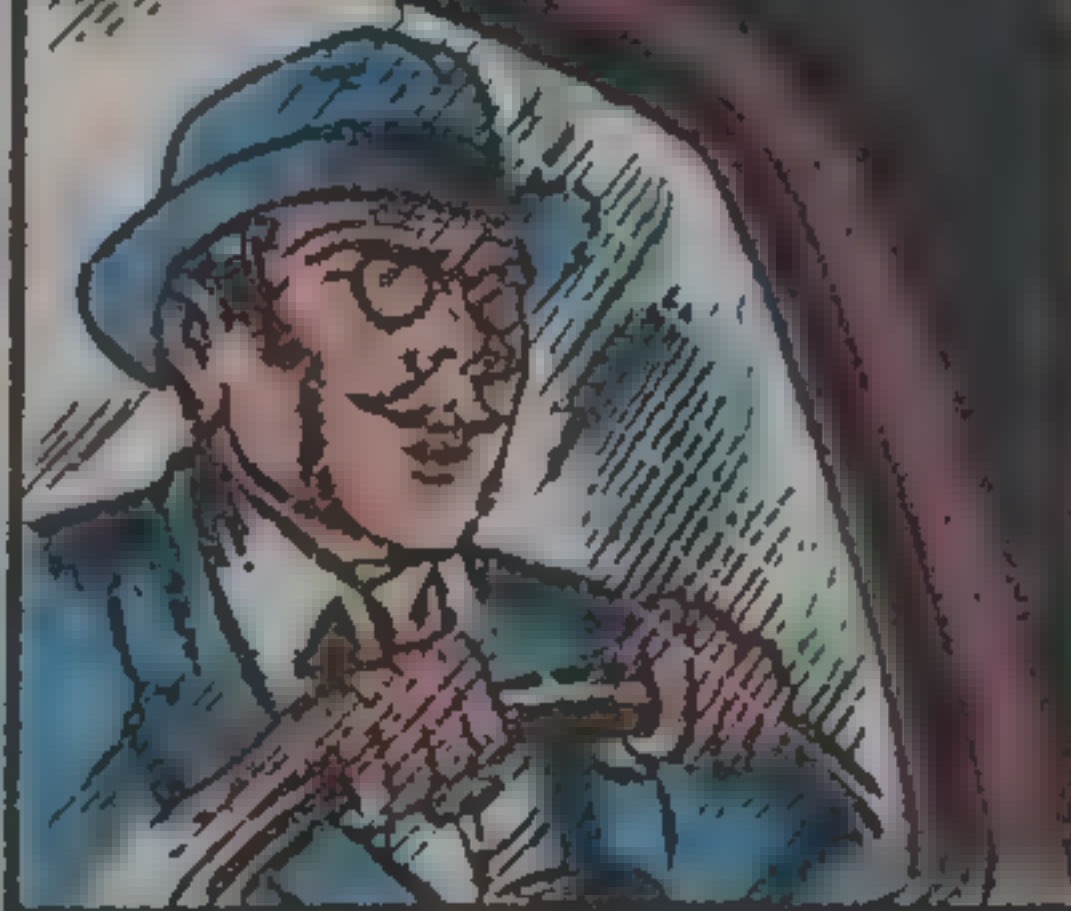
OF ALL CRIMINALS, THE LOWEST AND MOST DESPICABLE IS THE **BLACK-MAILER!** HIS VICTIMS PAY AND PAY TO THE BITTER END... HOPING ALWAYS TO BUY RELEASE FROM HIS SINISTER POWER... KNOWING AT LAST THERE *IS NO RELEASE!* BUT BLACKMAILERS IN GENERAL ARE GENTLEMEN COMPARED TO THAT VICIOUS MASTER RAT... **THE FRAMER!** FOR HIS VICTIMS WERE NOT THE GUILTY BUT THE INNOCENT--- AND DEATH WAS THEIR ONLY RELEASE! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE **THE FRAMER** CAST HIS BLACKMAIL NET OVER **MR. AMERICA** AND HIS ALLY, **FAT MAN!**

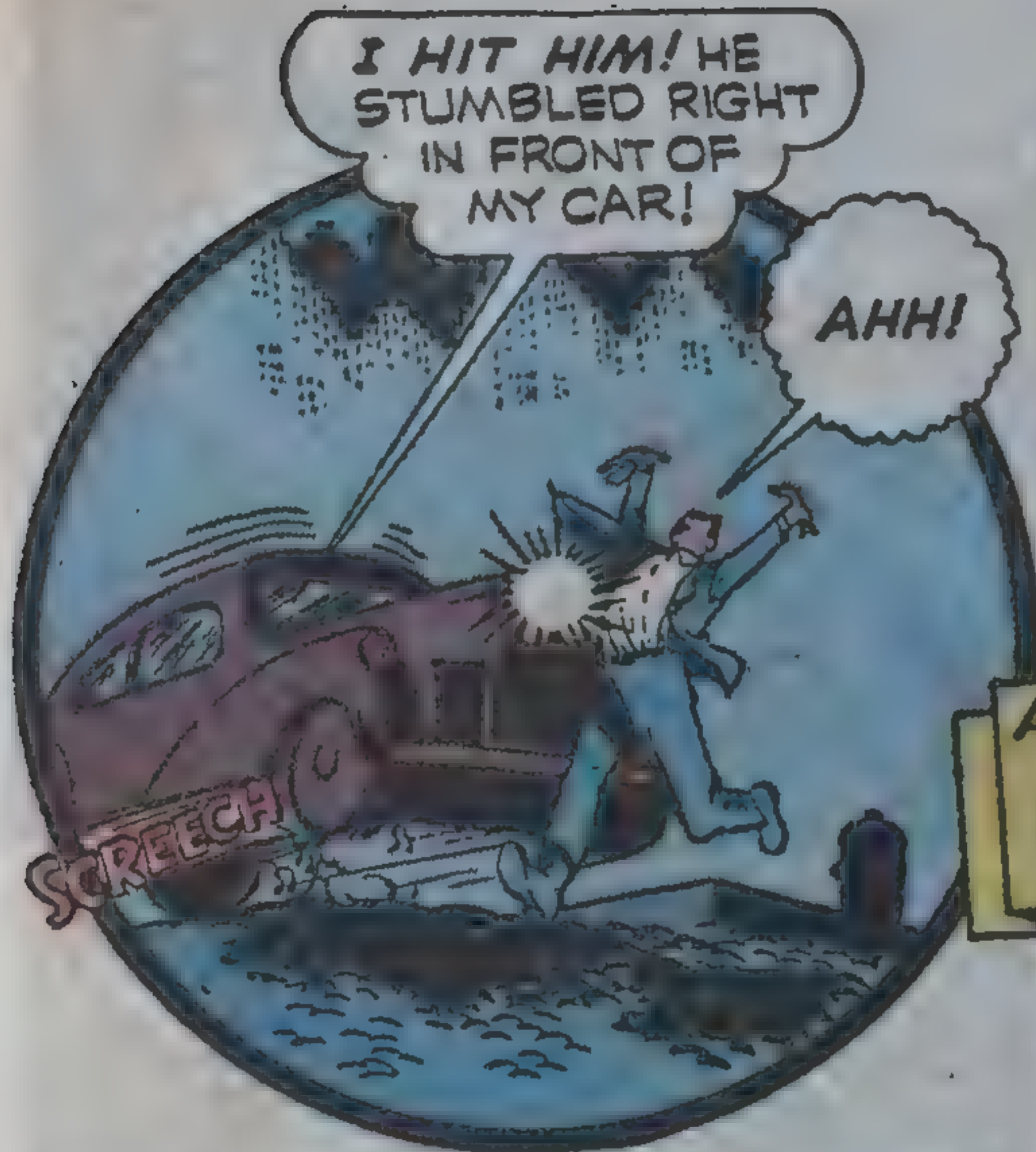
ONE NIGHT, JOHN GELT, WEALTHY AND RESPECTED BANKER, DRIVES HOME FROM A DIRECTORS' MEETING...

WHAT A DARK AND LONELY STREET! NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT AT THIS HOUR!

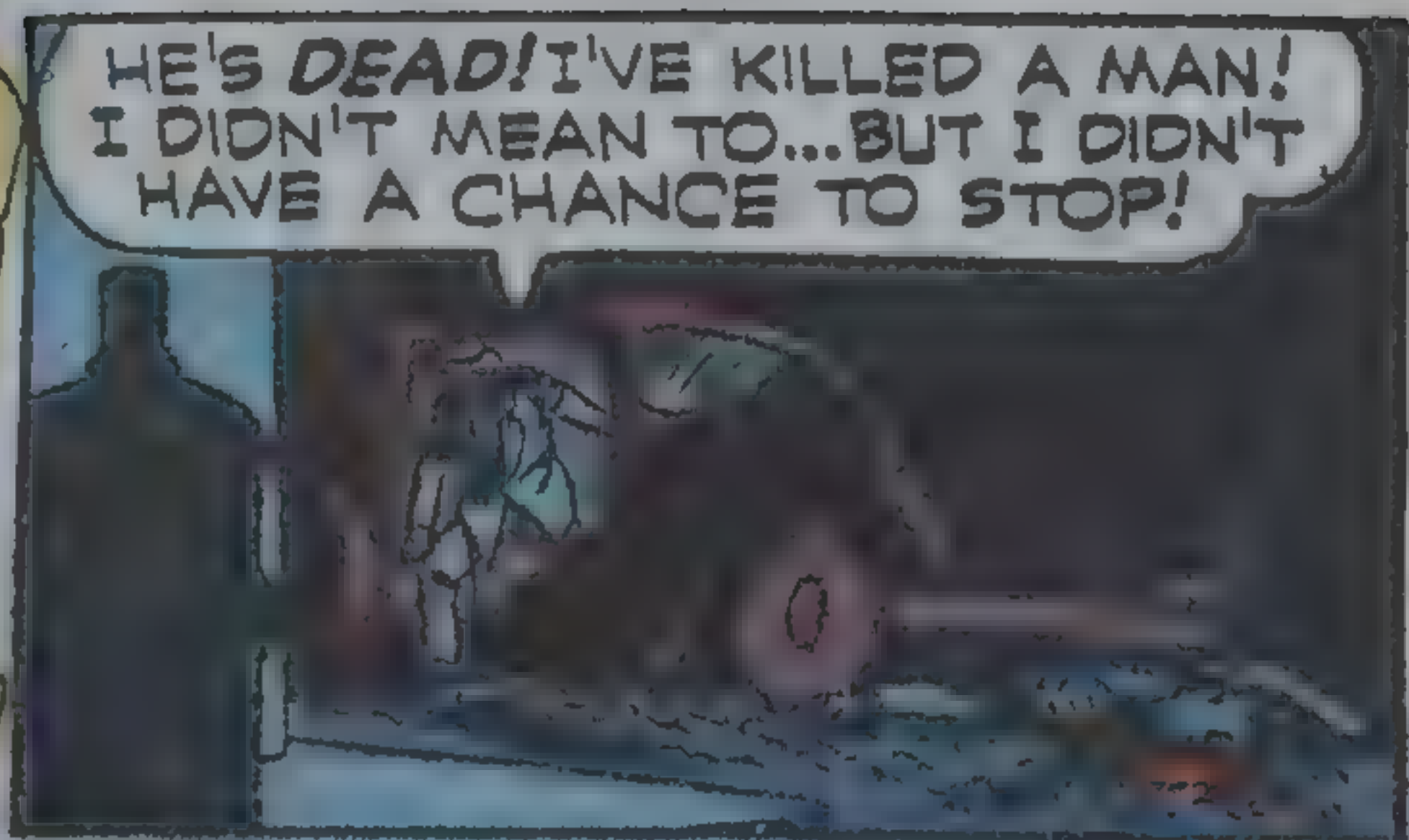
WITHOUT WARNING, THE SETTING CHANGES!

LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL! GET OUT OF THE WAY!!

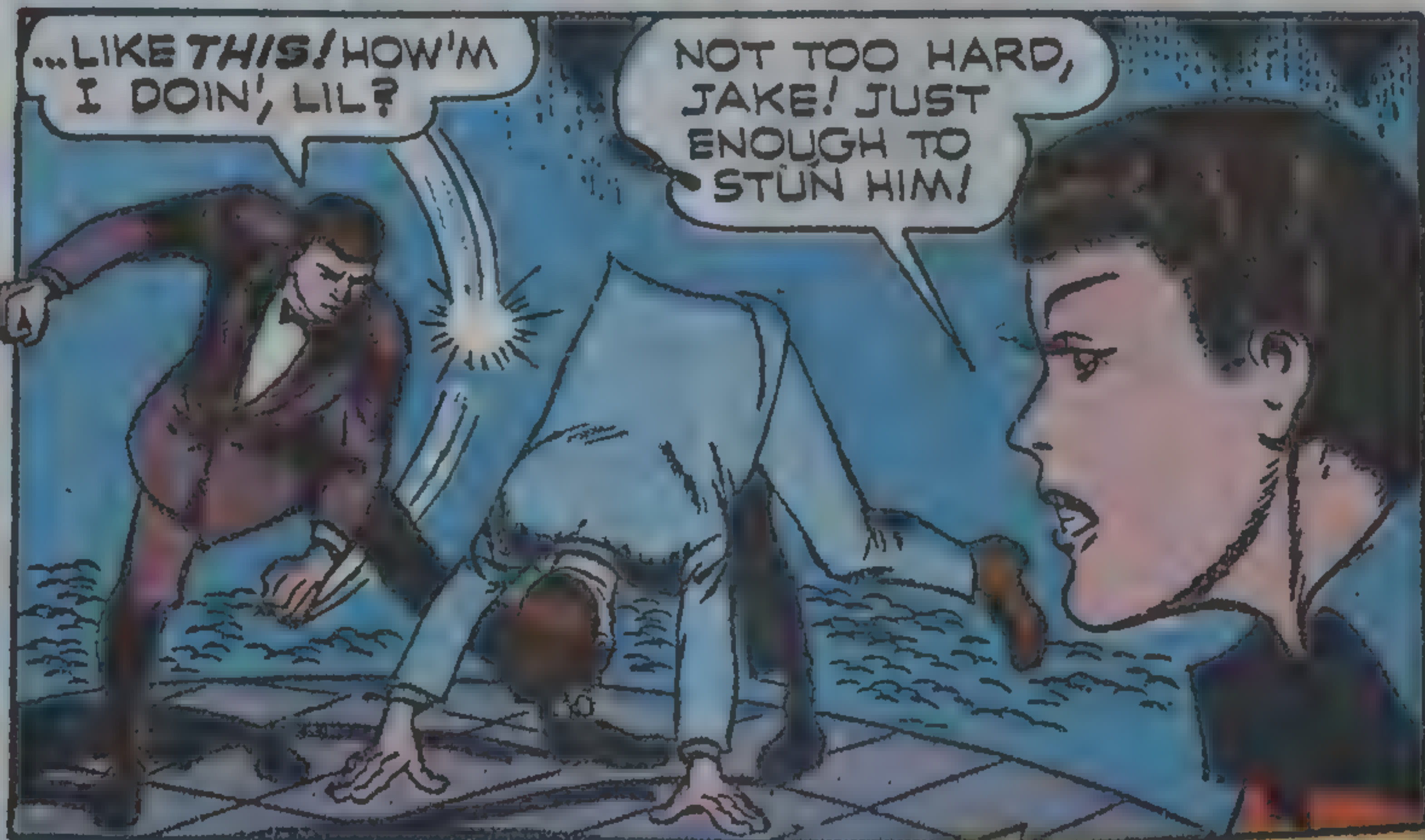
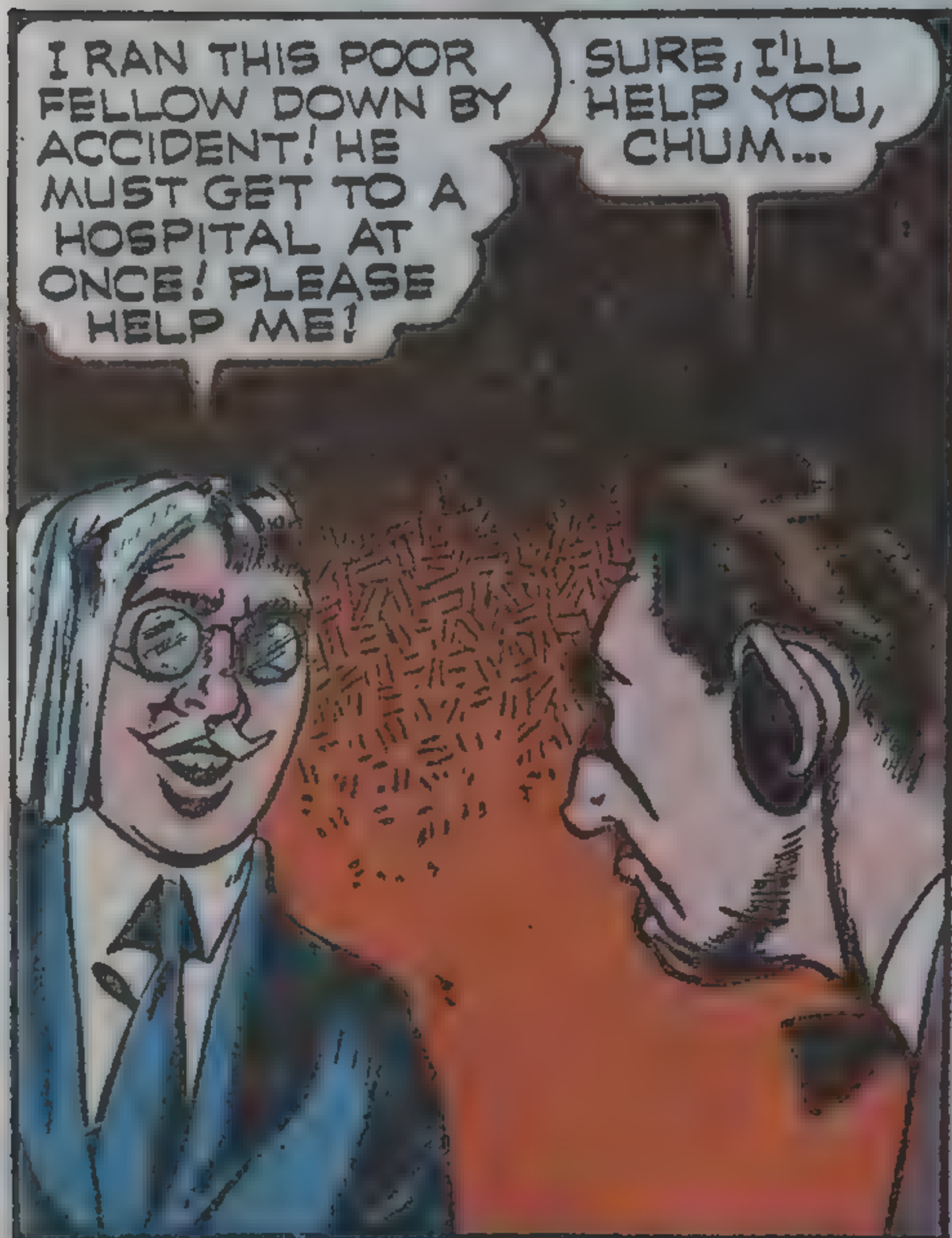


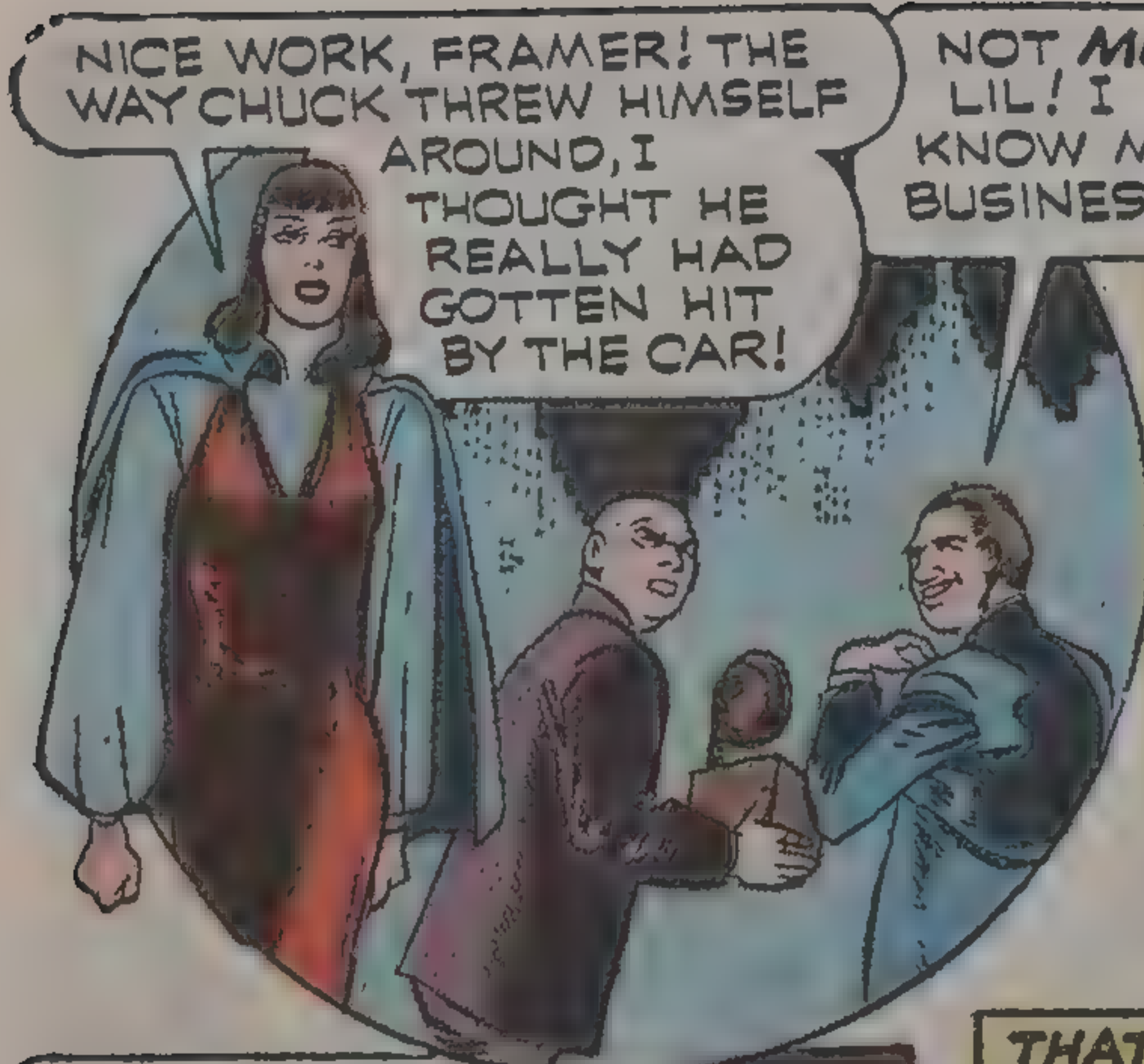


FLEETING SECONDS...AND THE DAMAGE IS DONE! AN INNOCENT MAN IS DOOMED TO A LIFETIME OF AGONY!



AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR TAKES IN THE SCENE...

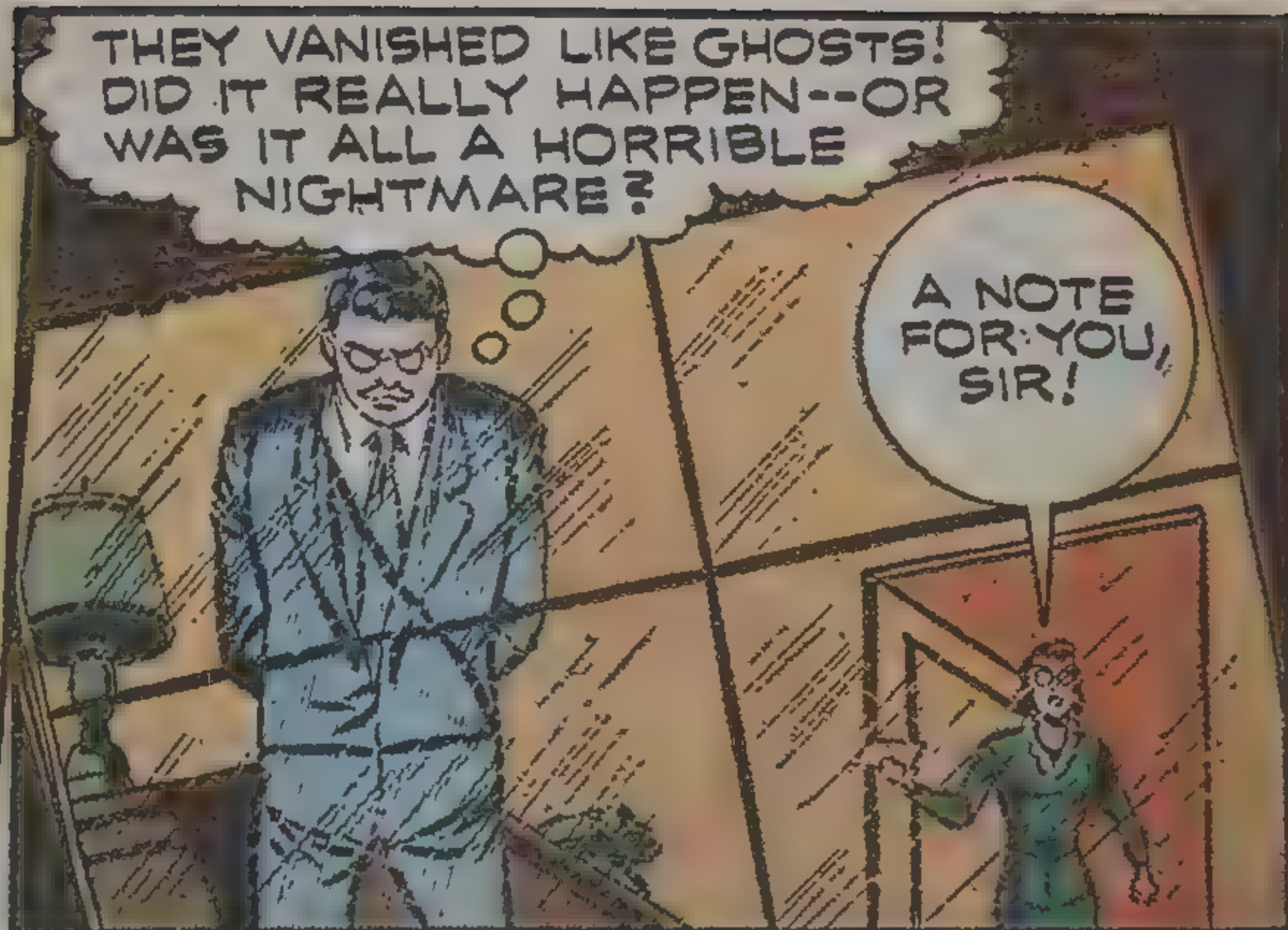




NICE WORK, FRAMER! THE WAY CHUCK THREW HIMSELF AROUND, I THOUGHT HE REALLY HAD GOTTEN HIT BY THE CAR!

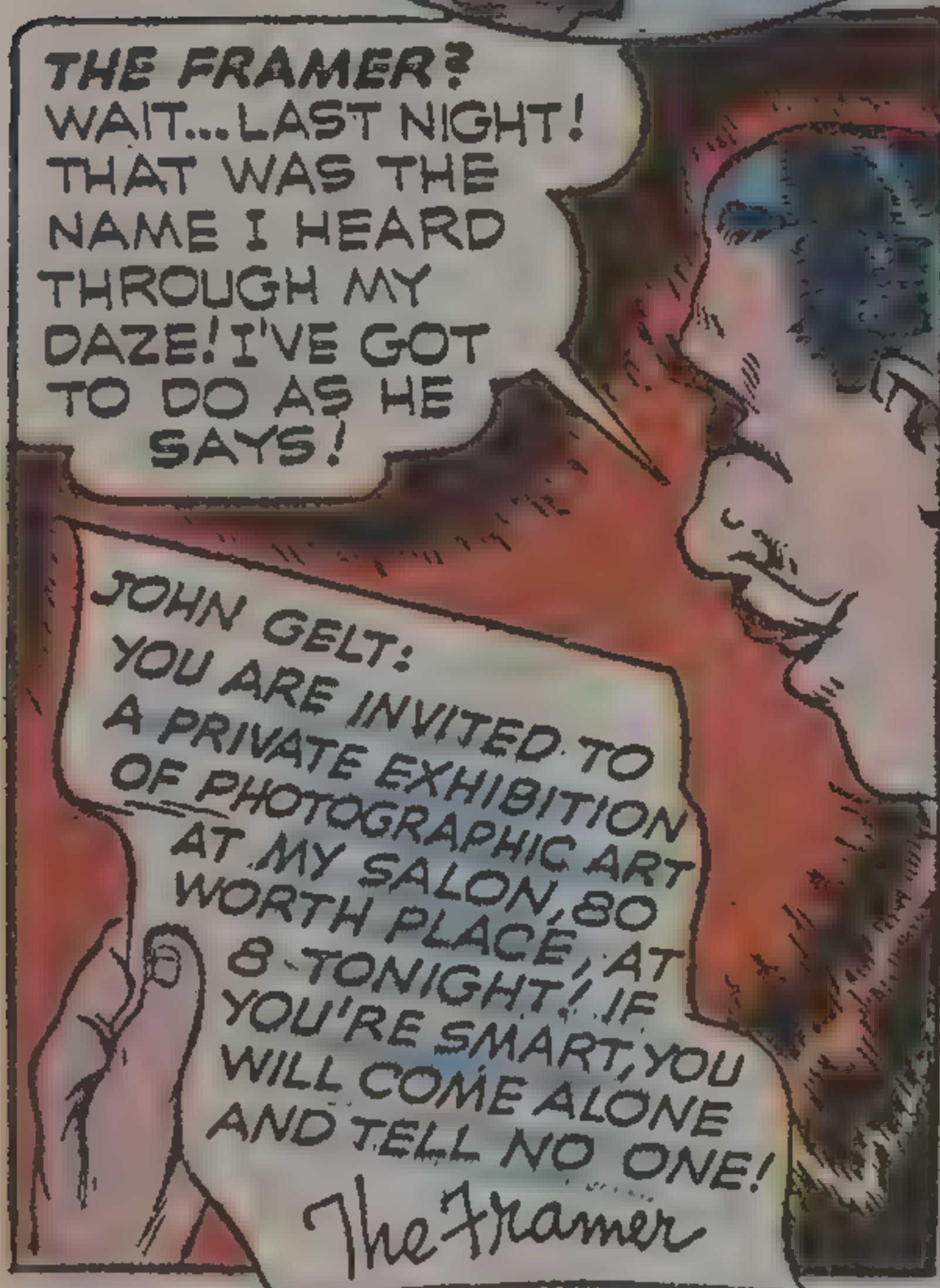
NOT ME, LIL! I KNOW MY BUSINESS!

The
NEXT DAY,
GELT'S
MIND IS
TORTURED
BY THE
MYSTERY
AND THE
SINISTER,
HAZY
MEMORIES...



THEY VANISHED LIKE GHOSTS! DID IT REALLY HAPPEN--OR WAS IT ALL A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE?

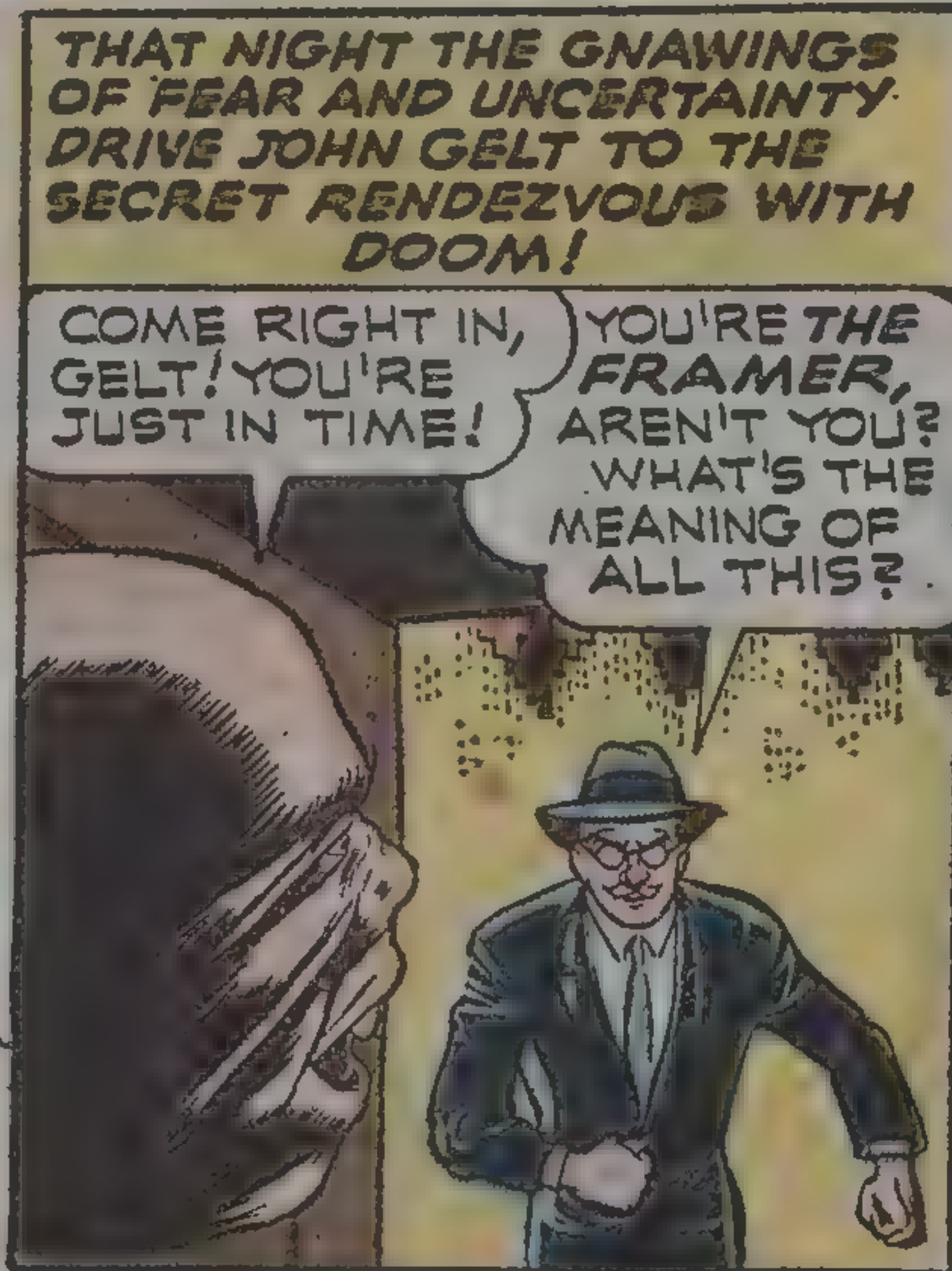
A NOTE FOR YOU, SIR!



THE FRAMER?
WAIT...LAST NIGHT!
THAT WAS THE
NAME I HEARD
THROUGH MY
DAZE! I'VE GOT
TO DO AS HE
SAYS!

JOHN GELT:
YOU ARE INVITED TO
A PRIVATE EXHIBITION
OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART
AT MY SALON, 80
WORTH PLACE, AT
8 TONIGHT! IF
YOU'RE SMART, YOU
WILL COME ALONE
AND TELL NO ONE!

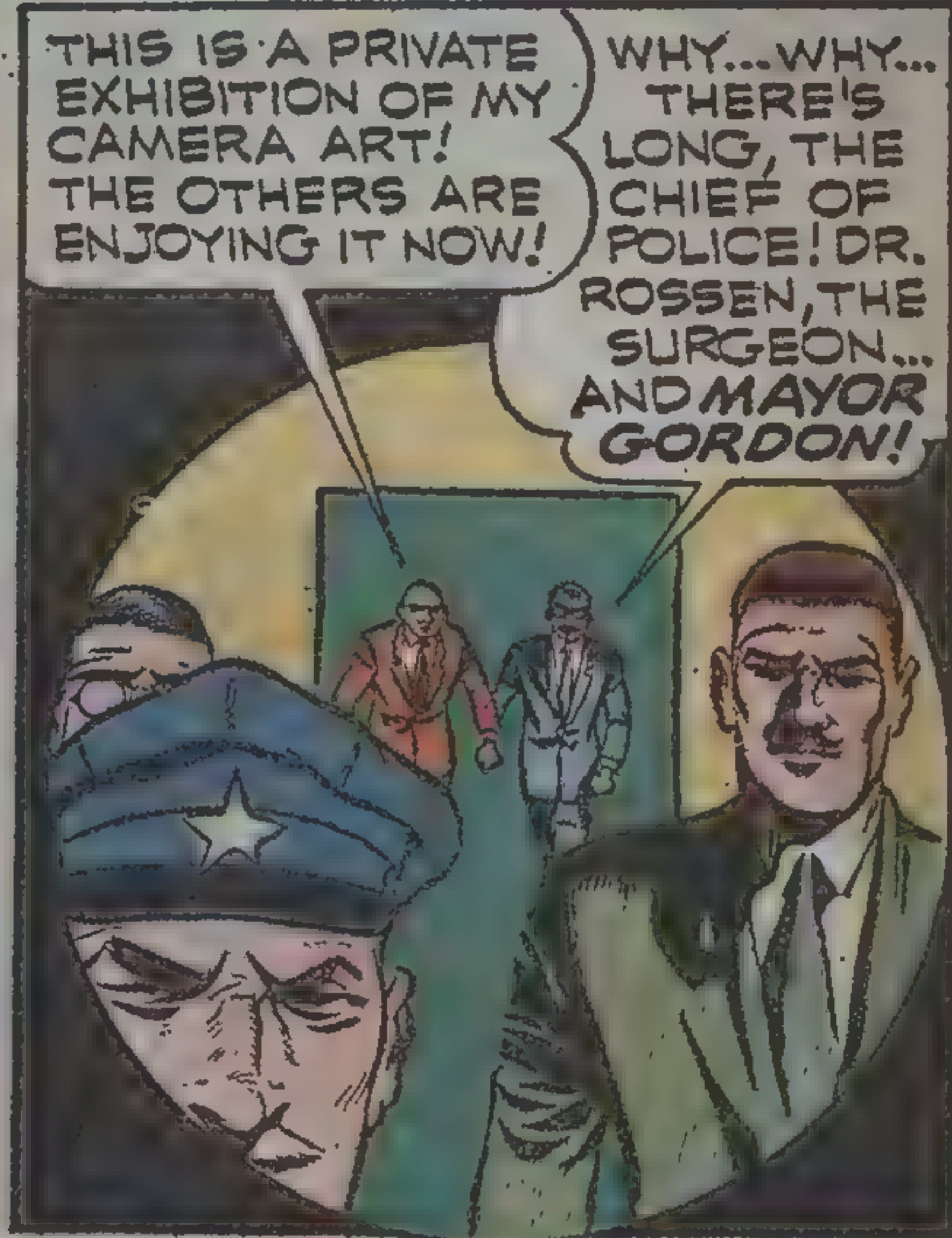
The Framer



THAT NIGHT THE GNAWINGS OF FEAR AND UNCERTAINTY DRIVE JOHN GELT TO THE SECRET RENDEZVOUS WITH DOOM!

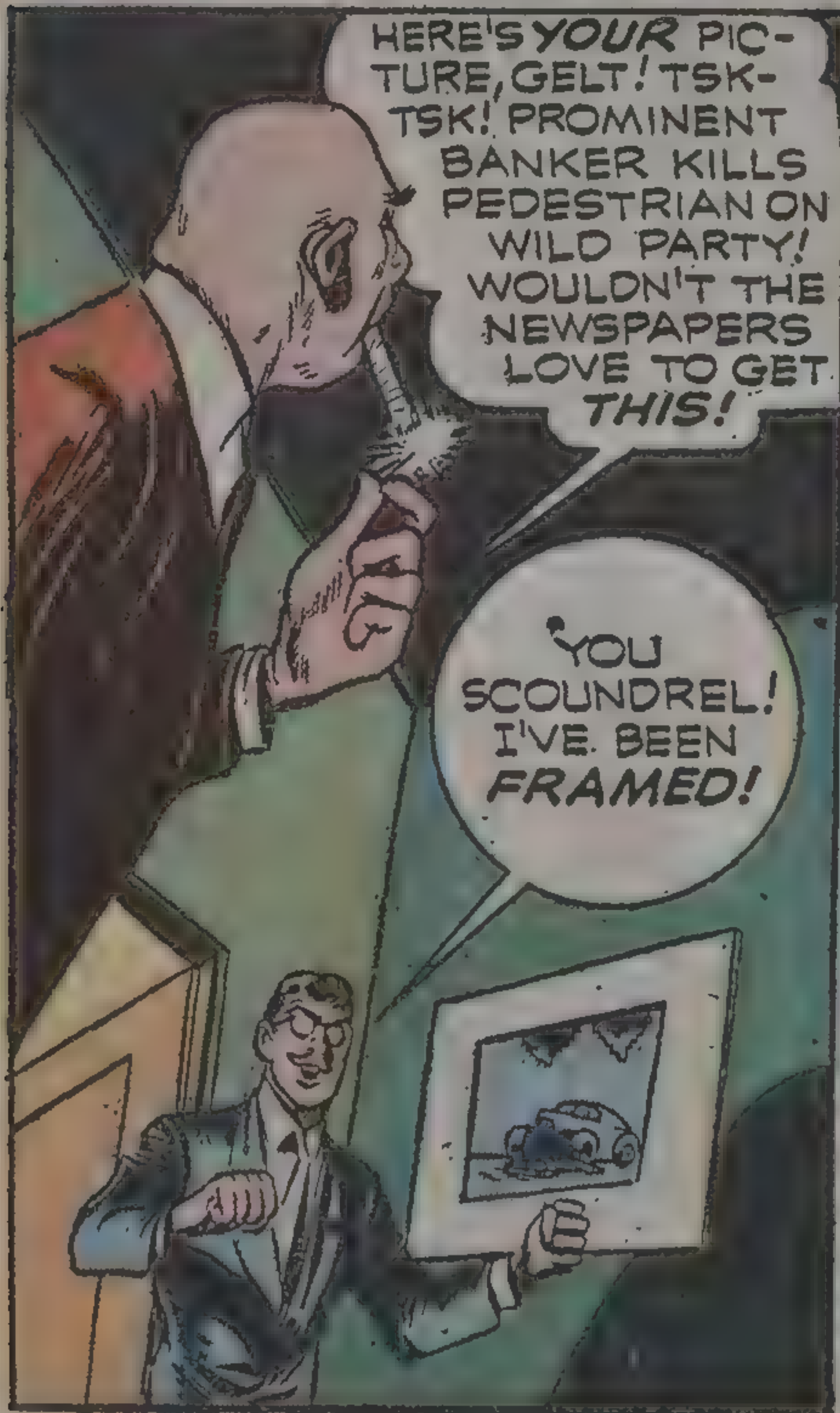
COME RIGHT IN, GELT! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!

YOU'RE THE FRAMER, AREN'T YOU? WHAT'S THE MEANING OF ALL THIS?



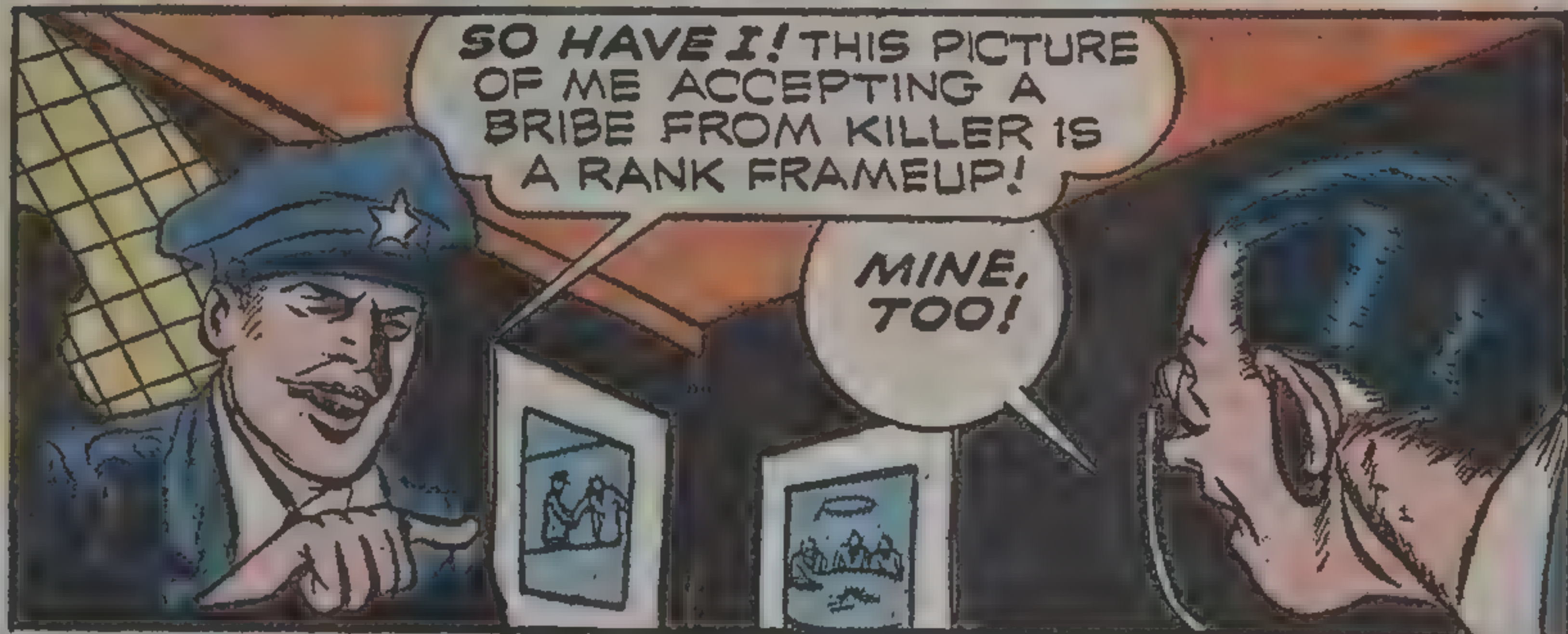
THIS IS A PRIVATE EXHIBITION OF MY CAMERA ART! THE OTHERS ARE ENJOYING IT NOW!

WHY...WHY... THERE'S LONG, THE CHIEF OF POLICE! DR. ROSSEN, THE SURGEON... AND MAYOR GORDON!



HERE'S YOUR PICTURE, GELT! TSK-TSK! PROMINENT BANKER KILLS PEDESTRIAN ON WILD PARTY! WOULDN'T THE NEWSPAPERS LOVE TO GET THIS!

YOU SCOUNDREL! I'VE BEEN FRAMED!

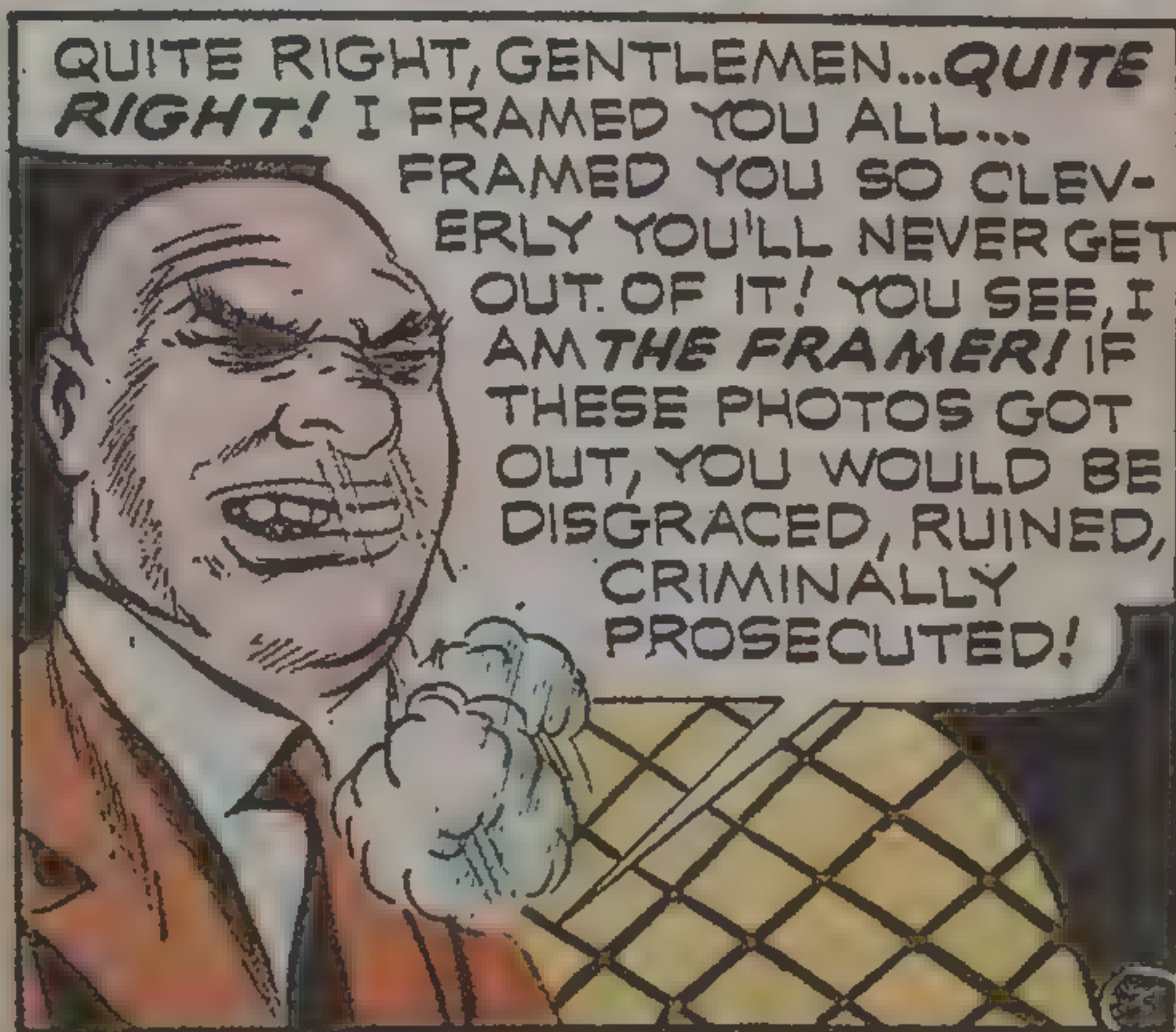


SO HAVE I! THIS PICTURE OF ME ACCEPTING A BRIBE FROM KILLER IS A RANK FRAMEUP!

MINE, TOO!



I NEVER GAMBLLED WITH WANTED CROOKS IN MY LIFE!



QUITE RIGHT, GENTLEMEN...**QUITE RIGHT!** I FRAMED YOU ALL... FRAMED YOU SO CLEVERLY YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF IT! YOU SEE, I AM **THE FRAMER!** IF THESE PHOTOS GOT OUT, YOU WOULD BE DISGRACED, RUINED, CRIMINALLY PROSECUTED!

YOU RAT!
WHAT DO
YOU WANT
FROM US?

YOUR COOPERATION! I'M
BUILDING THE WORLD'S
GREATEST CRIMINAL ARMY!
GELT WILL SUPPLY THE
FUNDS! CHIEF LONG WILL
FREE THE MEN I WANT
FROM JAIL! DR. ROSSEN
WILL CHANGE THEIR
FACES...

I
REFUSE!

YOU POOR FOOL! REFUSE AND
I'LL PLASTER THESE PICTURES
OVER EVERY PAPER IN THE
COUNTRY! NOW GET OUT, ALL OF
YOU, AND PREPARE
TO OBEY MY
ORDERS!

I'VE GOT TO! IF
MY BANK FAILS,
IT MEANS RUIN FOR
THOUSANDS!!

A SHORT TIME LATER, TEX
THOMSON AND HIS FRIEND,
BOB DALEY, ARE RIDING
PAST HIGH BRIDGE WHEN
SUDDENLY...

HO-HUM! CRIME HAS
BEEN DULL SINCE WE
ENDED THE QUEEN
BEE'S CAREER!

TEX! LOOK!!
THAT CAR!!!

POOR
FELLOW!
HE'LL BE
KILLED! WHAT
A GHASTLY
ACCIDENT!

IT WAS NO
ACCIDENT!
I SAW HIM
DELIBERATELY
TURN INTO THE
RAILING!

I CAN SEE
HIM, TEX! HE'S
FLOATING!

IT'S JOHN GELT,
THE BANKER!
BUT I'M AFRAID
I GOT TO HIM
TOO LATE!

WHY
SHOULD A
RESPECTED
MAN LIKE
THAT COMMIT
SUICIDE?

LIE QUIETLY,
MR. GELT!
WE'LL HAVE
A DOCTOR...

NO! I'M DYING!
I BEAT THE
FRAMER... CAN'T
MAKE ME... HELP
HIM... NOW! THOSE
OTHERS... MAYOR,
CHIEF...

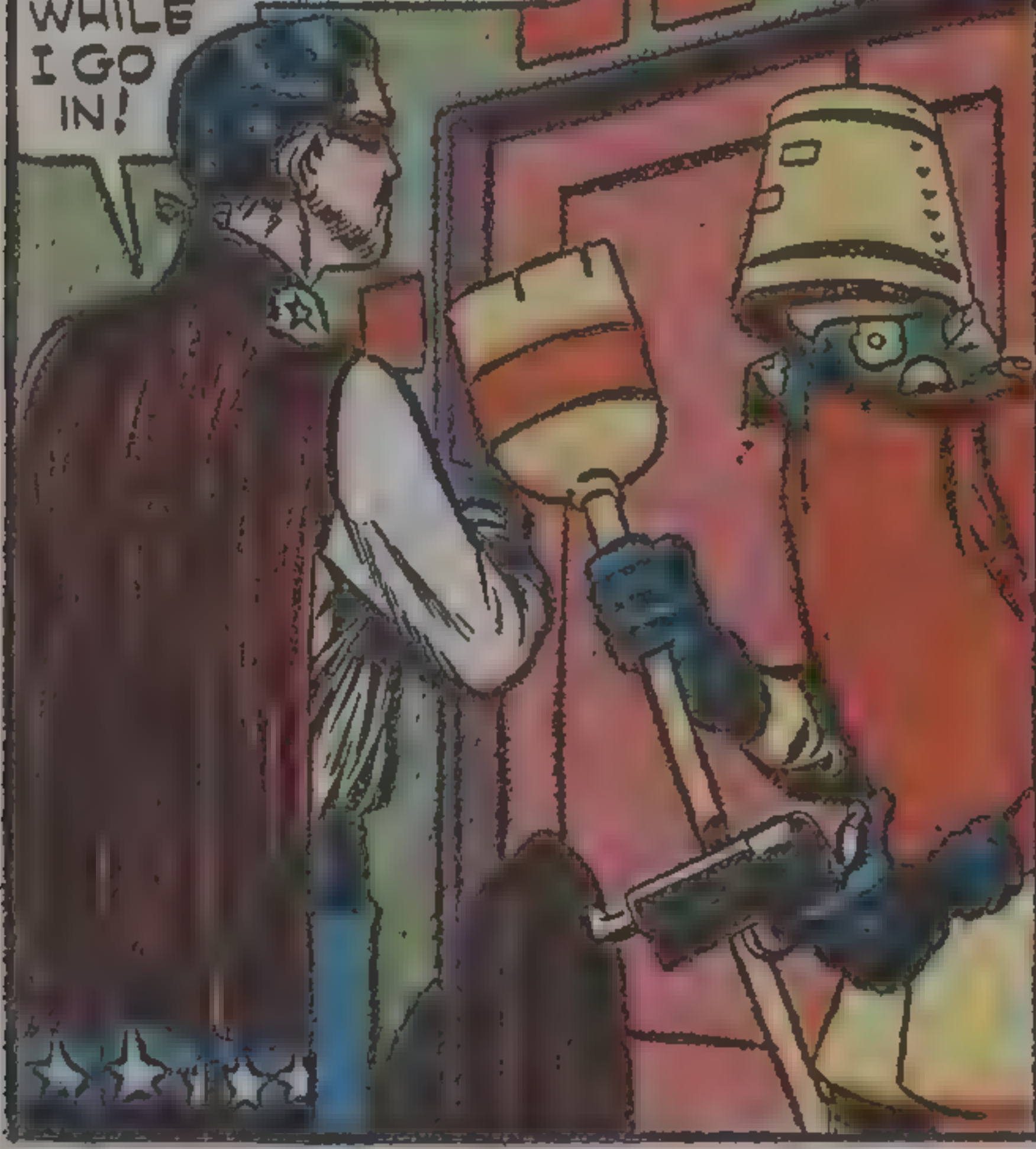
FRAMED PHOTOS...
BLACKMAIL... SO
WORTH PLACE!
BUILDING...
CRIME ARMY...
MAKE PROM-
INENT PEOPLE
HELP... AHHH!

GONE! SO A
CROOK CALLED
THE FRAMER
IS BLACKMAIL-
ING PEOPLE INTO
AIDING HIS
CRIMES!

WITHIN AN HOUR, TEX AND BOB HAVE BECOME THOSE DREAD CRIME-FIGHTERS...MR. AMERICA AND HIS FAITHFUL ALLY, FAT MAN!

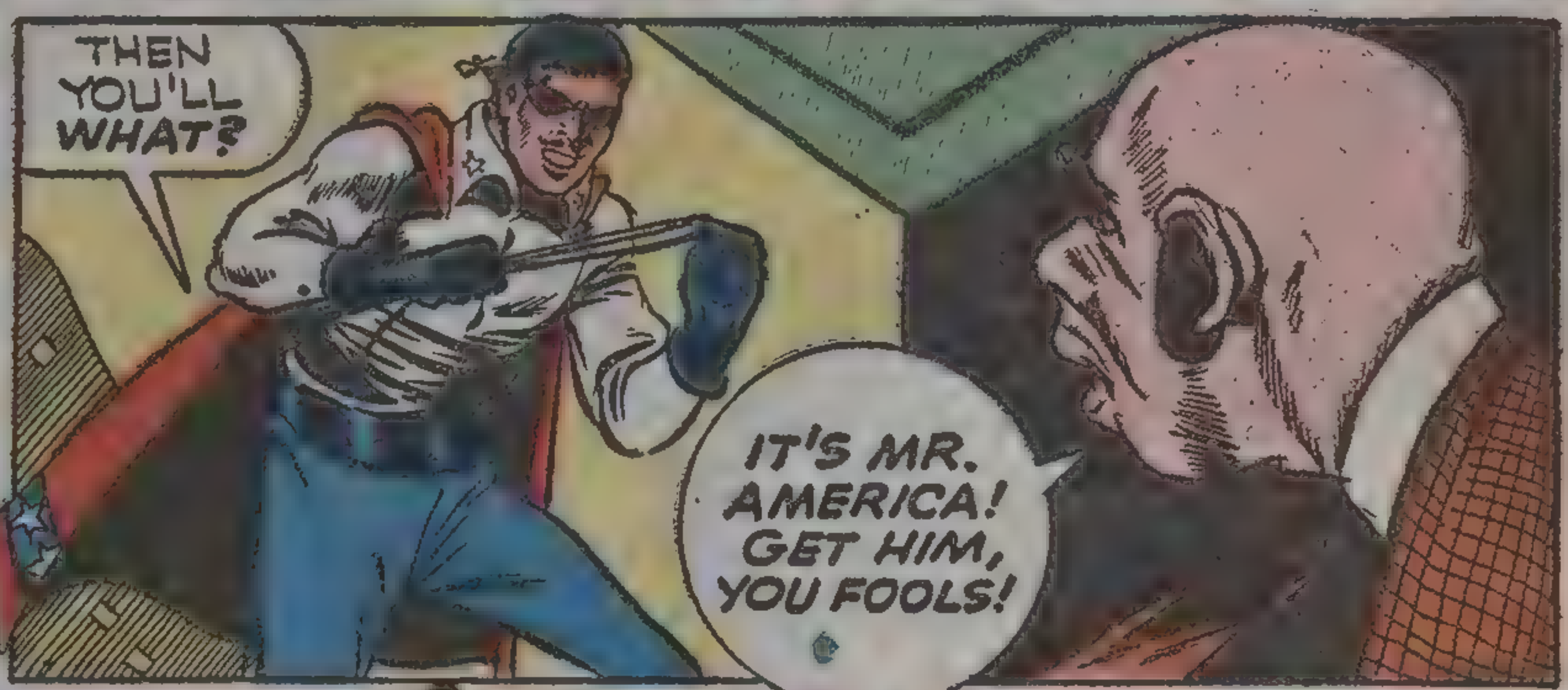
WE'RE LUCKY GELT LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO REVEAL THE FRAMER'S DIRTY PLAN AS WELL AS HIS ADDRESS! YOU GUARD THE BACK WHILE I GO IN!

HE'LL FEEL THE MIGHT OF FAT MAN'S WEAPONS!



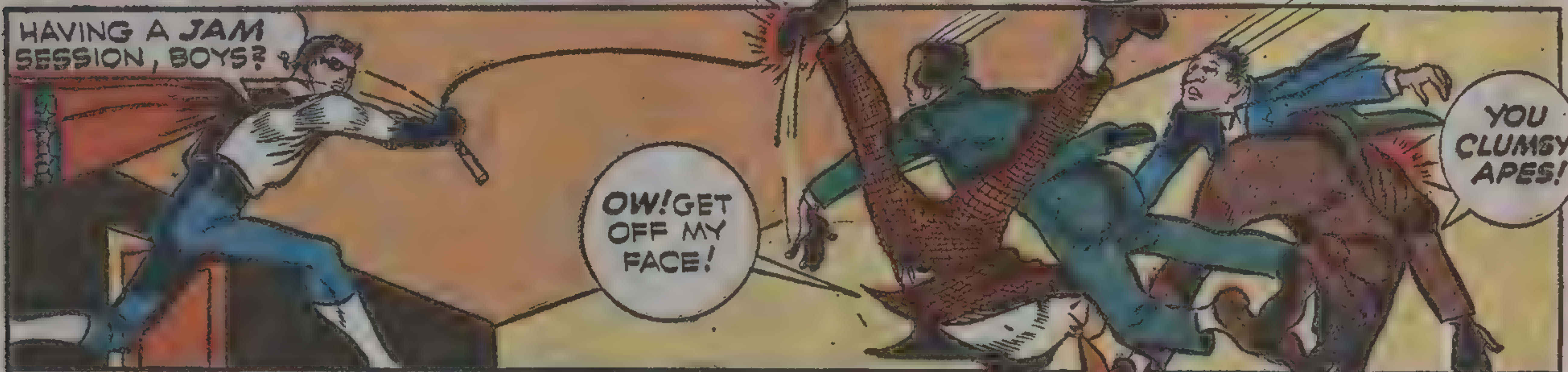
SO THAT'S MY NEW ENEMY!

NO ONE CAN STOP US! WE'LL HAVE ALL THE CITY OFFICIALS AT OUR MERCY, BEGGING TO HELP US! THEN WE'LL...



THEN YOU'LL WHAT?

IT'S MR. AMERICA! GET HIM, YOU FOOLS!



HAVING A JAM SESSION, BOYS?

OW! GET OFF MY FACE!

YOU CLUMSY APES!

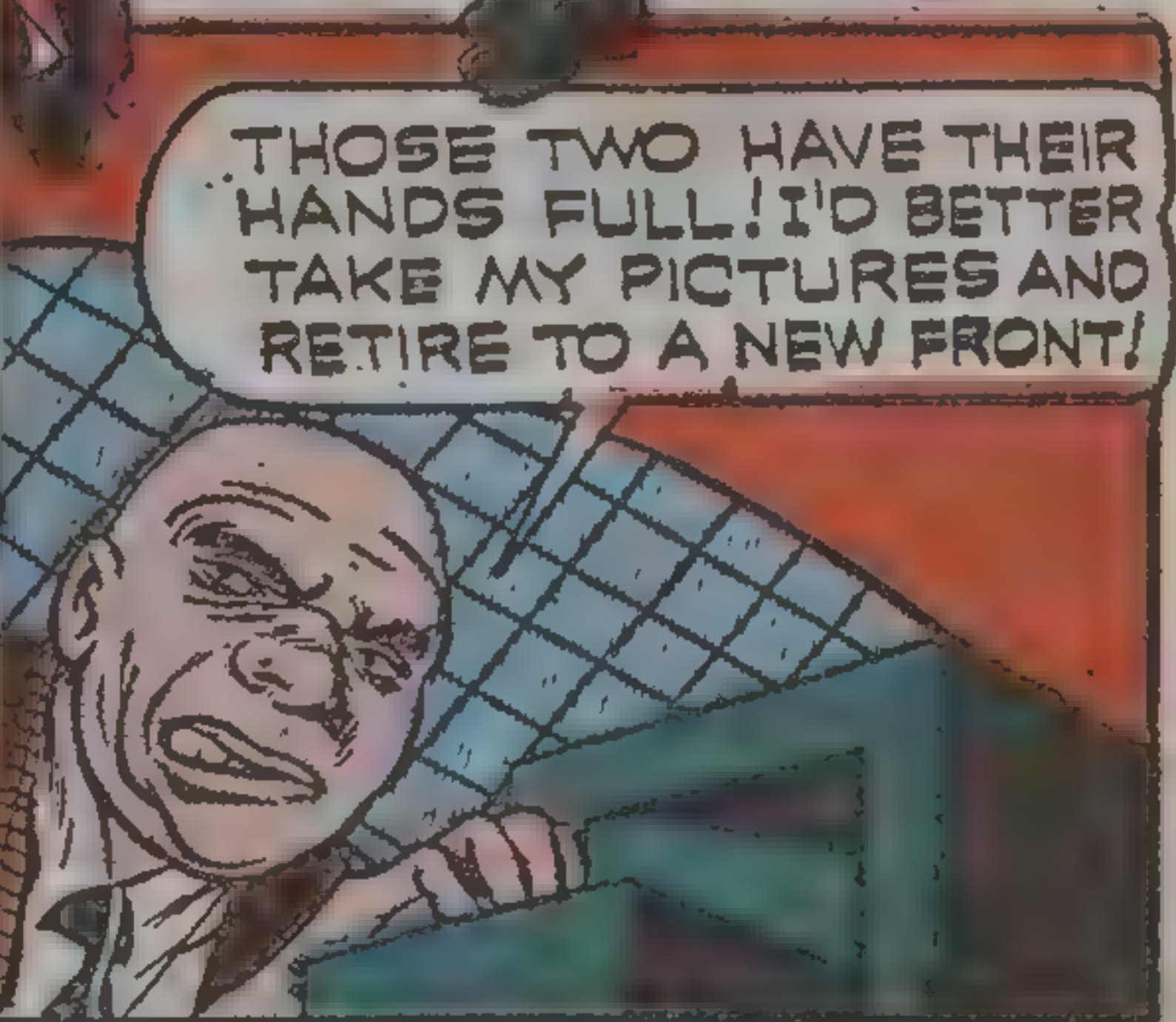


THIS IS NO WAY TO TREAT HUMAN BEINGS---BUT BLACKMAILERS AREN'T HUMAN BEINGS!

GET HIM WHILE HIS BACK IS TURNED! SLASH HIM TO PIECES!



THE HEAVY HAND OF JUSTICE FALLS ON THE GUILTY...

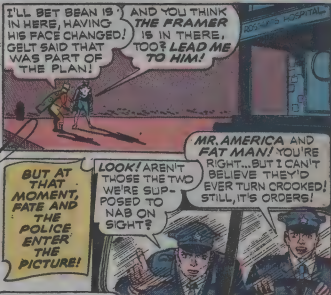
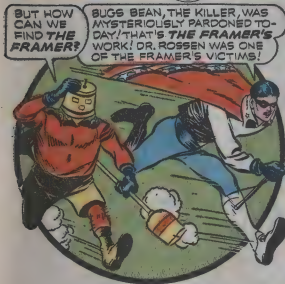
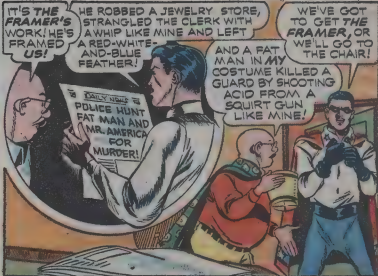
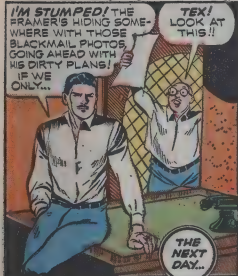


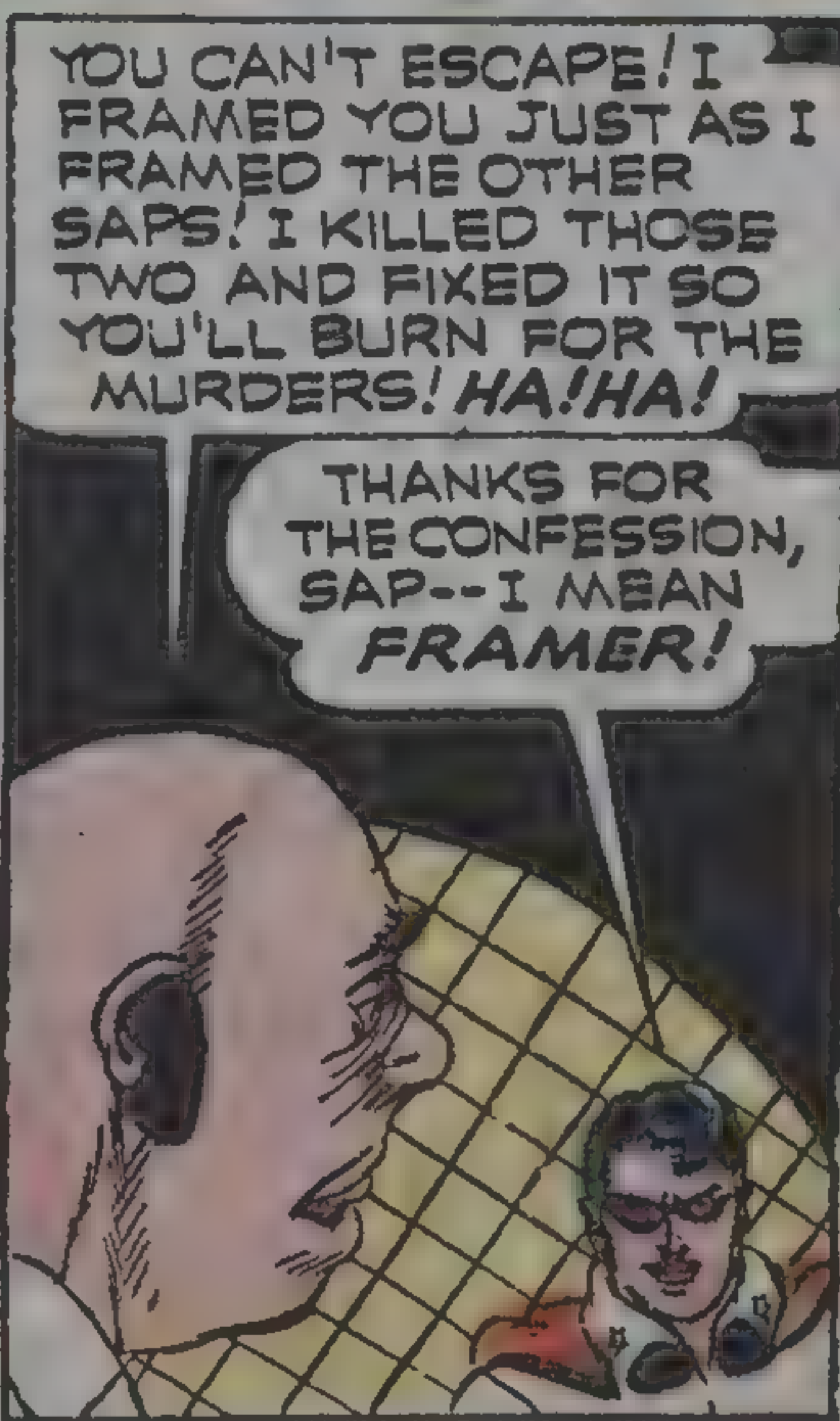
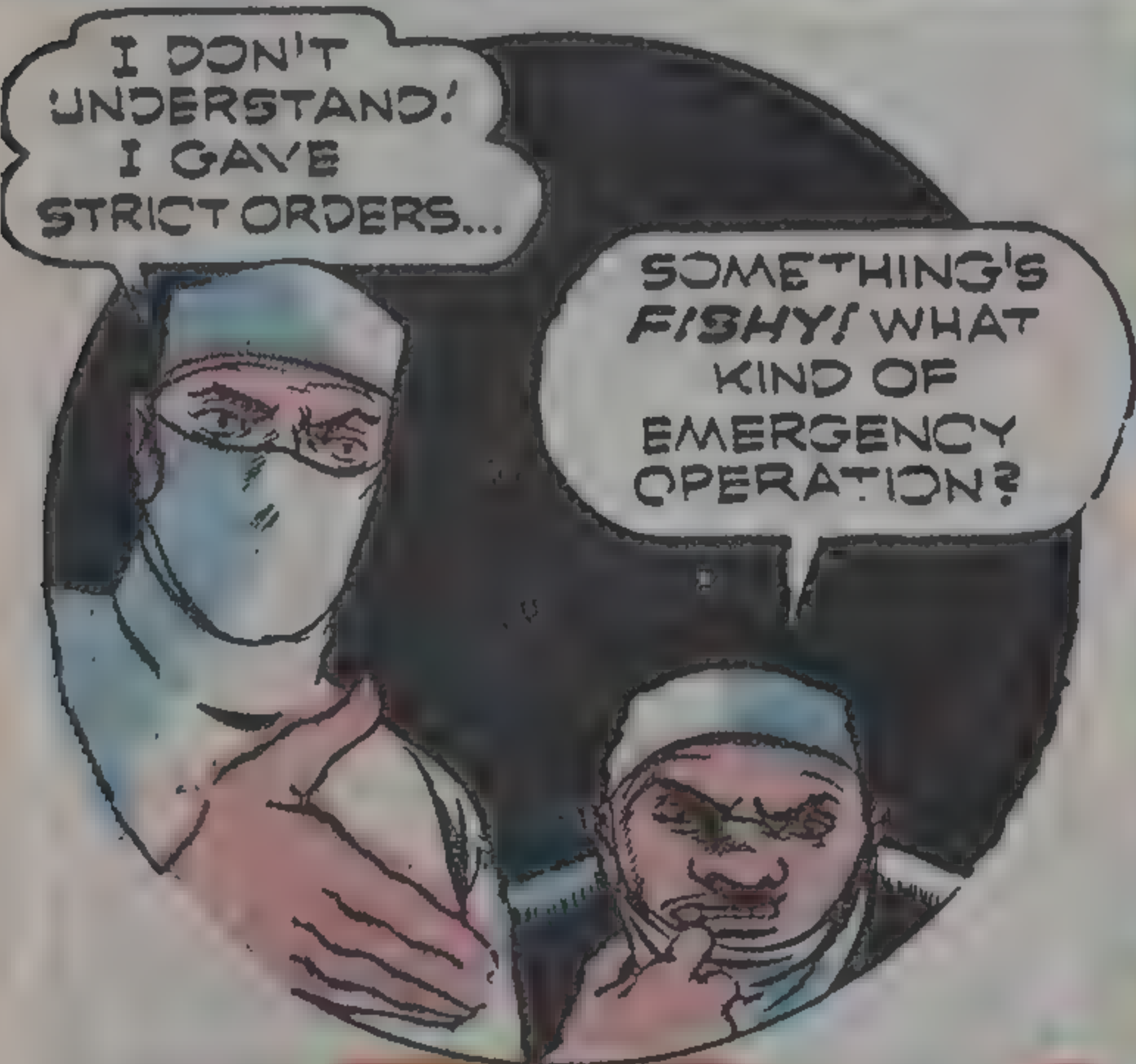
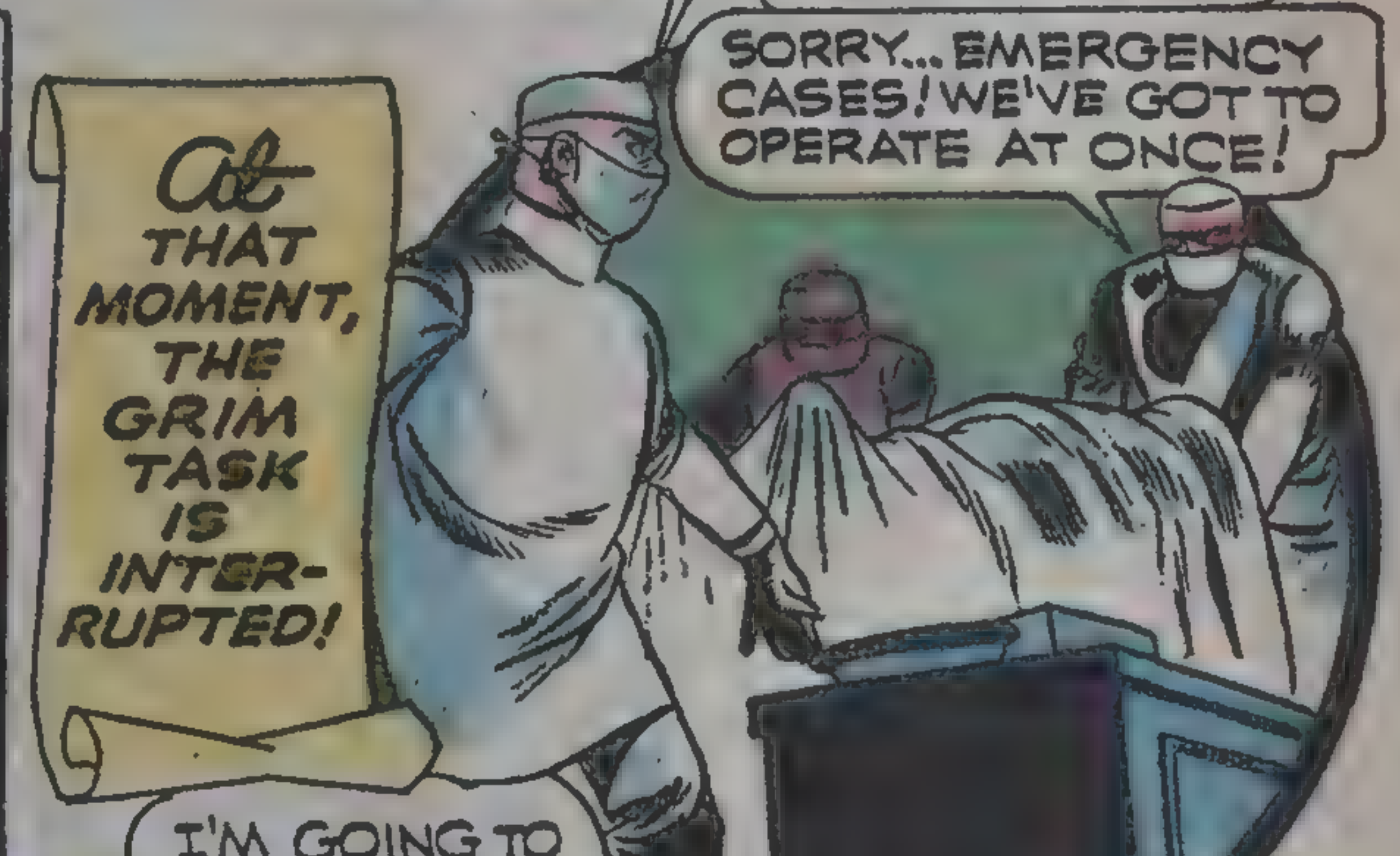
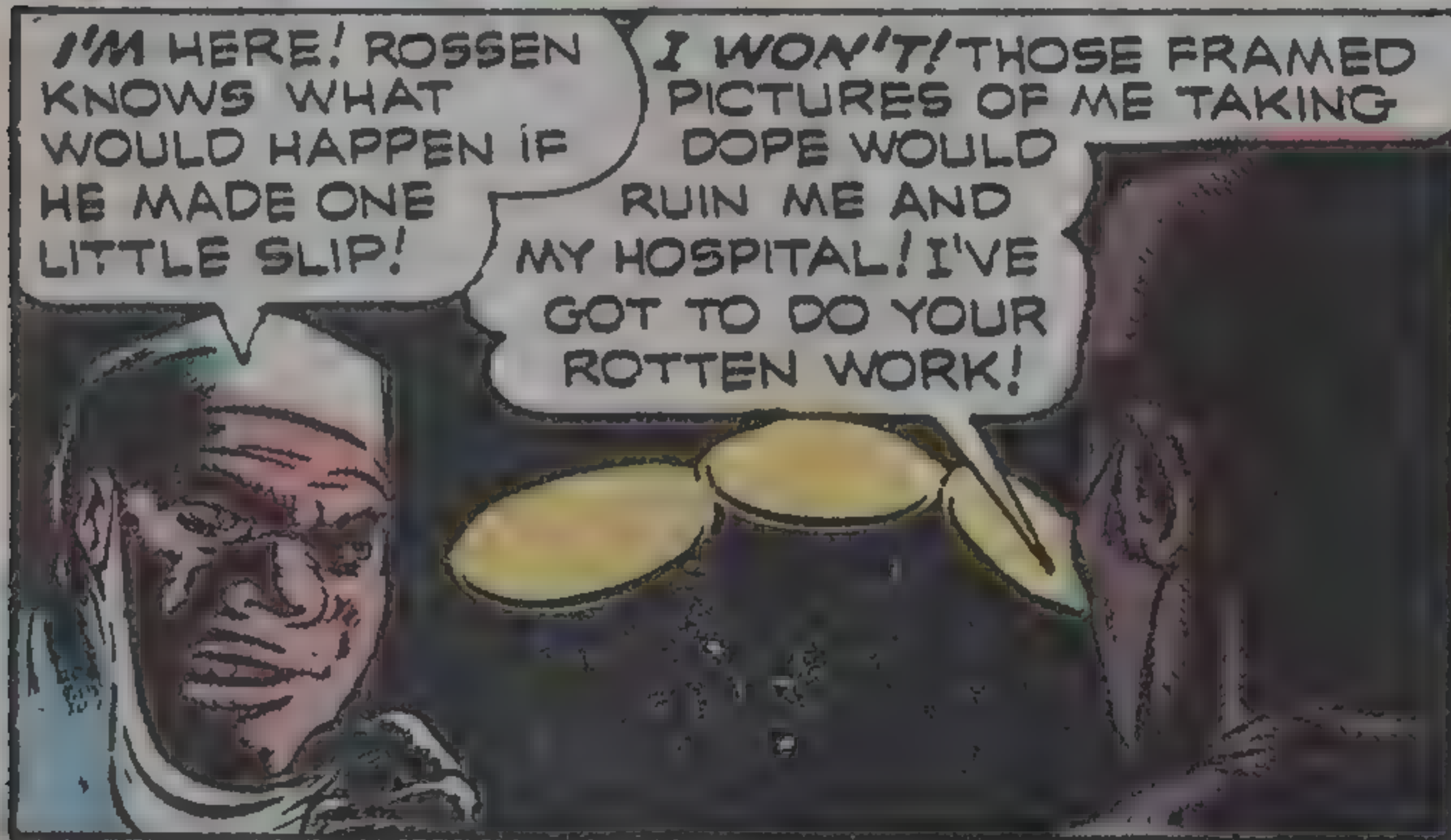
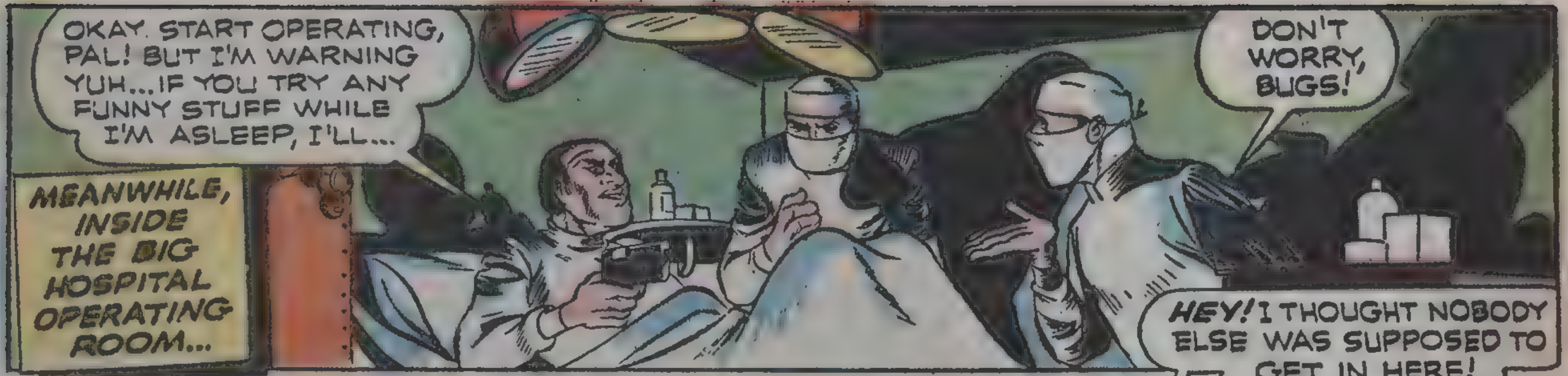
THOSE TWO HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL! I'D BETTER TAKE MY PICTURES AND RETIRE TO A NEW FRONT!

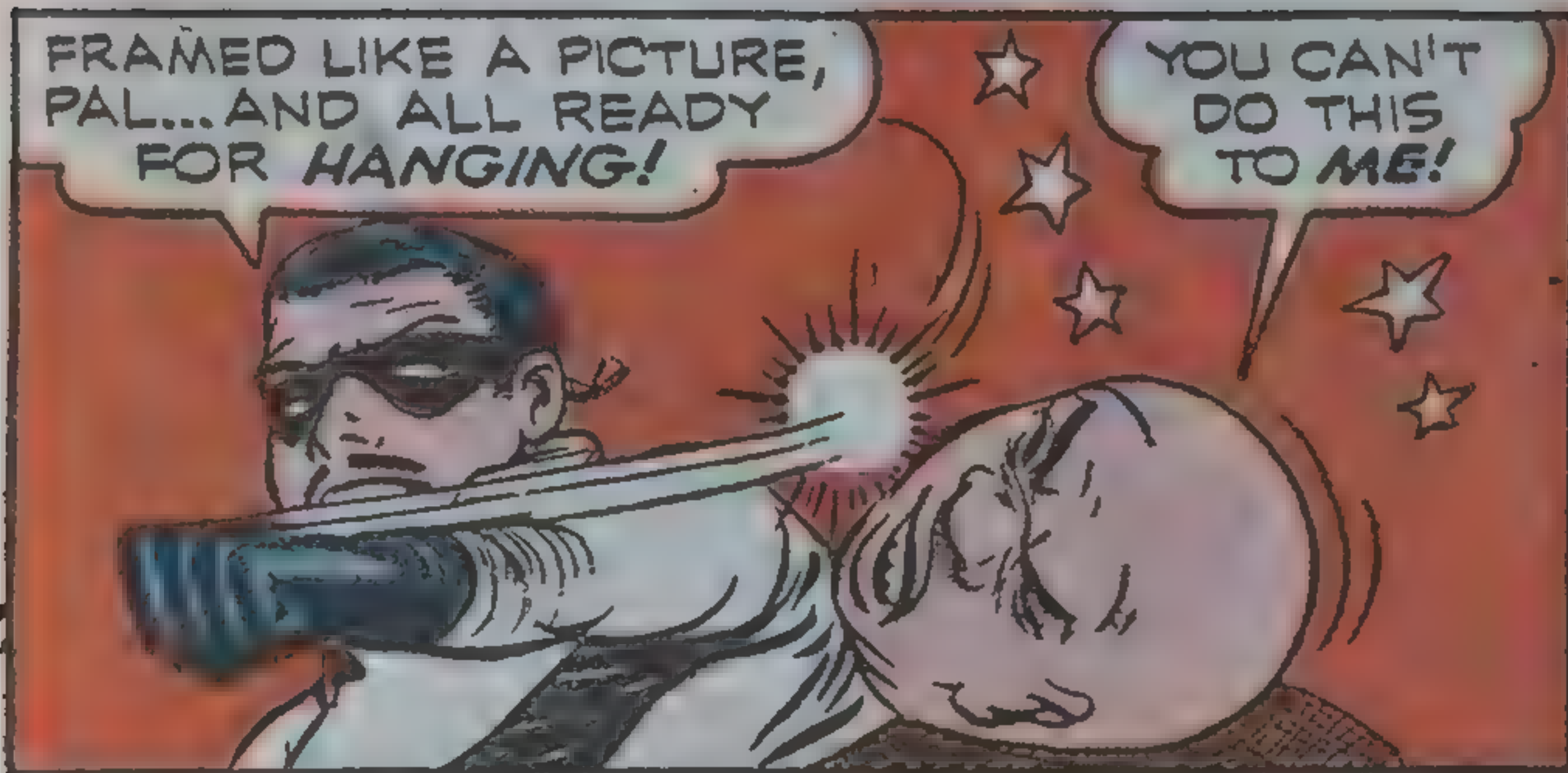


A GOOD HOUSECLEANING! BUT WITH VERMIN LIKE THIS WE OUGHT TO DISINFECT!

THE FRAMER! HE'S MADE A GETAWAY AND TAKEN THOSE BLACKMAIL PHOTOS WITH HIM!

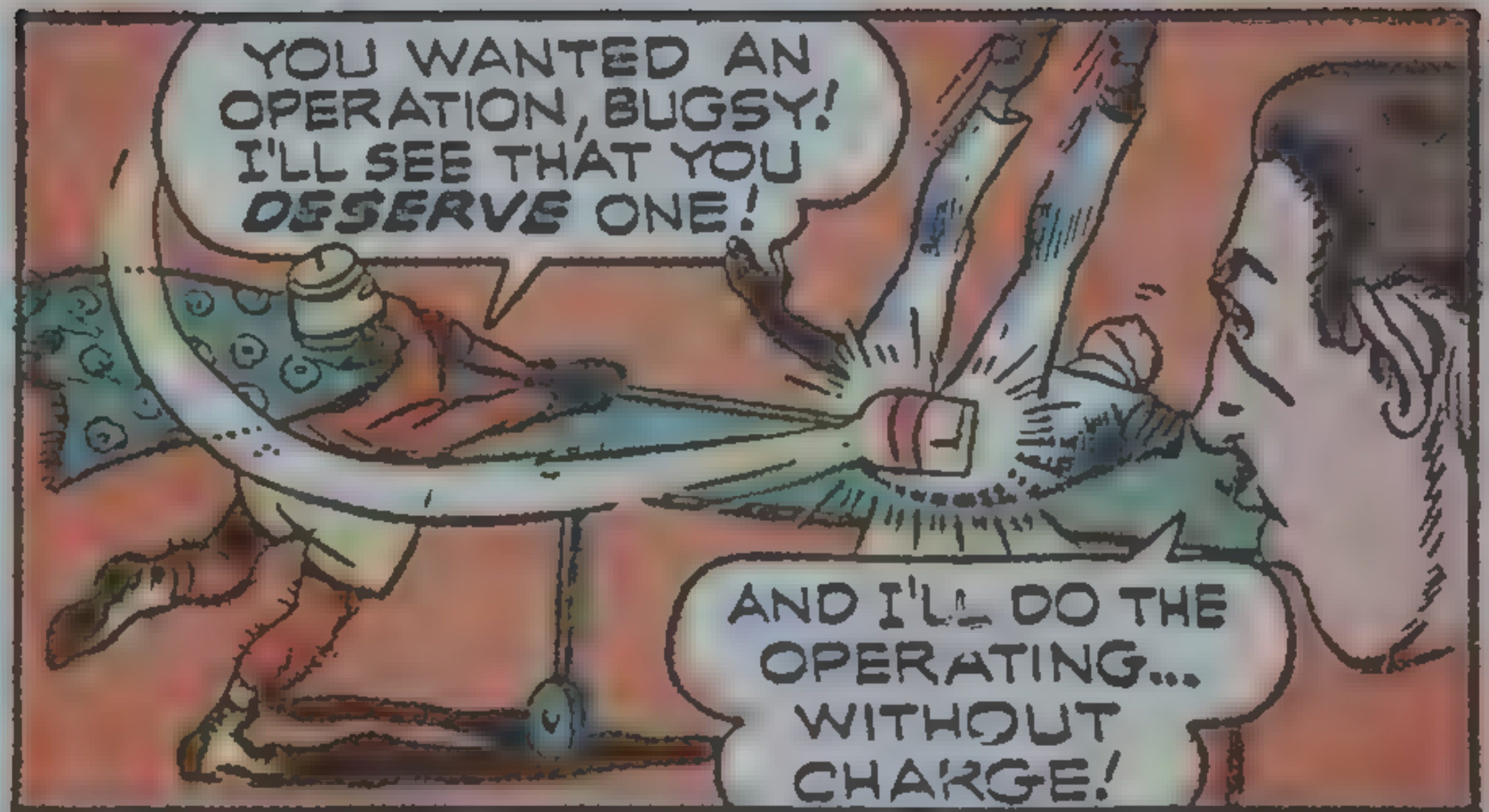






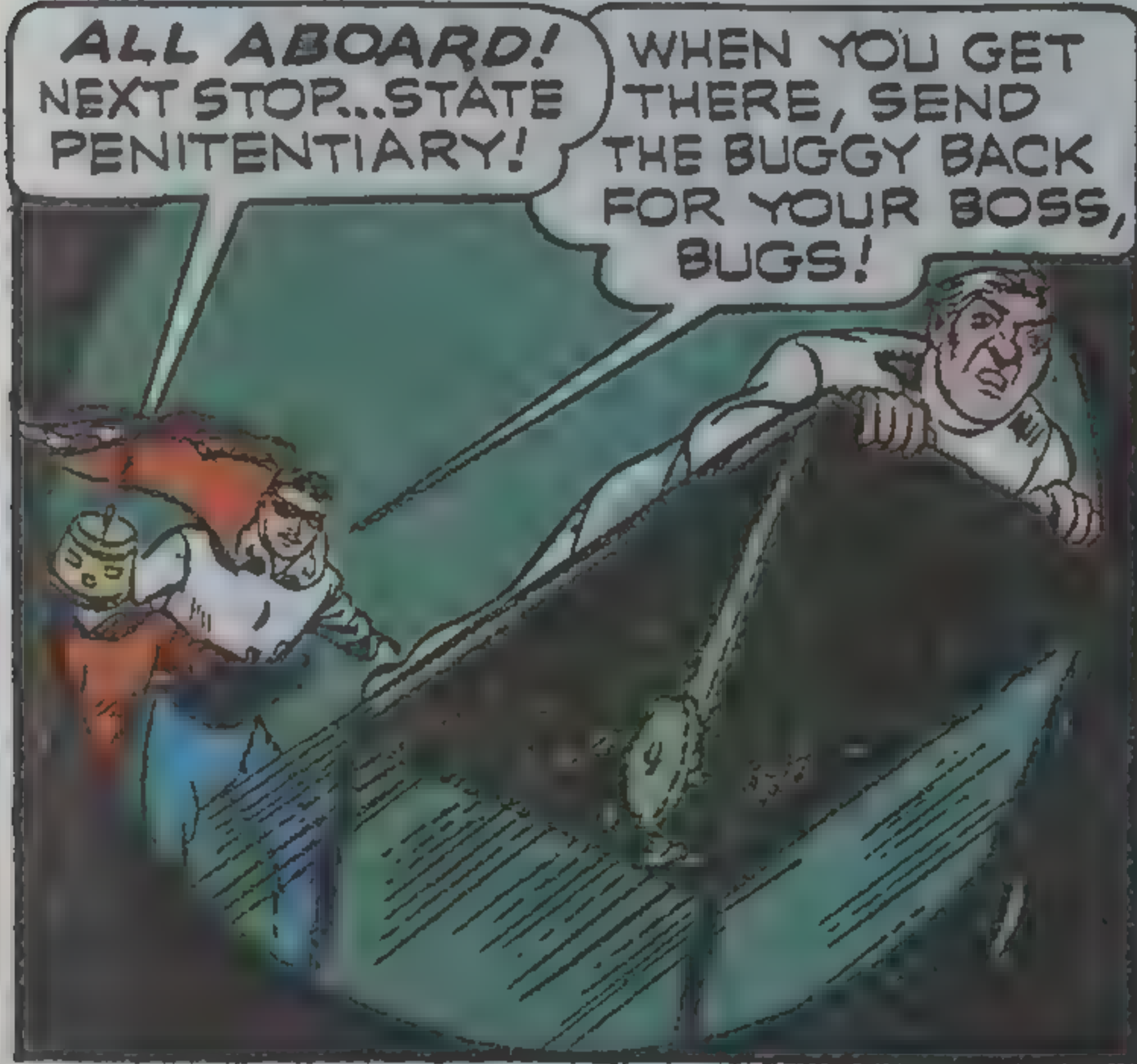
FRAMED LIKE A PICTURE, PAL...AND ALL READY FOR HANGING!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!



YOU WANTED AN OPERATION, BUGSY! I'LL SEE THAT YOU DESERVE ONE!

AND I'LL DO THE OPERATING... WITHOUT CHARGE!



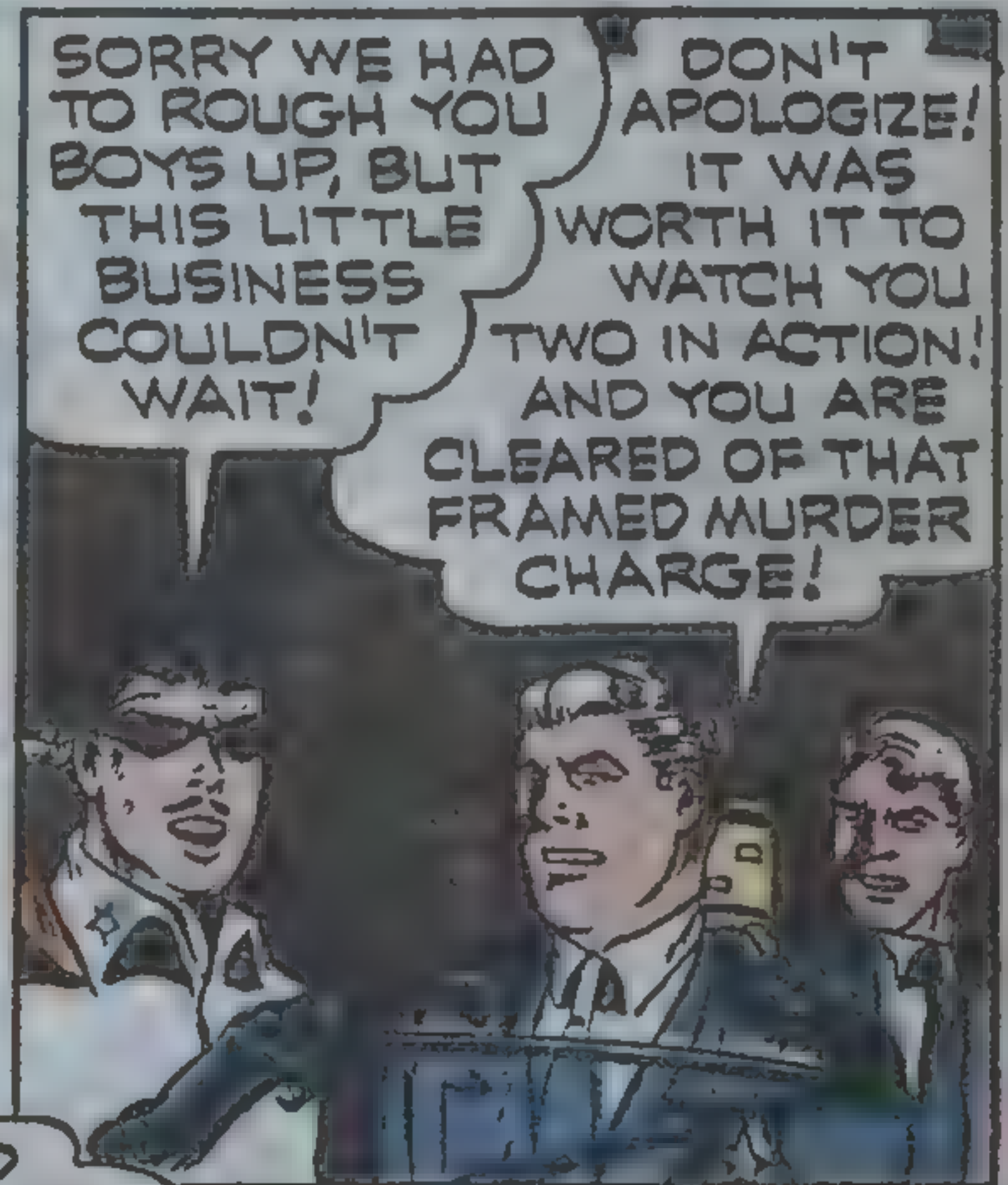
ALL ABOARD! NEXT STOP...STATE PENITENTIARY!

WHEN YOU GET THERE, SEND THE BUGGY BACK FOR YOUR BOSS, BUGS!



NICE PITCHING, FAT MAN! YOU STRUCK HIM OUT!

IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED!

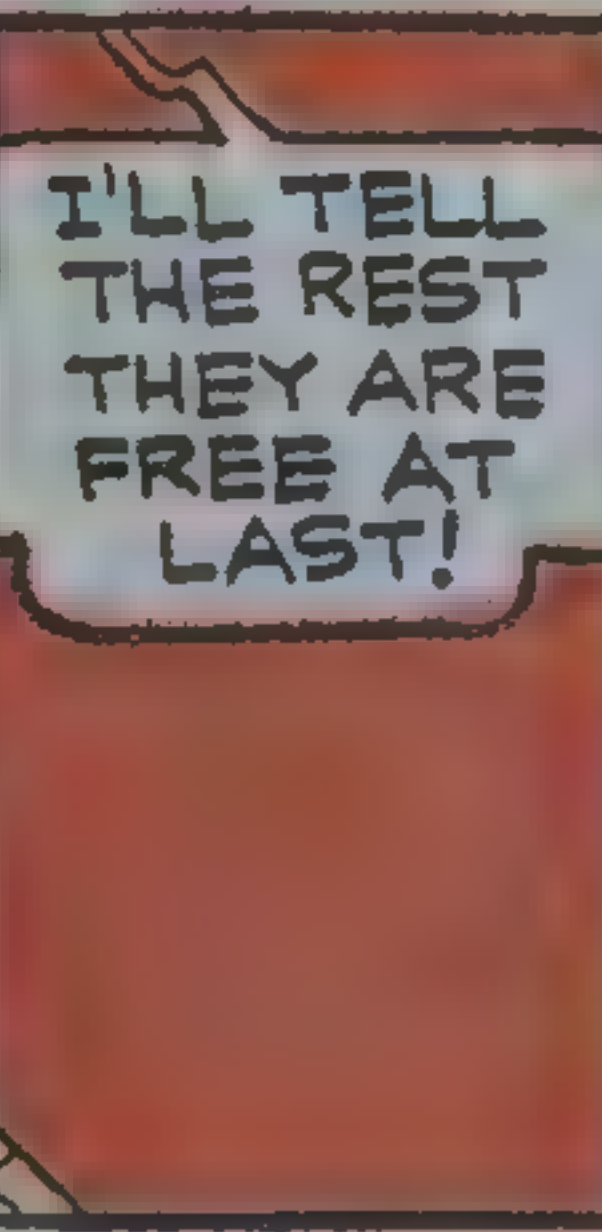


SORRY WE HAD TO ROUGH YOU BOYS UP, BUT THIS LITTLE BUSINESS COULDN'T WAIT!

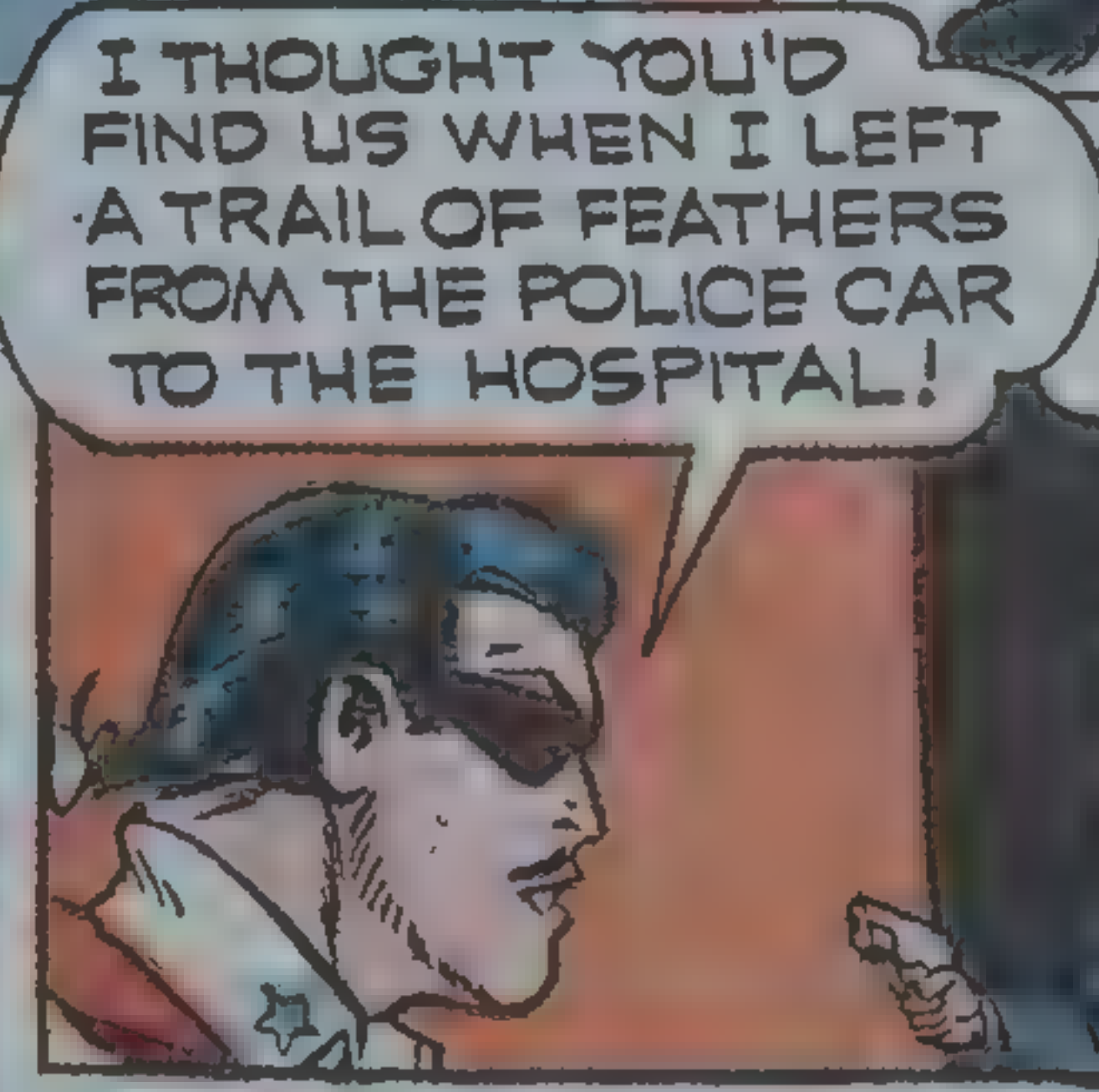
DON'T APOLOGIZE! IT WAS WORTH IT TO WATCH YOU TWO IN ACTION! AND YOU ARE CLEARED OF THAT FRAMED MURDER CHARGE!



HERE ARE THE FAKED PHOTOGRAPHS HE USED! WE'LL DESTROY THESE RIGHT NOW, DR. ROSSEN!



I'LL TELL THE REST THEY ARE FREE AT LAST!

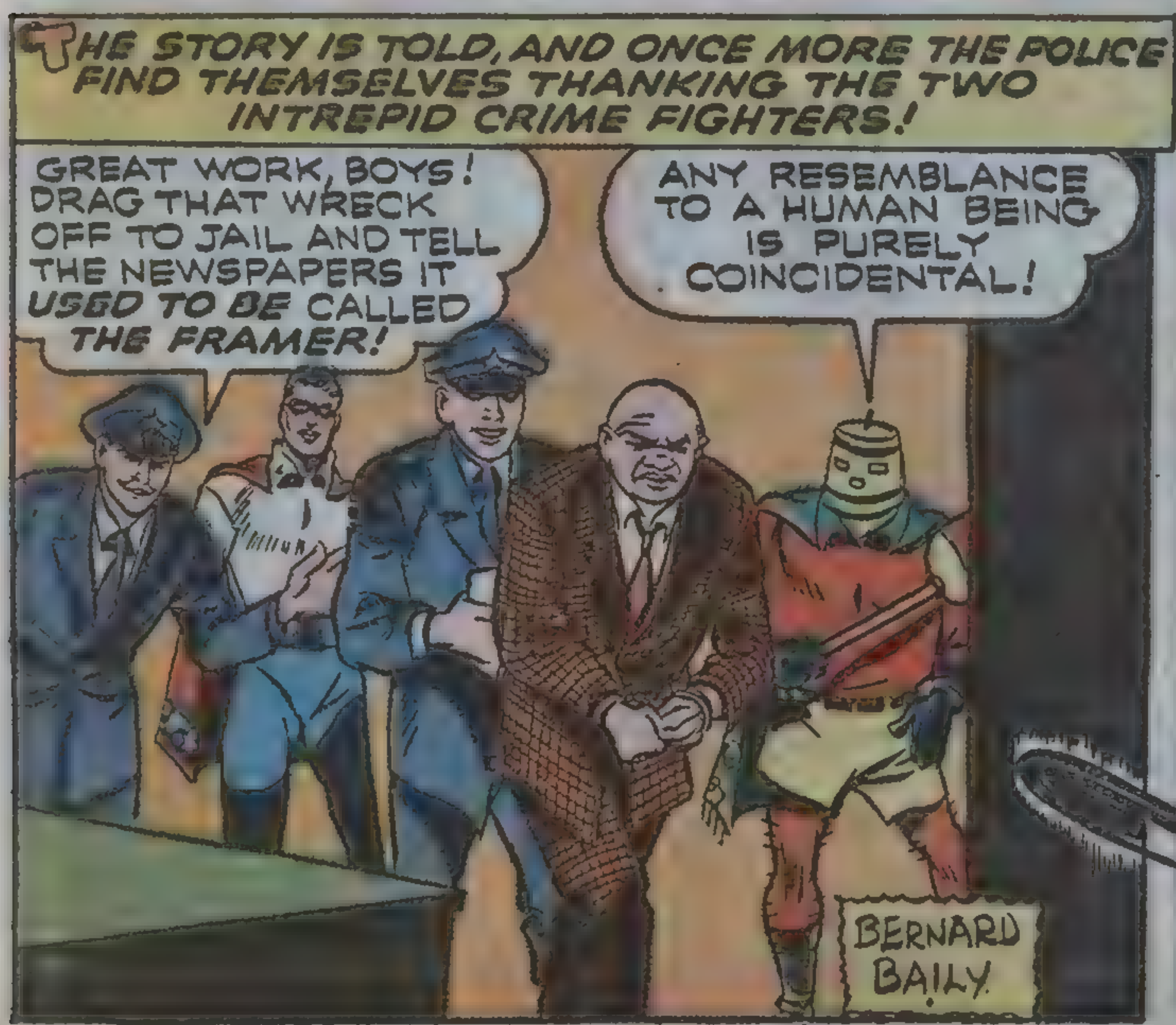


I THOUGHT YOU'D FIND US WHEN I LEFT A TRAIL OF FEATHERS FROM THE POLICE CAR TO THE HOSPITAL!



YOU TWO ARE UNDER ARREST!

GUESS AGAIN, CHIEF!

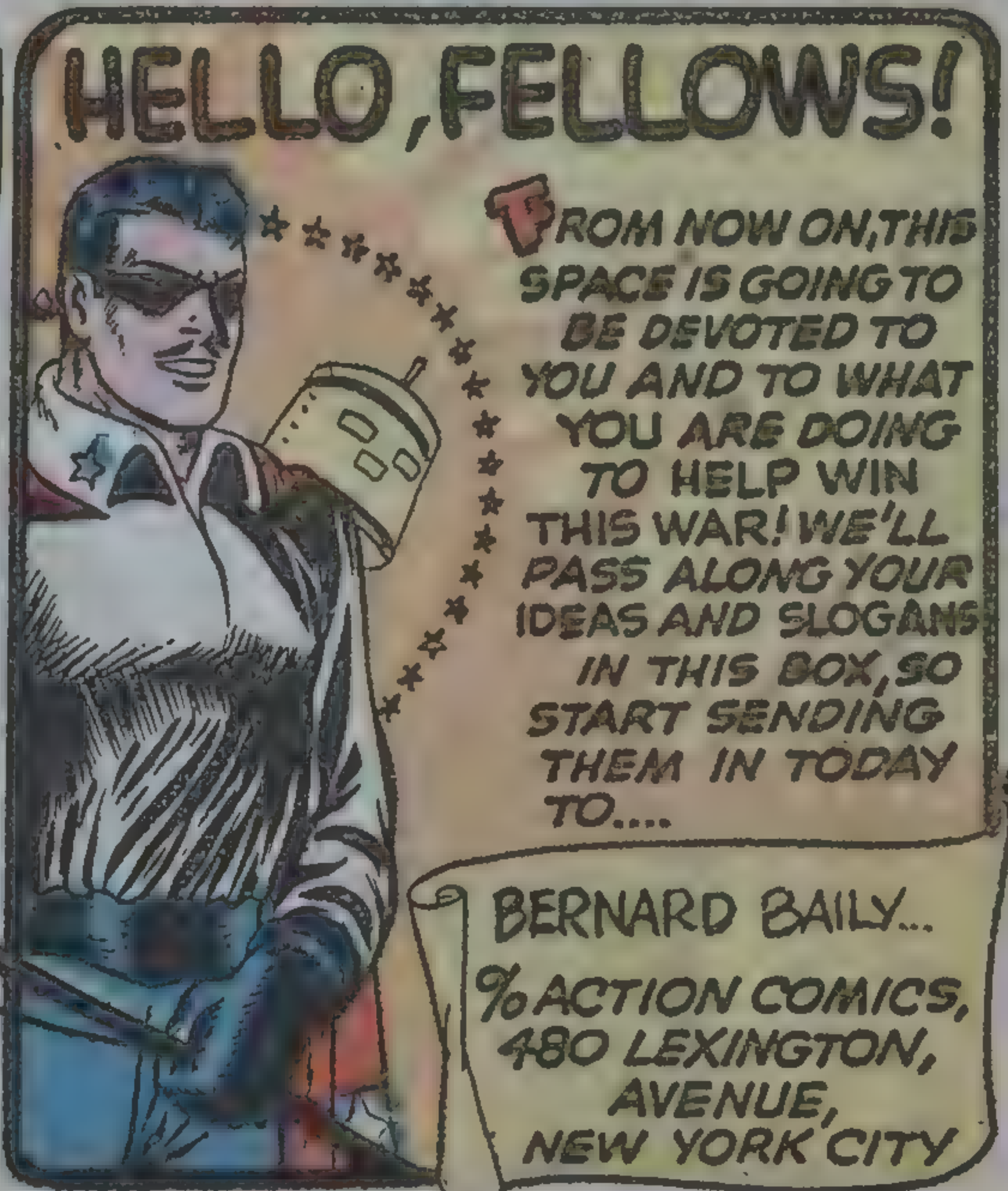


THE STORY IS TOLD, AND ONCE MORE THE POLICE FIND THEMSELVES THANKING THE TWO INTREPID CRIME FIGHTERS!

GREAT WORK, BOYS! DRAG THAT WRECK OFF TO JAIL AND TELL THE NEWSPAPERS IT USED TO BE CALLED THE FRAMER!

ANY RESEMBLANCE TO A HUMAN BEING IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL!

BERNARD BAILY



HELLO, FELLOWS!

FROM NOW ON, THIS SPACE IS GOING TO BE DEVOTED TO YOU AND TO WHAT YOU ARE DOING TO HELP WIN THIS WAR! WE'LL PASS ALONG YOUR IDEAS AND SLOGANS IN THIS BOX, SO START SENDING THEM IN TODAY TO....

BERNARD BAILY...
%ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON,
AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY

SOME people say that when a boy has to work his way through college, he gets a lot more out of it. Maybe that's why Danny Garvin felt the way he did about Carver! To him it was the school.

And when a feller feels like that even after nights making sodas, and studying for a law degree, it's easy enough to understand why he hasn't much time for athletics.

But just try telling that to Danny Garvin. There was Danny, all five feet two of him, at the beginning of each season eager for a varsity place.

He had turned out, now, for the basketball schedule at Carver. And once again, Coach Preston had called Danny behind the door marked, "Director of Athletics."

The coach's voice was kindly. "Danny, it isn't that we don't want you. Stick to your books, and let the bigger boys handle the athletics."

"But, Coach," Danny protested. "This is my junior year. I've just got to get on some kind of team. A guy doesn't win his letter for scholarship."

The coach rose, patted the boy's back. "There's nothing to keep you from trying again, Danny," he said jocularly, "after you put on some beef." He looked at his watch. "Gosh," he said, "speaking of beef, I almost forgot I've got to watch Howard's workout in the gym. See you later!"

Danny, watching the coach hasten away, understood. He, personally, didn't like Al Howard. But there was no denying that the new welterweight sensation of Carver, braggart or not, bid fair to bring the school its first inter-collegiate boxing championship in many years.

"Well, anyway," Danny muttered, crossing the gym, "this Howard will help the school." He struck angrily at a punching bag which loomed, pear-shaped, before him on its stand. The bag rattled off the backboard as Danny hit it a queer, twisting sort of punch. He had to stand on his toes to reach it.

SOME MUST FIGHT

by Ed Magee

They say that no matter how depressed a person is, usually a bright spot can be found. In Danny's case this exclusive light was Jean Preston, the coach's daughter. It was she who now called Danny's name as he walked across the campus.

"Hello, Danny," she smiled. "I didn't see you at the Sugar Bowl." Her eyes fell on Danny's gym bag. "Trying out again?" Smiling, "So that's why you haven't been working?"

"Yes," Danny concurred lugubriously. "Just trying out."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she linked her arm in Danny's. "But don't you worry, Danny," she said. "One of these days Dad will see what he's got in you." Her tone was sympathetic.

Danny grinned now, his hurt temporarily forgotten. "You said it, Jean," he enthused. "Everything's going to be okay. Carver will take the boxing championship night after tomorrow." He grew fervid. "Everybody's talking about Howard and what fights he has put up. Most of the town's going to be on hand, too."

"They should!" said a new voice.

Danny turned at the intrusion. Al Howard, lean and lithe, was looking at Jean and saying, "After all, honey, I'm the biggest attraction they've had around here since the last All-American football player in '98." He smacked a fist into his hand. "They'll flock to see me, you and your pop can bet on that."

What kind of talk was this? Danny's temper flared, and then suddenly it went cold. Surely

Jean didn't like this braggart? Yet she was smiling at him, agreeing with him!

"Sure, honey," Howard went on. "I'll murder Stacy. They'll ship him back to Darwin in pieces." He broke off, looked at Danny. "Incidentally, kid," he said, "you ought to put a little more zing in those banana splits you dish up at the Sugar Bowl. Last one I had wasn't worth a dime, much less two bits."

Danny's fists doubled. His head barely came to Howard's shoulder as he moved toward him. He stopped as Jean, in a fluid motion, moved between the two.

"Now, Danny," Jean said, "you mustn't get angry. Mr. Howard is only joking. Besides, he's only trying to say that he wants to treat me. Isn't that right, Al?"

Red fire struck Danny's eyes, remained there. He didn't see Jean and Howard walk off. All he could hear was Howard's surprised, "Sure, Cookie, that's for me."

When you're only twenty, some things can hurt a lot. You make them very important, although they may not be. This, to Danny, was important. He felt he had lost his only friend.

* * *

He hadn't gone back to the Sugar Bowl. There were other students who could handle his job. Miserable, he had gone to his room, intending to study. The picture of Jean drove him out and he spent a tortured hour at dinner in a town twenty-five miles away, to which he had hitch-hiked. He did not intend to return.

But how would he make the break? Such was the problem he wrestled as he walked the lighted streets. Unconsciously, his steps led him toward an arena, whose marquee lights proclaimed eight star bouts for the evening. Danny knew the place. Liking boxing, he had come here whenever he had time and the money. It wasn't too often.

He paused, wondered whether to spend part of his meager capital. It was while he was deciding that he saw Al Howard walking rapidly up the steps, past the box office line.

Danny stared. Howard! He was supposed to be in strict training, like the rest of the team. It was now past his bedtime. Danny continued to watch in amazement as Howard went past the doorman, who waved familiarly.

Then Danny acted. He got a ticket quickly, entered the arena in time to see Howard's light topcoat disappear behind a door marked "John Gruber." Gruber, Danny knew, was the local promoter and a well-known gambler. Puzzled, Danny stared at the partly-opened door.

There was a sudden roar throughout the place. Then a deafening hush settled over it. In the ring, a gray-trousered man counted slowly over a prone fighter.

* * *

But Danny, unlike the crowd, wasn't listening to the count. With shocked, incredulous ears, he was hearing Al Howard's laughter, his voice saying: "Gruber, it's a cinch. I'm four to one favorite to kayo Stacy of Darwin. You'll clean up when I take a dive!"

Then, Gruber's cold voice. "Don't get too confident, Al. If they ever find out you're a pro fighter and I planted you in that school to clean up on the bets——"

The roar of the crowd as the knockout was tolled shut out their voices. But Danny had heard enough. White-faced he stumbled out of the arena.

So it was all a frame-up! No wonder Coach Preston had been so enthusiastic about Howard. Icy fingers clutched at Danny's heart as he suddenly thought, "Maybe he's in on it. And Jean, too. No wonder she was so nice to Howard."

It was almost morning when he made his way back to the campus. The day and the en-

suing evening were hours of torture. And it was no different the day of the fight. Like a man bewildered by a foul blow, Danny wandered through his classes, conscious that tension was high. School as well as town impatiently awaited the night's fights.

* * *

It was night time before Danny made his decision. Carefully, he packed his bag before going to the school stadium. More than anyone else, he wanted Carver to get its championship. And, he had decided, if Coach Preston were on the level, knew nothing of Howard's duplicity, the coach would take the proper steps. "I owe it to him to tell," Danny resolved, "and I'm going to do it." He looked at his watch, then hurried from the room. He hadn't realized it was so late!

Five of the bouts were over when he managed to fight his way back to the dressing rooms. Carver was a point behind, and the main bout, between Howard and Stacy, worth two points, would decide the championship.

Everyone was watching the semi-final. There was no one beneath the stands as Danny raced to the dressing room, rushed breathlessly into Howard's room.

Then he stopped, his bag forgotten, as a bewildering sight met his eyes. Al Howard was lacing on his own gloves. Standing in a corner, were Coach Preston and Jean, staring at the gun being held by John Gruber, the gambler.

Gruber's eyes narrowed. "Get over there, kid. And don't peep." He moved the gun, said over his shoulder. "And you get out there fast, Al. You've done enough talking."

* * *

"Okay, John." Howard's voice was tense. "I'll take a quick dive." Contempt was in his voice as his hard eyes looked at Jean. "I'll get out of this

town and away from stool pigeon dames!"

"Look out, Danny!"

Jean's warning fell on deaf ears. Danny, watching Gruber's eyes flicker, suddenly threw his bag. It caught Gruber's wrist. The bullet spanged off the cement floor. Coach Preston leaped for the gun, grabbed it just as Howard swung at Danny, who ducked.

Danny's shoulders hunched. His right hand shot out, and the fist, in an odd, corkscrew motion, connected with Howard's chin. The fighter fell forward. Then his body went rigid.

Breathing heavily, Danny looked at the coach, who was holding Gruber at bay. Jean ran over to Danny, cried:

"Oh, Danny, you might have been killed!" She stopped, bit her lip to hold back the tears. "I wanted to tell you that Dad asked me to be nice to Howard. He suspected that Howard was too polished a fighter, and wanted to check on him. Tonight, we found out who he really is." Her voice shook. "I guess Carver won't get its championship now. But, at least, it lost honorably."

* * *

For the first time, Coach Preston spoke. "Danny, where did you learn that punch? And why didn't you tell me you could box?"

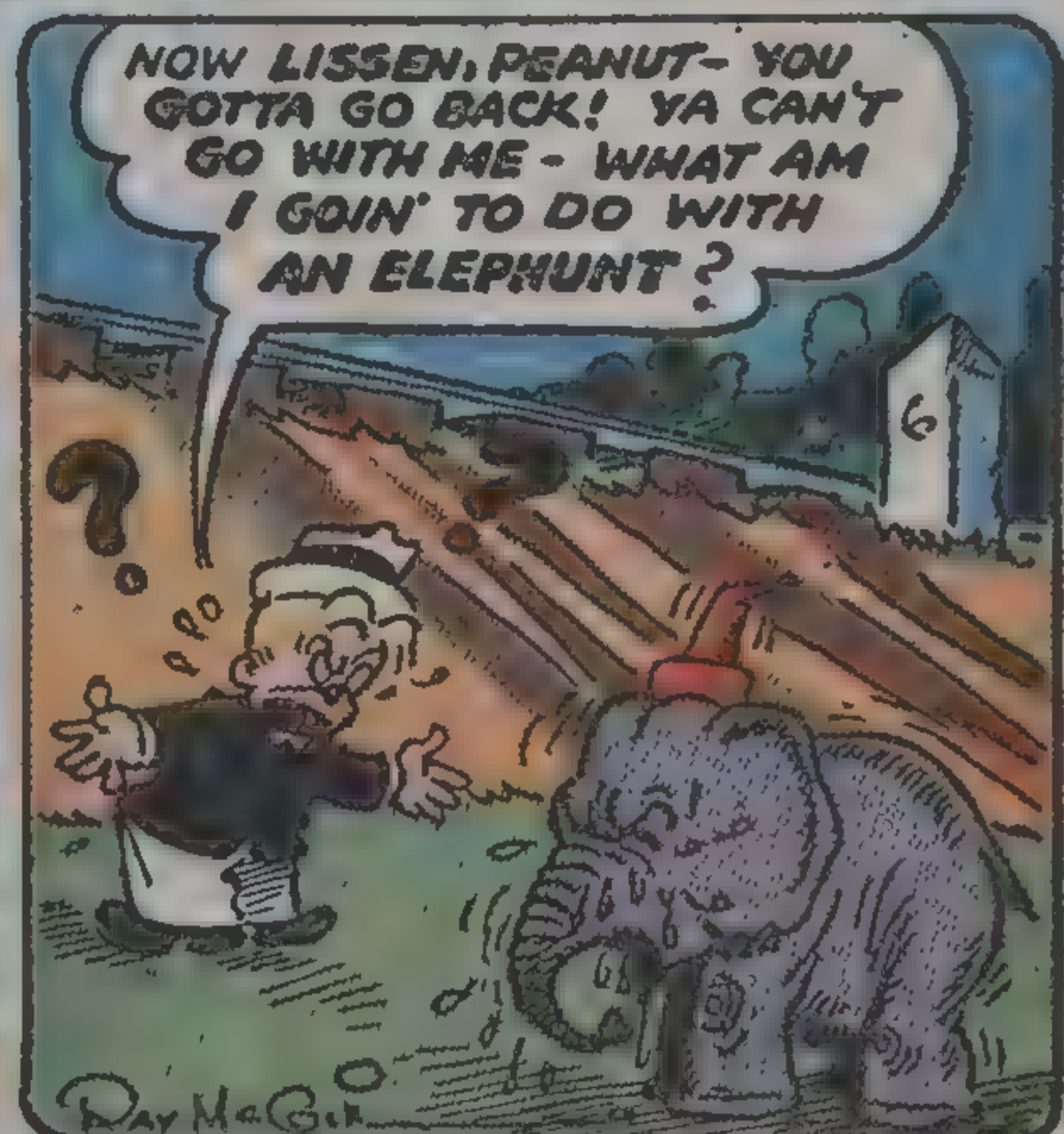
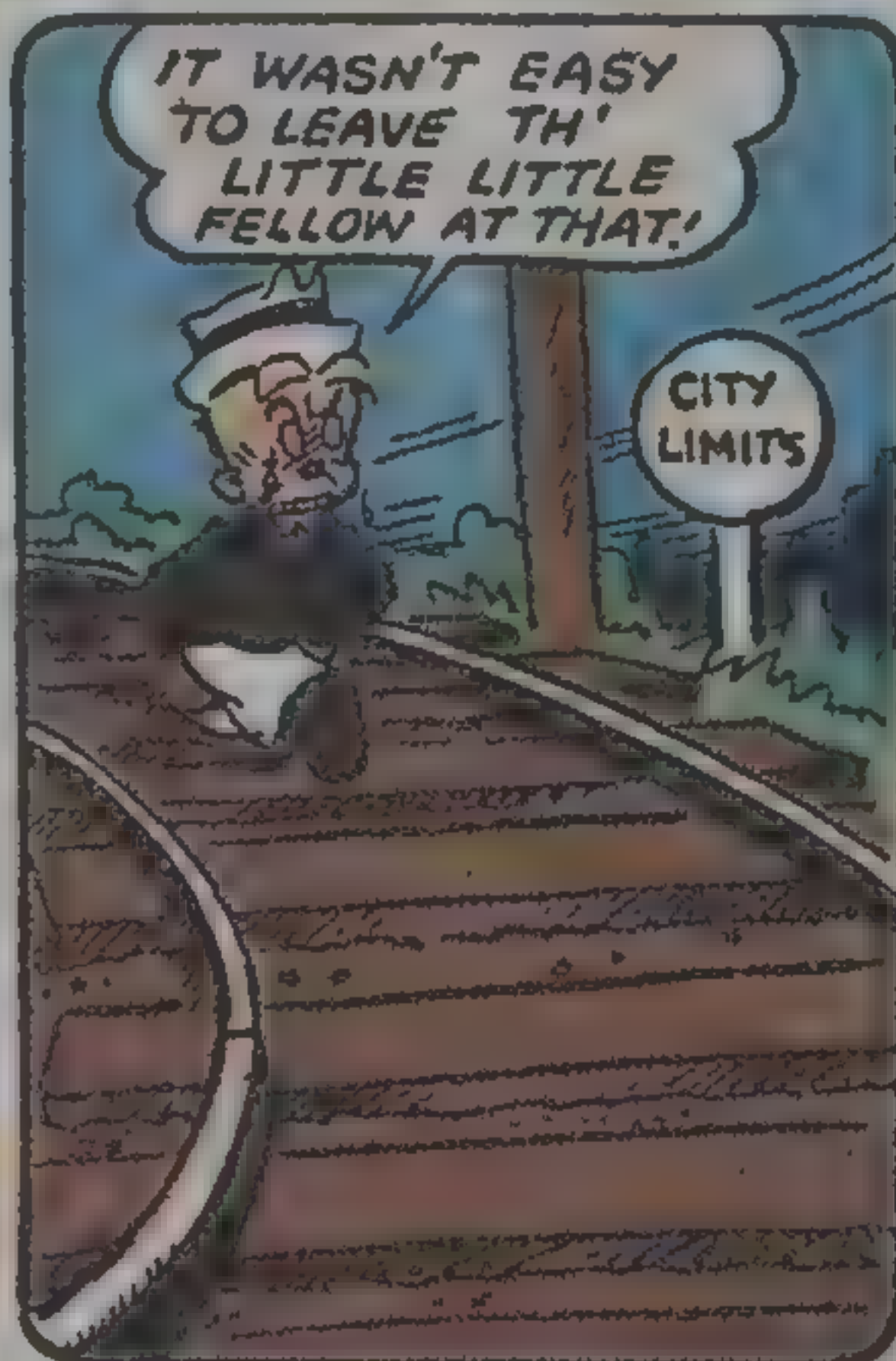
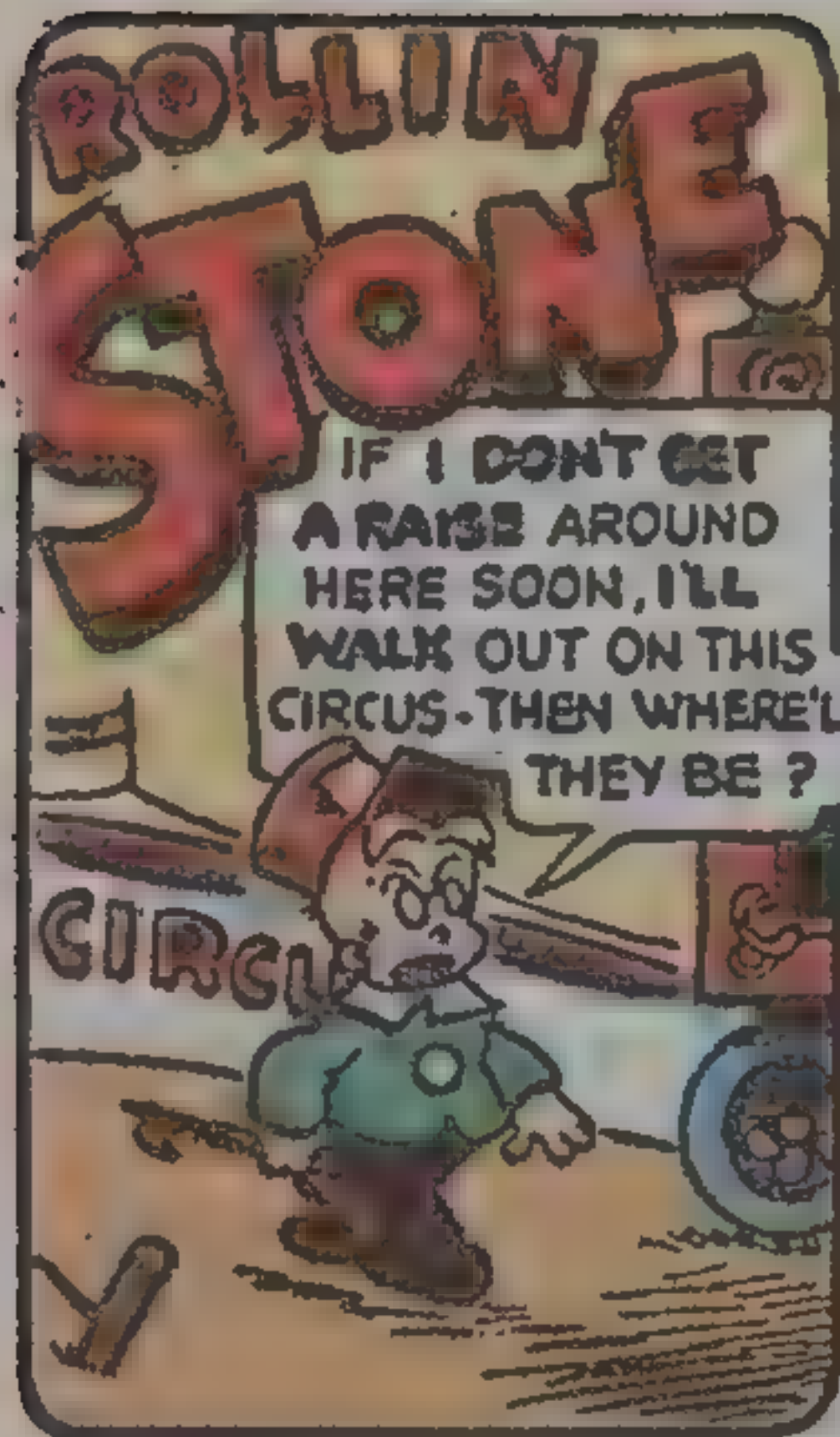
"Why—why," Danny stammered. "Being able to handle yourself is the only thing for a little guy like me. I could take two like Howard."

The coach's face was grim, but his voice was confident. "Jean," he said. "Run out and send in a policeman while Danny dresses. Quick." He smiled at Danny. "Yes, you, Danny," he said. "You're going out there and fight Stacy for Carver and me."

There was no hesitation as Danny, stripping off his tie, looked at Jean's shining eyes, and said: "Coach, you've got a swell reason why I can't lose!"

He didn't.

THE END



HONEST INJUV!



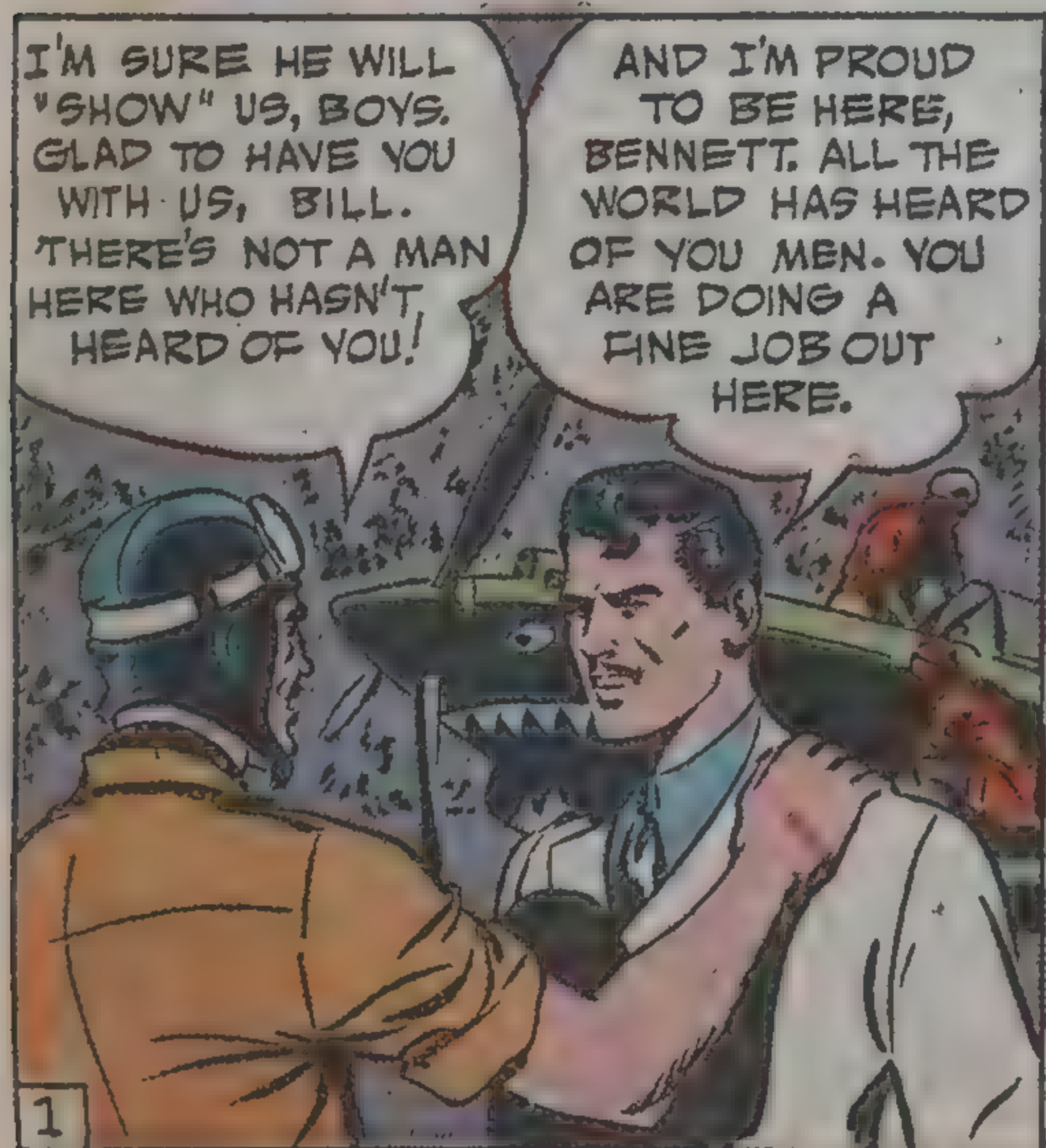
UGH! IS MUCH TRUE THAT
SUPER-BIG 96-PAGE
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
IS WORLD'S FINEST BUY!
HAS IN IT SUPERMAN
AND BATMAN BOTH
--AND MUCH OTHERS!
CATCHUM ALSO
ALL STORIES
BRAND-NEW
--NO CHEATUM
PUBLIC WITH
REPRINTS!

NOW ON
SALE!

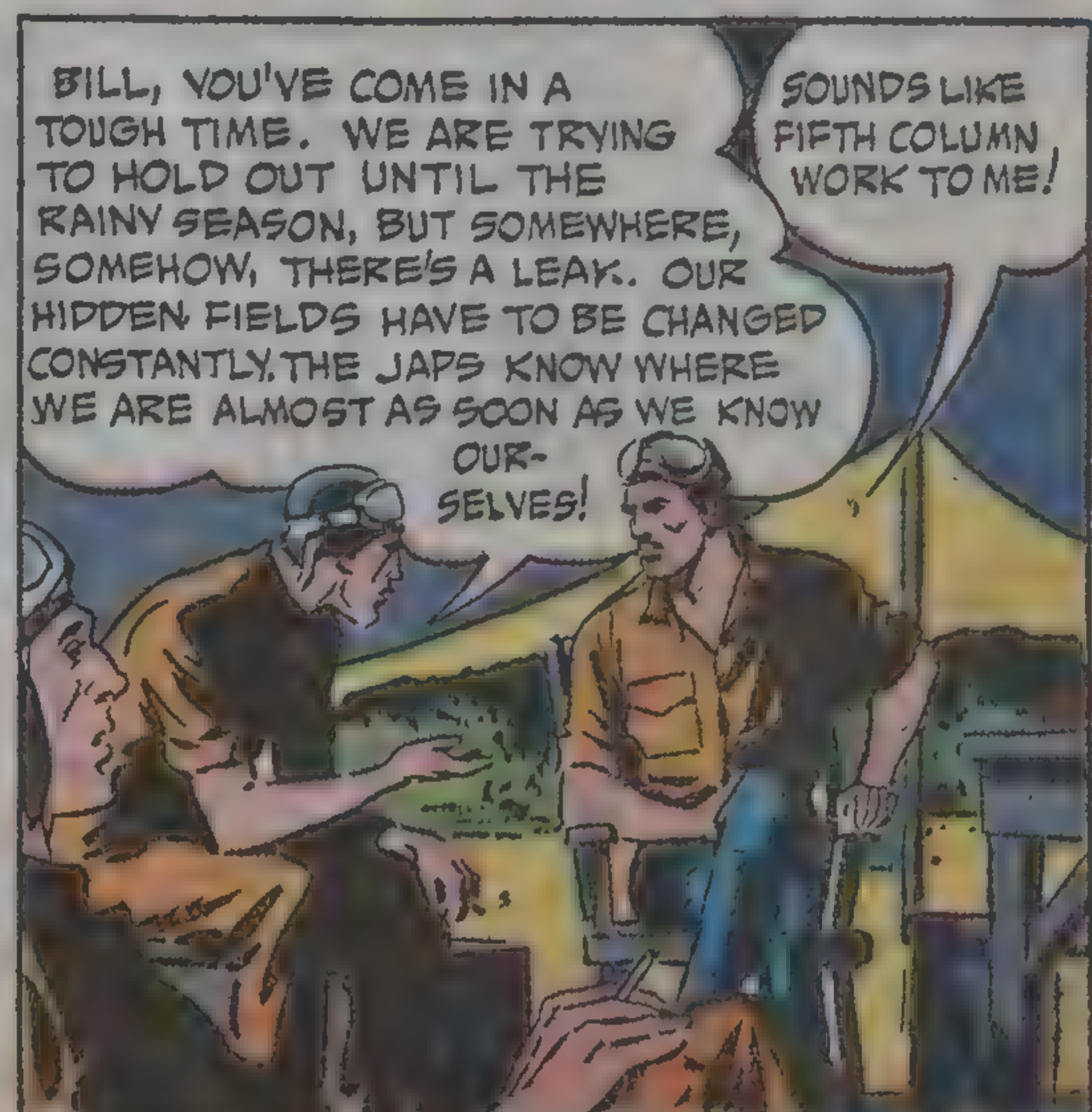


CONGO BILL

by FRAY

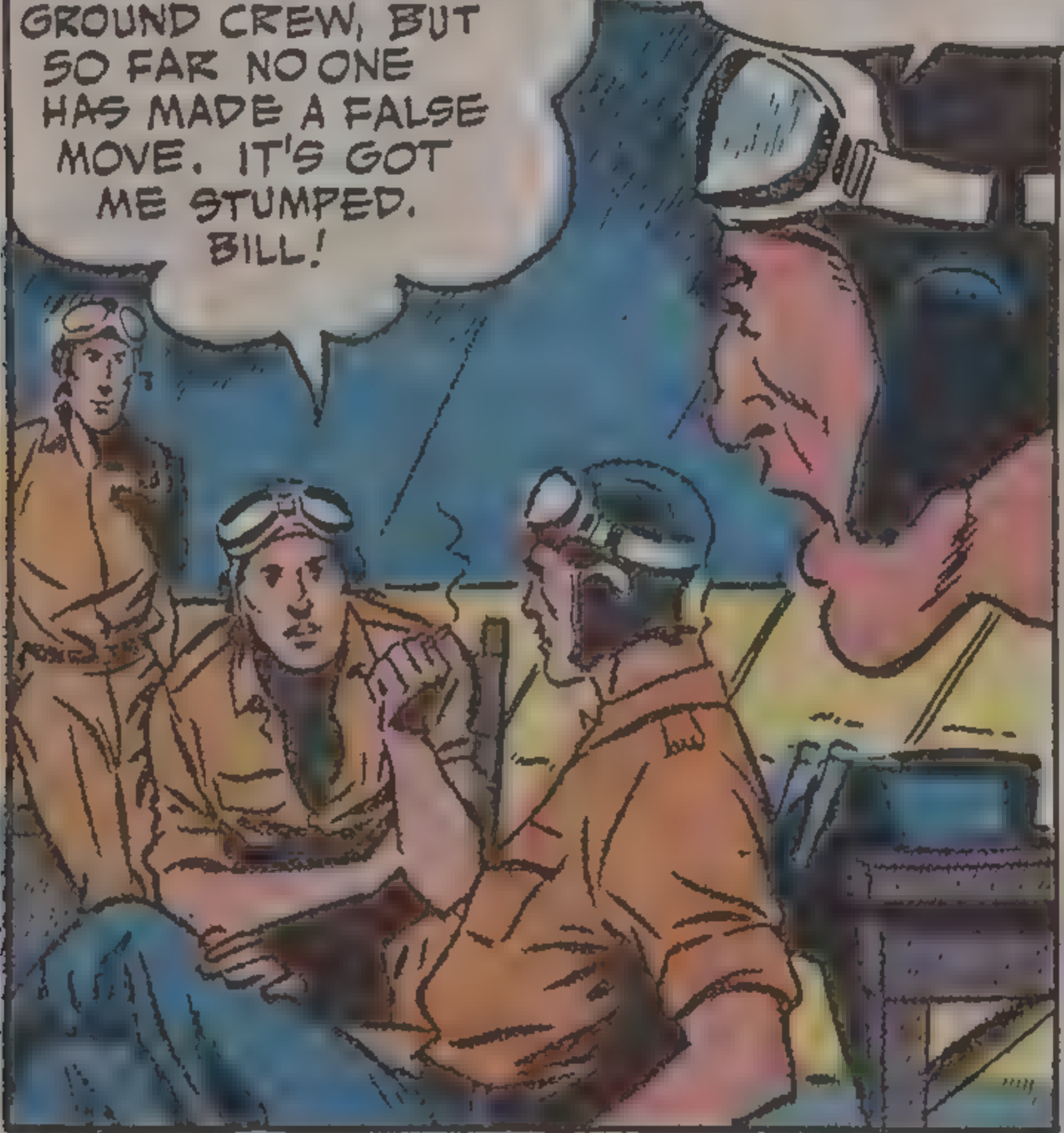


AND SO CONGO BILL JOINS THE FAMOUS "FLYING TIGERS"... THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER GROUP... THOSE INTREPID YANKEE FLYERS WHO HAVE SCORED SUCH SMASHING VICTORIES OVER SUPERIOR NUMBERS OF JAPS. BUT BILL LITTLE SUSPECTS THAT ONE OF THIS GROUP IS A TREACHEROUS SPY, PLOTTING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ENTIRE AVG! SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS WHO HE IS ???



EXACTLY! WE'VE BEEN KEEPING A CONSTANT WATCH ON OUR NATIVE GROUND CREW, BUT SO FAR NO ONE HAS MADE A FALSE MOVE. IT'S GOT ME STUMPED, BILL!

THERE GOES THE ALARM SIGNAL! LET'S GET 'EM, BOYS!



AND FROM BENEATH THEIR CAMOUFLAGE OF MANGO TREES, THE FAST LITTLE P-40'S OF THE AVG ROAR OUT AND UP TO THE ATTACK!



HERE COME THEIR BOMBERS, BOYS... WE'LL BAG THE WHOLE BUNCH!



THE NIPPONESE BOMBERS, LOADED WITH THEIR CARGOES OF DEATH, ARE SUDDENLY MET BY THE BLASTING MACHINE GUNS OF THE FLYING TIGERS!



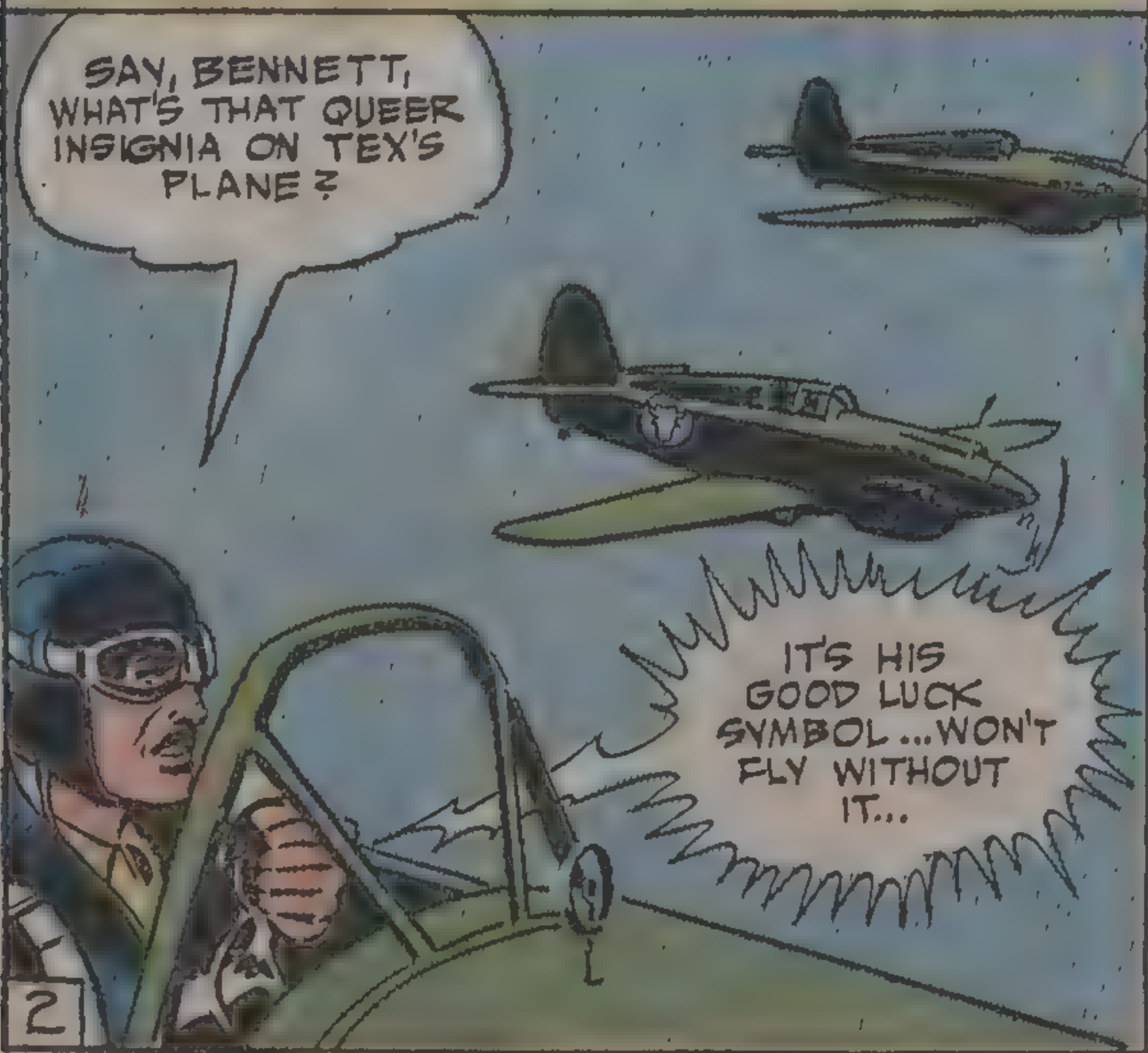
FROM ME TO YOU WITH LOVE, JAPPY!

THE JAPS, TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, ARE SHOT DOWN ONE BY ONE!



AND ON THE WAY BACK TO THEIR BASE...

SAY, BENNETT, WHAT'S THAT QUEER INSIGNIA ON TEX'S PLANE?



IT'S HIS GOOD LUCK SYMBOL... WON'T FLY WITHOUT IT...

Suddenly, the Americans are ambushed by Jap fighter planes which dive to the attack like swooping vultures!



FURIOUS SKY-HIGH COMBAT...AND AS INCENDIARY BULLETS IGNITE SLIM KENNEDY'S SHIP, THE KANSAN BAILS OUT IN HIS CHUTE...



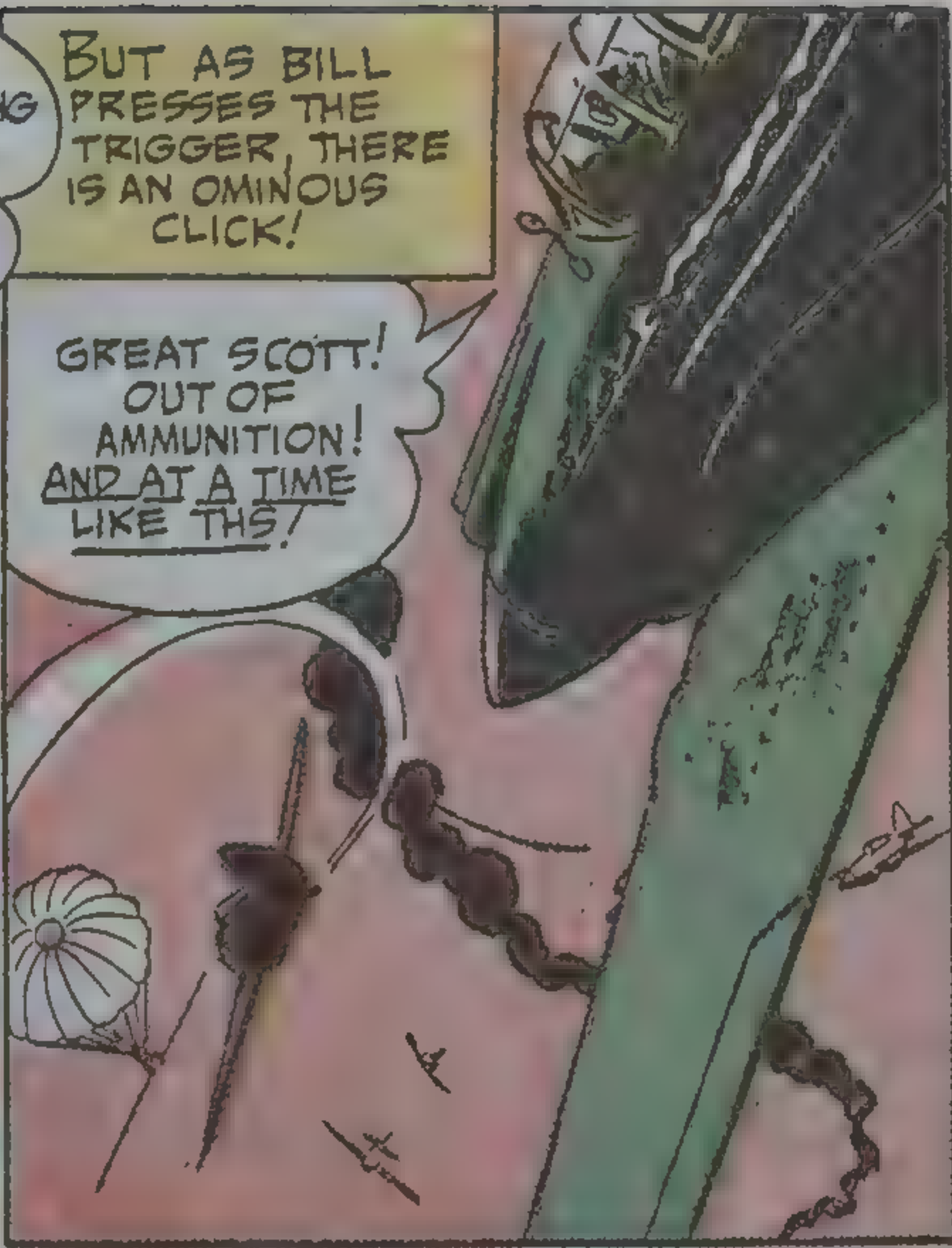
THAT JAP OVER TO THE RIGHT IS GOING AFTER KENNEDY! BLAST THEIR YELLOW HIDES! STOP HIM, BILL!



RIGHT!

BUT AS BILL PRESSES THE TRIGGER, THERE IS AN OMINOUS CLICK!

GREAT SCOTT! OUT OF AMMUNITION! AND AT A TIME LIKE THIS!



I COULD SMASH INTO HIS PLANE...NO...PLANES TOO VALUABLE... BUT I'VE GOT TO SAVE SLIM.... AH!...THIS WRENCH...ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION!



BILL HURLS THE HEAVY WRENCH WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AT THE PLANE BELOW...THE MISSILE SPEEDS TRUE TO ITS MARK!



EXPERTLY WINGING HIS PLANE DOWN TO AN OPEN FIELD, BILL JOINS THE LANKY SLIM...

THANKS FOR PICKING ME UP, BILL! HEY, LOOK! THEY'VE GOT TEX, TOO!

WHY DOESN'T HE BAIL OUT? THE POOR CHAP MUST HAVE BEEN HIT!



TEX'S PLANE CRASHES OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND THE TANGLED JUNGLE. A LONG COLUMN OF SMOKE AND FLAME BILLOWS SKYWARD!

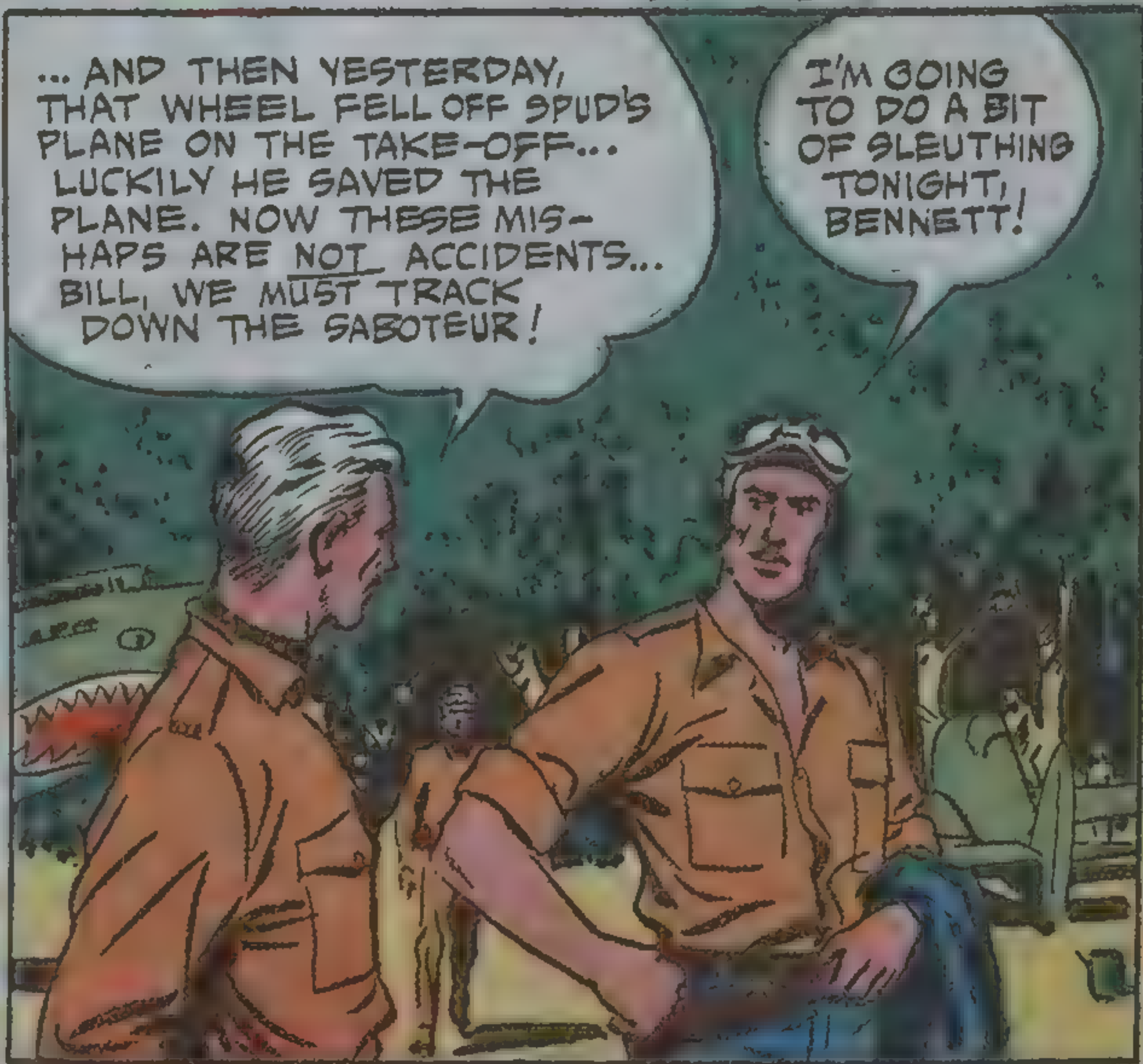
POOR TEX! HIS LUCKY SIGN DIDN'T HELP HIM MUCH AFTER ALL.

NOTHING WE CAN DO NOW... THE BOYS HAVE CLEANED OUT THE REST OF THE JAPS. COME ON, SLIM, LET'S GET BACK TO THE FIELD AND CHALK UP OUR SCORES!

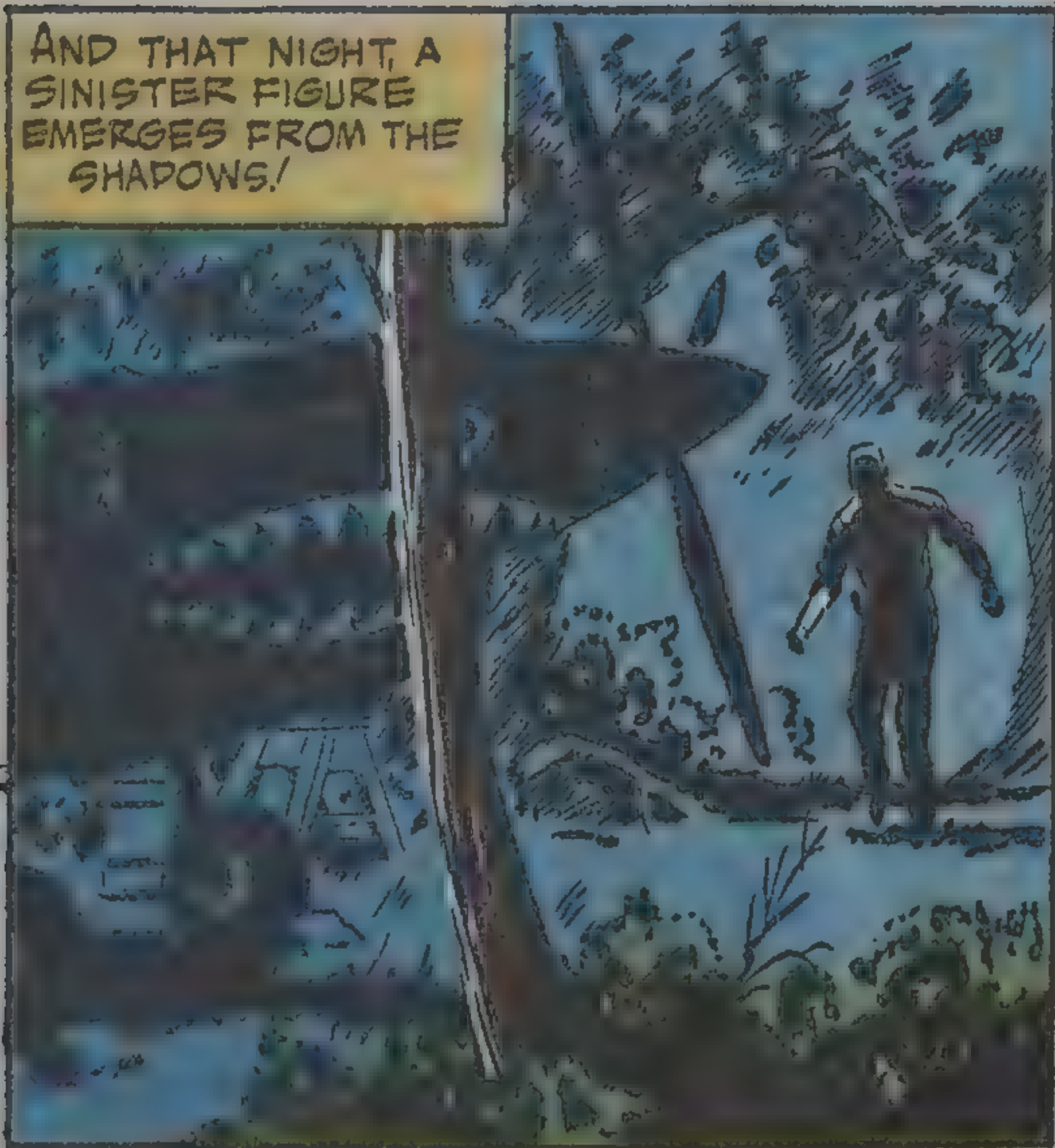
SEVERAL DAYS LATER.

... AND THEN YESTERDAY, THAT WHEEL FELL OFF SPUD'S PLANE ON THE TAKE-OFF... LUCKILY HE SAVED THE PLANE. NOW THESE MISHAPS ARE NOT ACCIDENTS... BILL, WE MUST TRACK DOWN THE SABOTEUR!

I'M GOING TO DO A BIT OF SLEUTHING TONIGHT, BENNETT!



AND THAT NIGHT, A SINISTER FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE SHADOWS!



GRAB THE STARS, BUDDY! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!



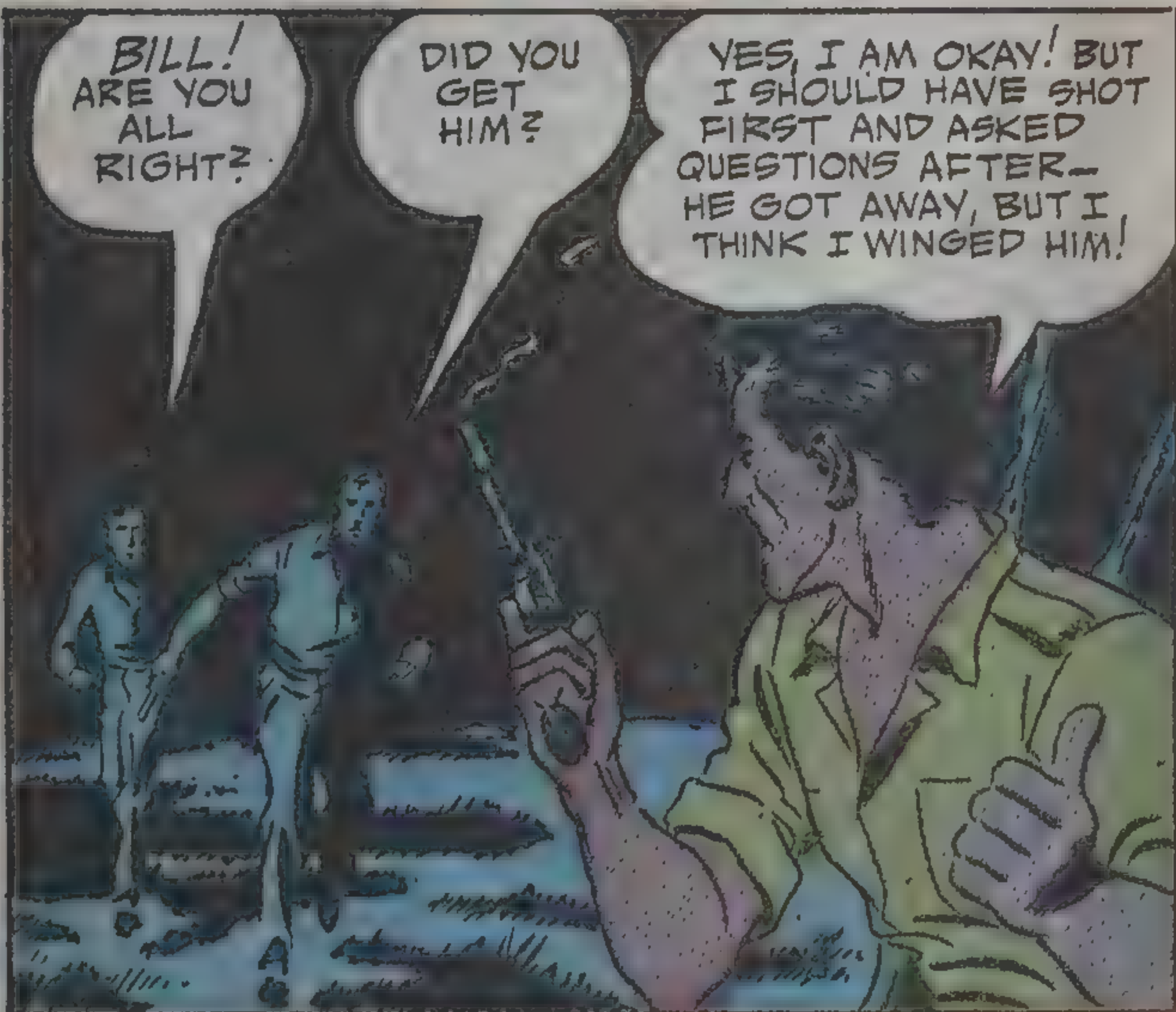
THE SABOTEUR WHEELS-FIRES-AND THE SILENCE OF THE BLACK BURMESE NIGHT IS SPLIT BY THE CRACK OF BLAZING PISTOLS!



BILL! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

DID YOU GET HIM?

YES, I AM OKAY! BUT I SHOULD HAVE SHOT FIRST AND ASKED QUESTIONS AFTER- HE GOT AWAY, BUT I THINK I WINGED HIM!



Next morning-

SAY, WHERE'S SHORTY? HE SHOULD BE READY TO GO UP THIS MORNING!

HERE HE COMES NOW. HEY, SHORTY, SHAKE A LEG, FELLA, WE'RE TAKING OFF IN A SECOND!

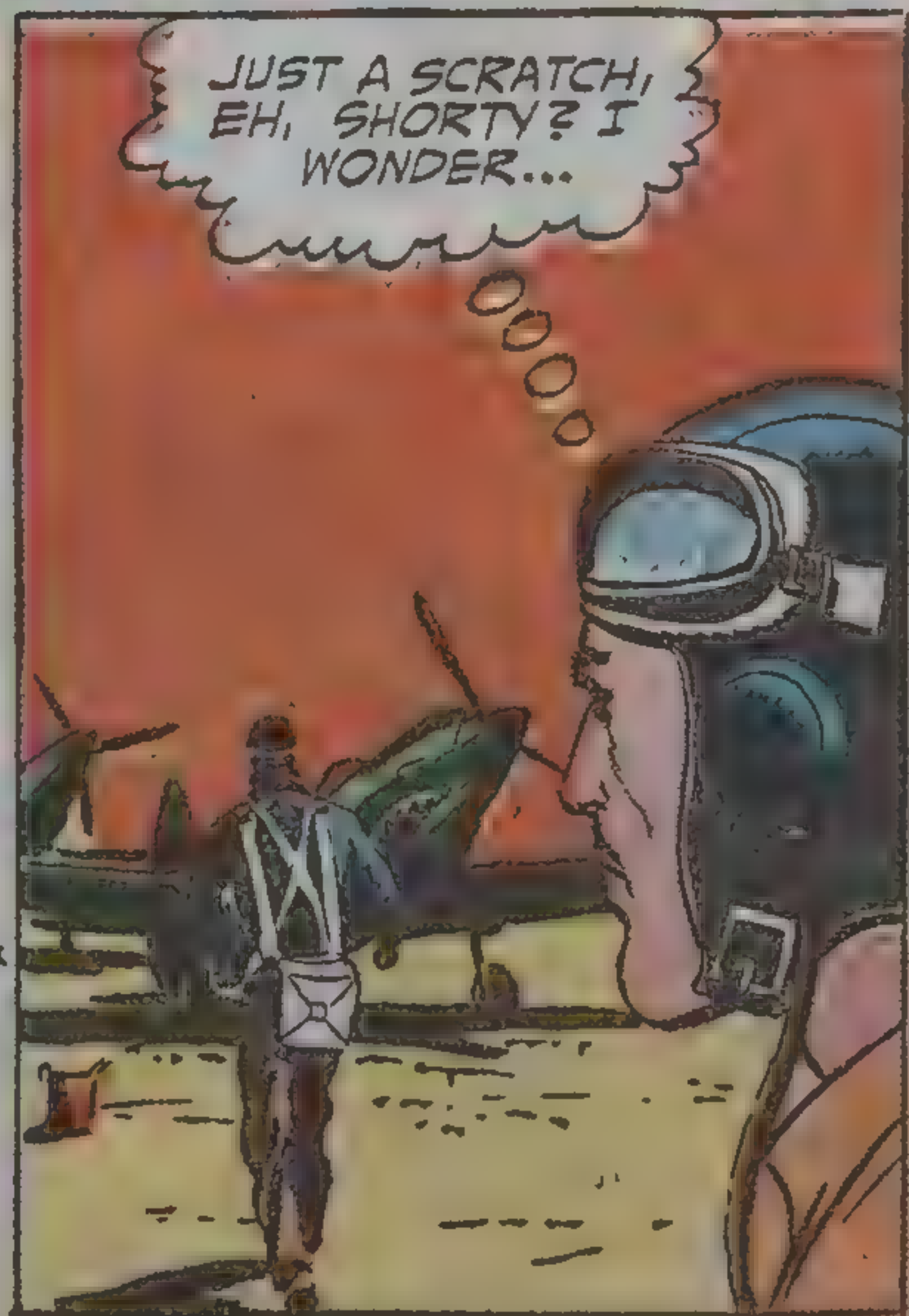


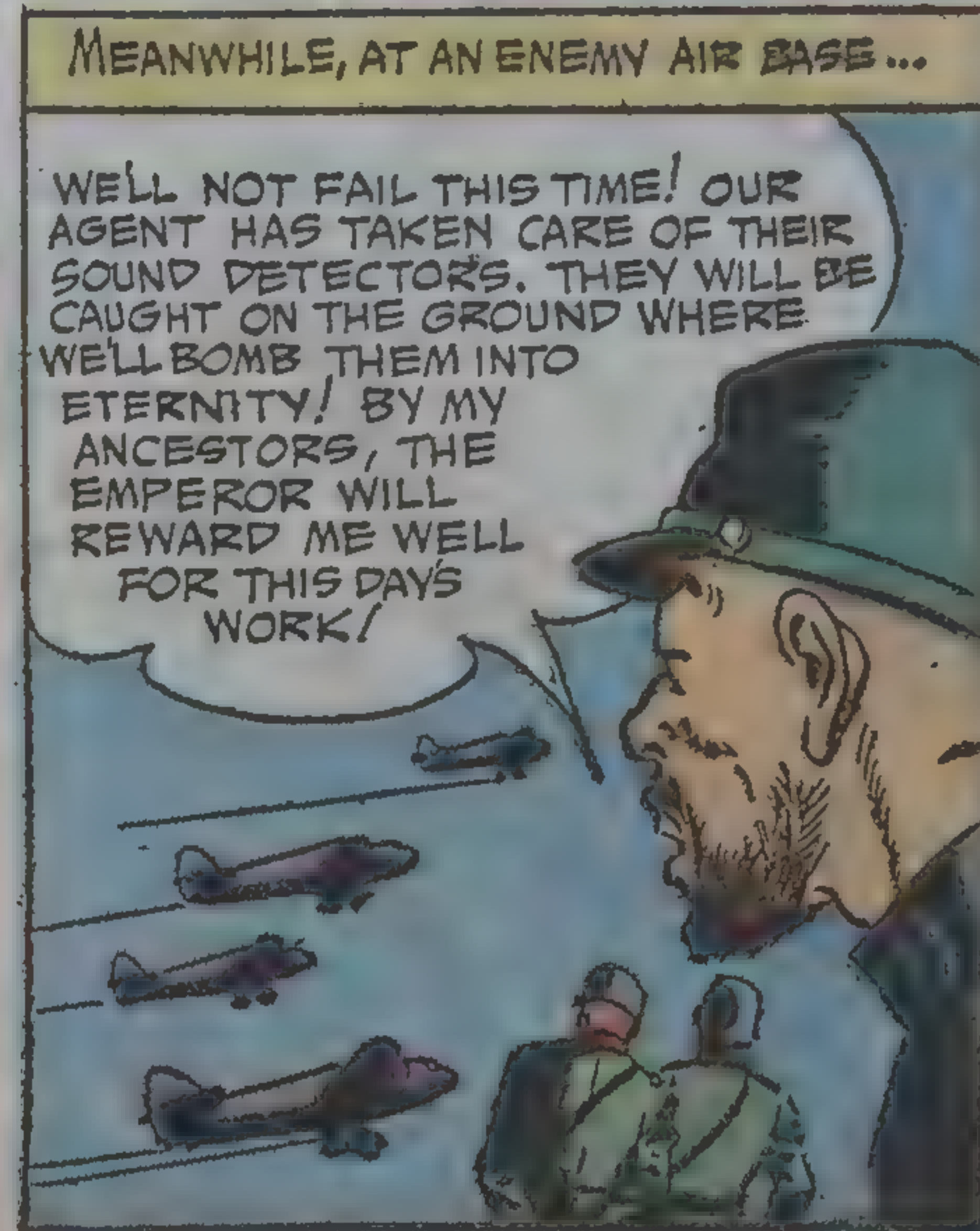
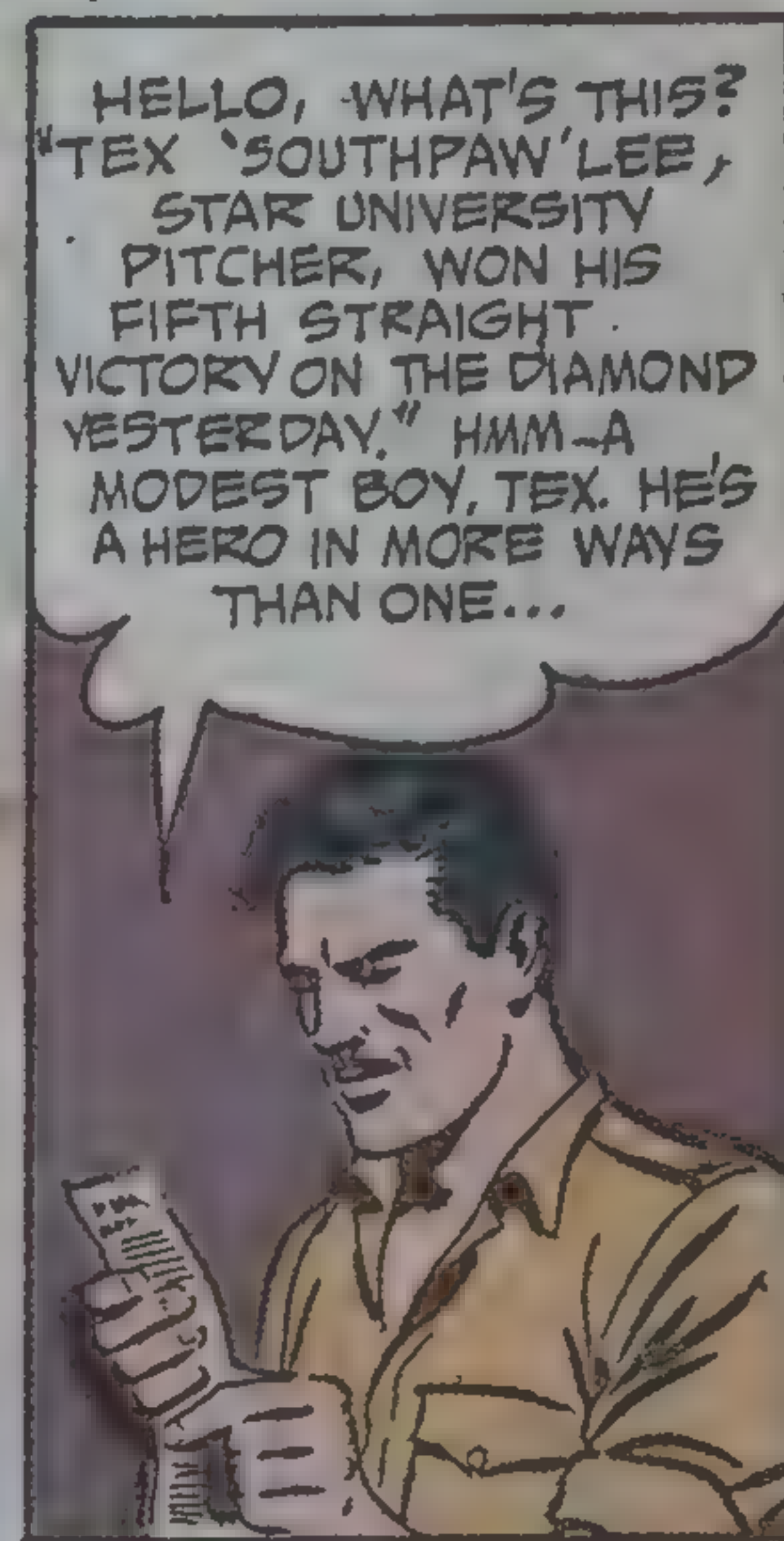
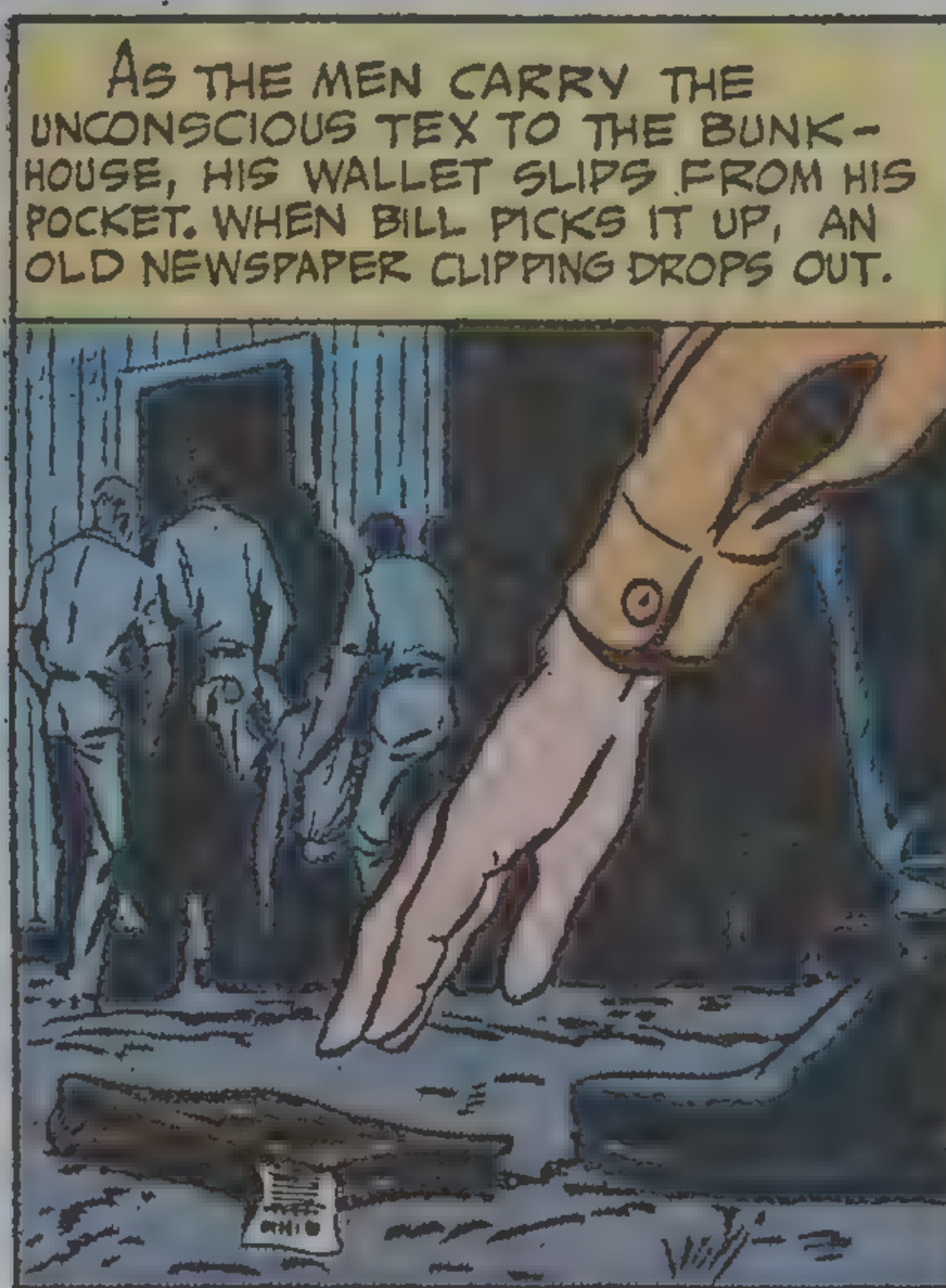
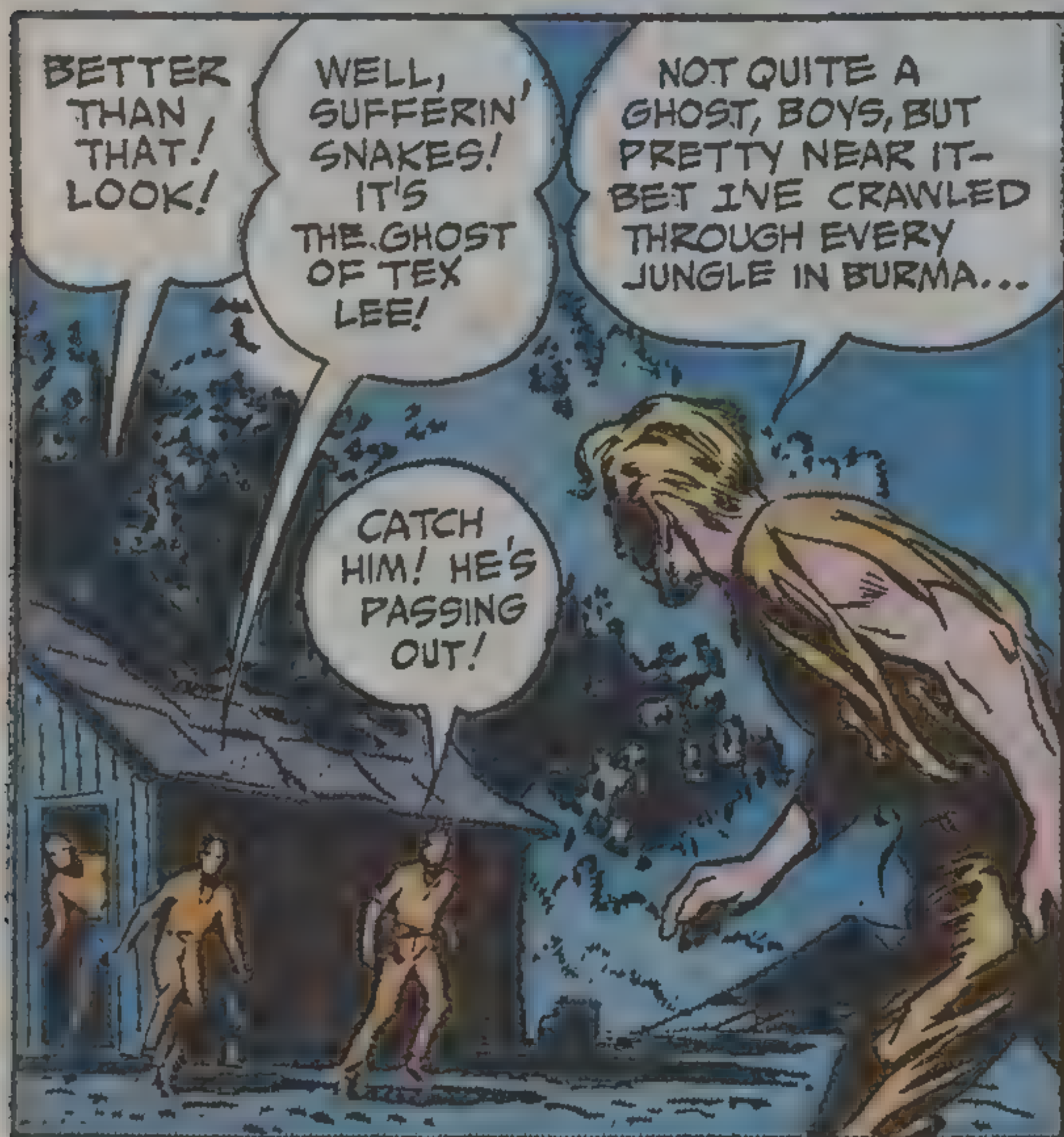
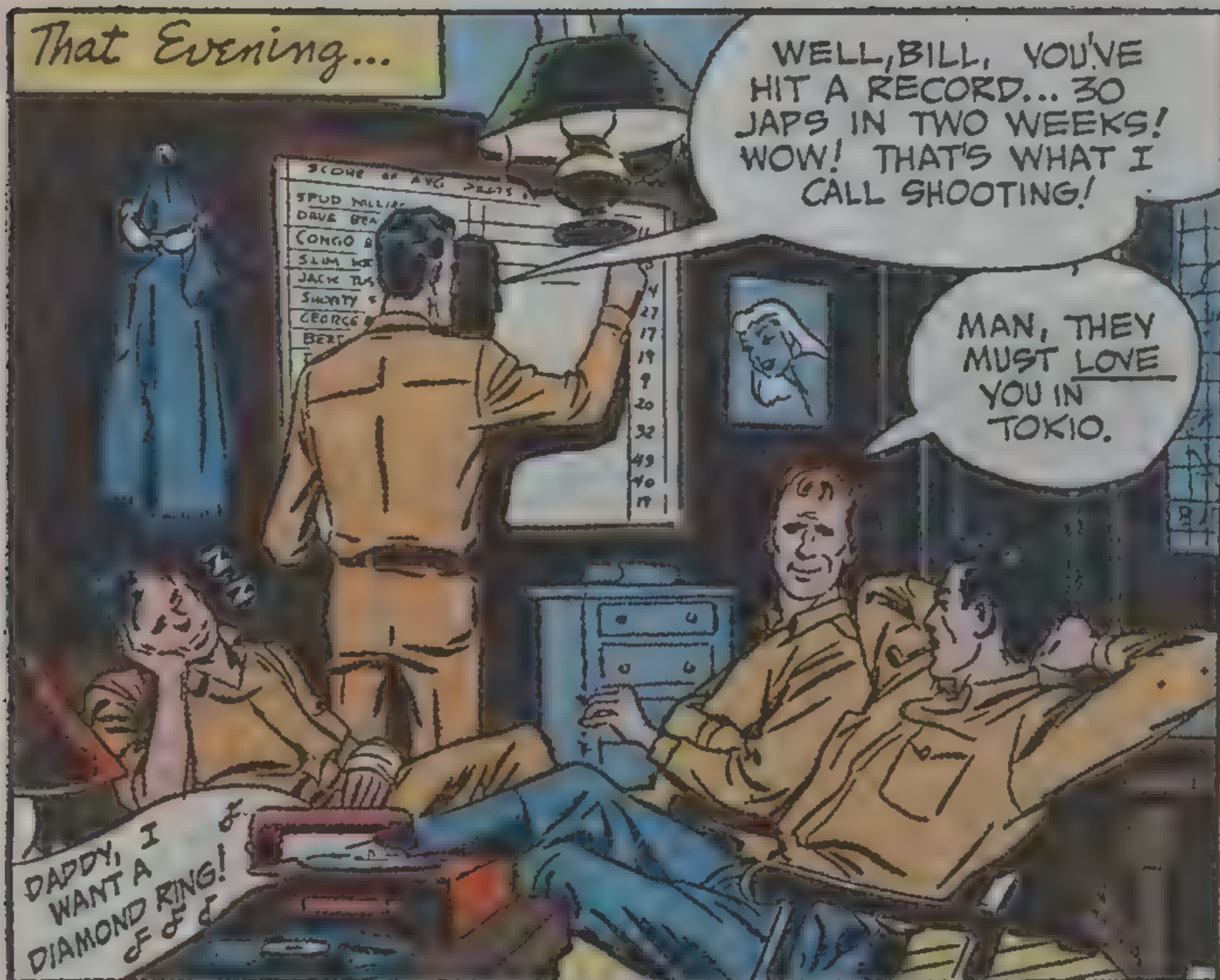
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAND, SHORTY? IT'S BANDAGED!

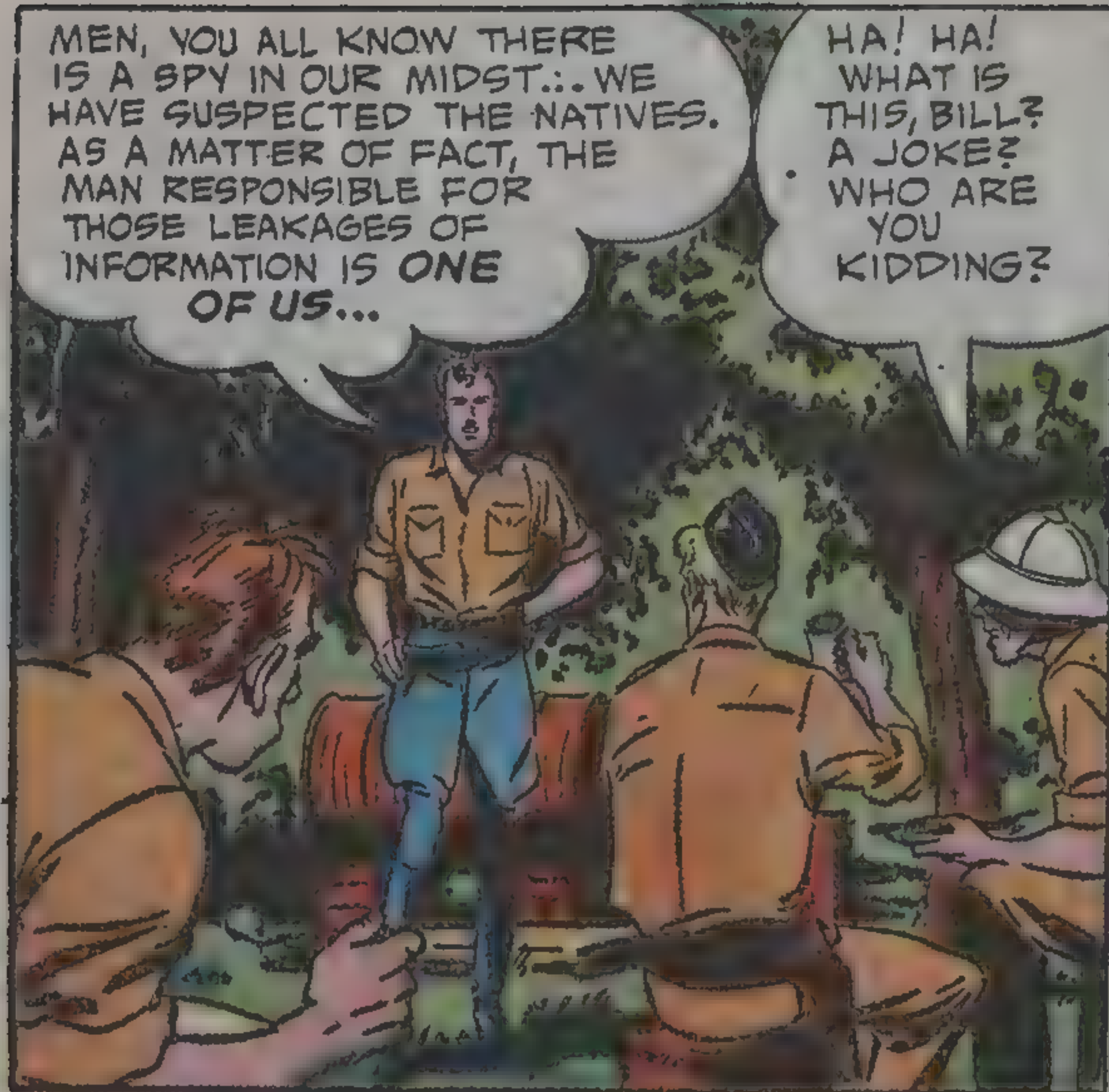
WHAT? OH...THIS? JUST A SCRATCH. I RAN A SCREW DRIVER IN MY HAND A WHILE AGO!



JUST A SCRATCH, EH, SHORTY? I WONDER...







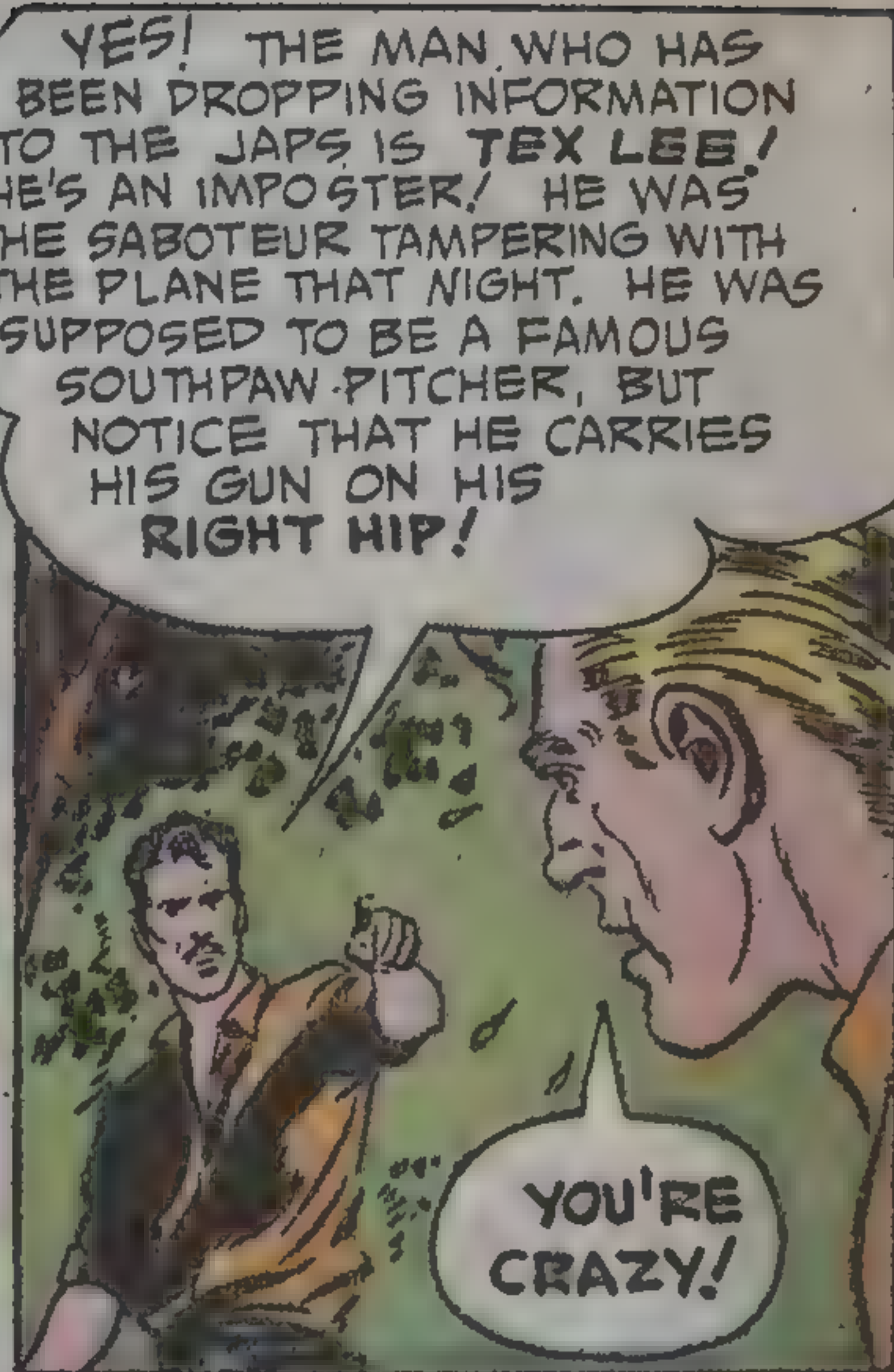
MEN, YOU ALL KNOW THERE IS A SPY IN OUR MIDST... WE HAVE SUSPECTED THE NATIVES. AS A MATTER OF FACT, THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE LEAKAGES OF INFORMATION IS **ONE OF US...**

HA! HA! WHAT IS THIS, BILL? A JOKE? WHO ARE YOU KIDDING?



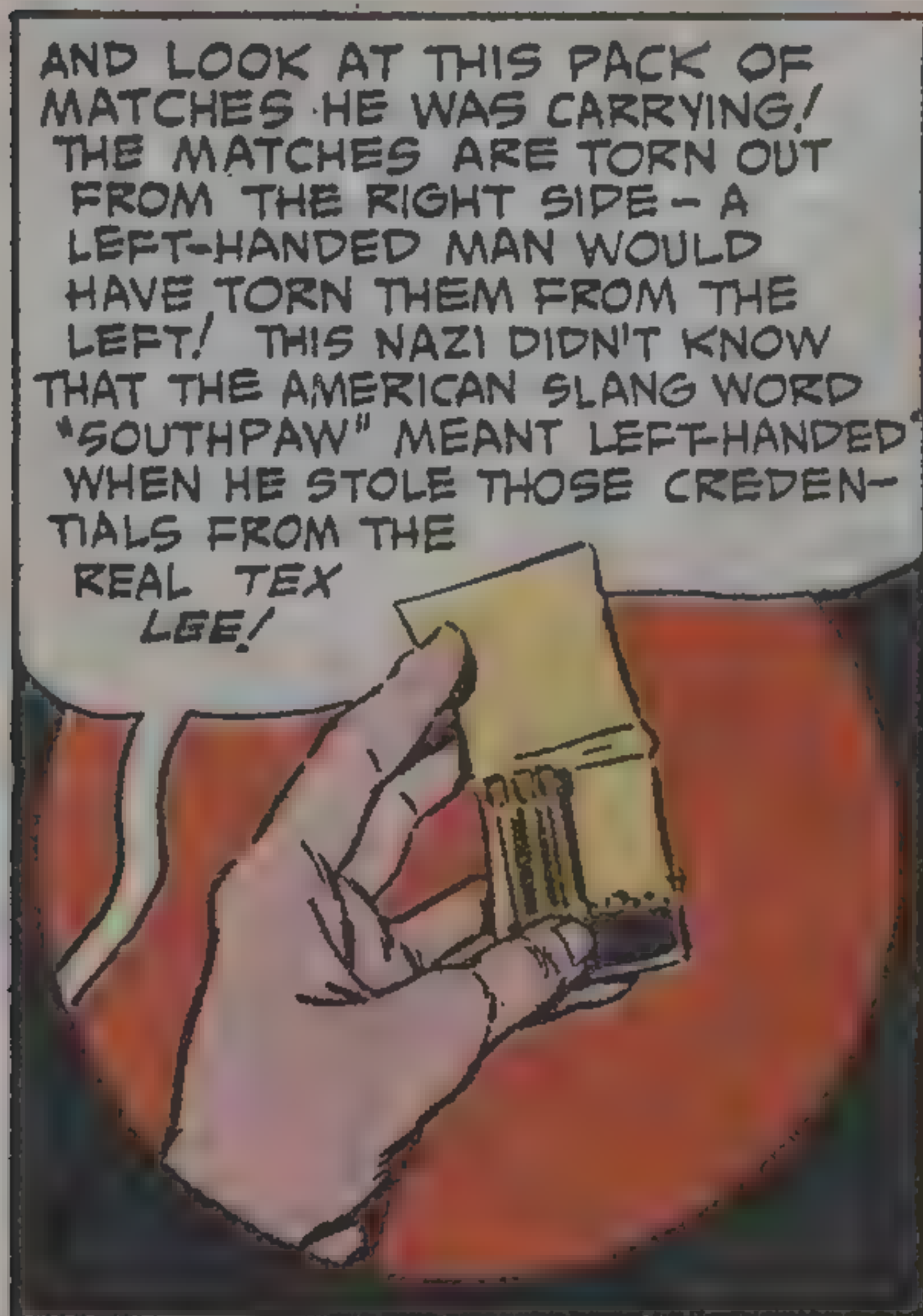
IT'S NO JOKE, SMITH! ONE OF US HERE IS AN AXIS AGENT, BUT THAT MAN MADE ONE SLIP-UP IN HIS ALMOST PERFECT MASQUERADE!

YOU MEAN, YOU KNOW WHO IT IS?

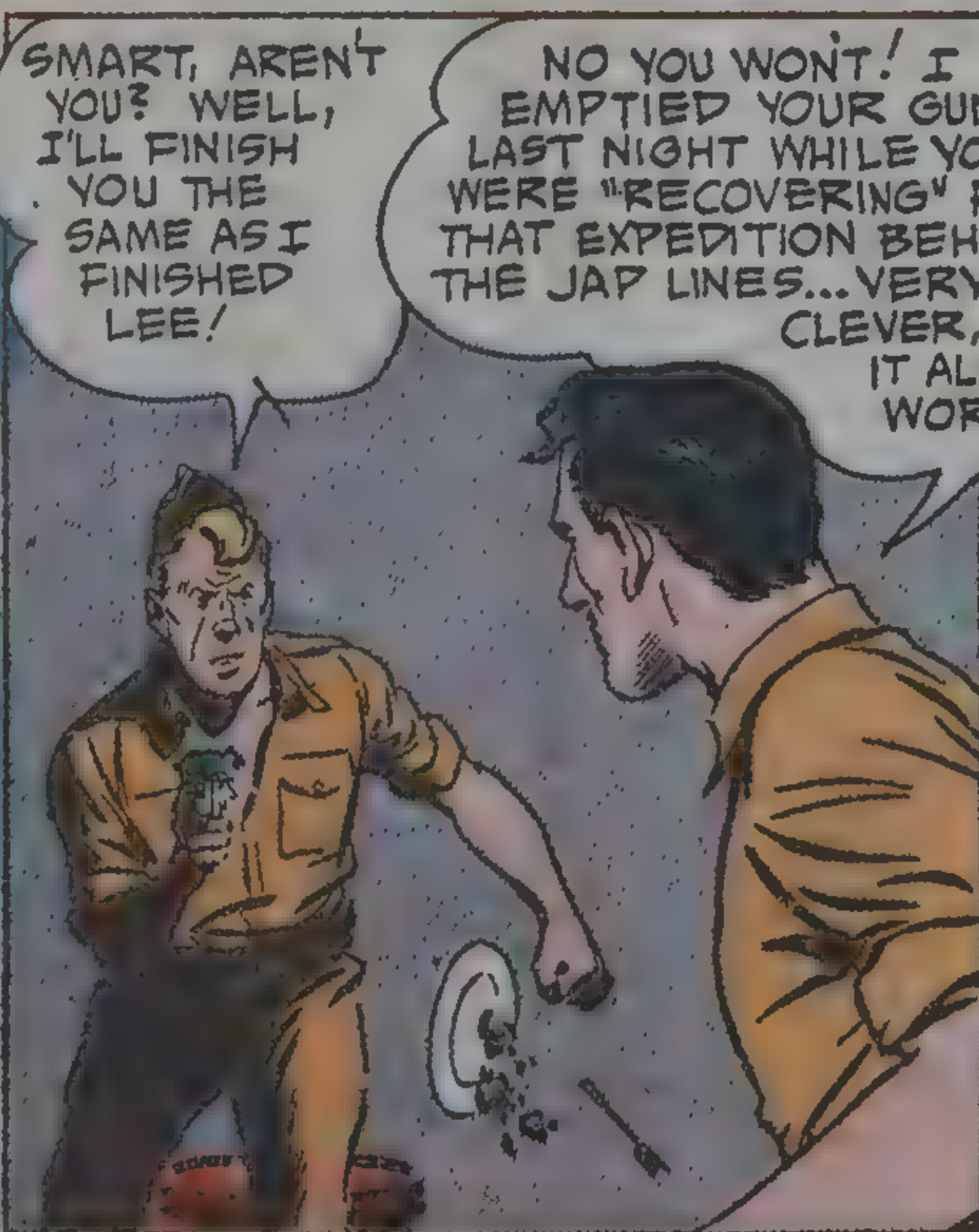


YES! THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN DROPPING INFORMATION TO THE JAPS IS **TEX LEE!** HE'S AN IMPOSTER! HE WAS THE SABOTEUR TAMPERING WITH THE PLANE THAT NIGHT. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A FAMOUS SOUTHPAW PITCHER, BUT NOTICE THAT HE CARRIES HIS GUN ON HIS RIGHT HIP!

YOU'RE CRAZY!



AND LOOK AT THIS PACK OF MATCHES HE WAS CARRYING! THE MATCHES ARE TORN OUT FROM THE RIGHT SIDE - A LEFT-HANDED MAN WOULD HAVE TORN THEM FROM THE LEFT! THIS NAZI DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE AMERICAN SLANG WORD "SOUTHPAW" MEANT LEFT-HANDED WHEN HE STOLE THOSE CREDENTIALS FROM THE REAL **TEX LEE!**

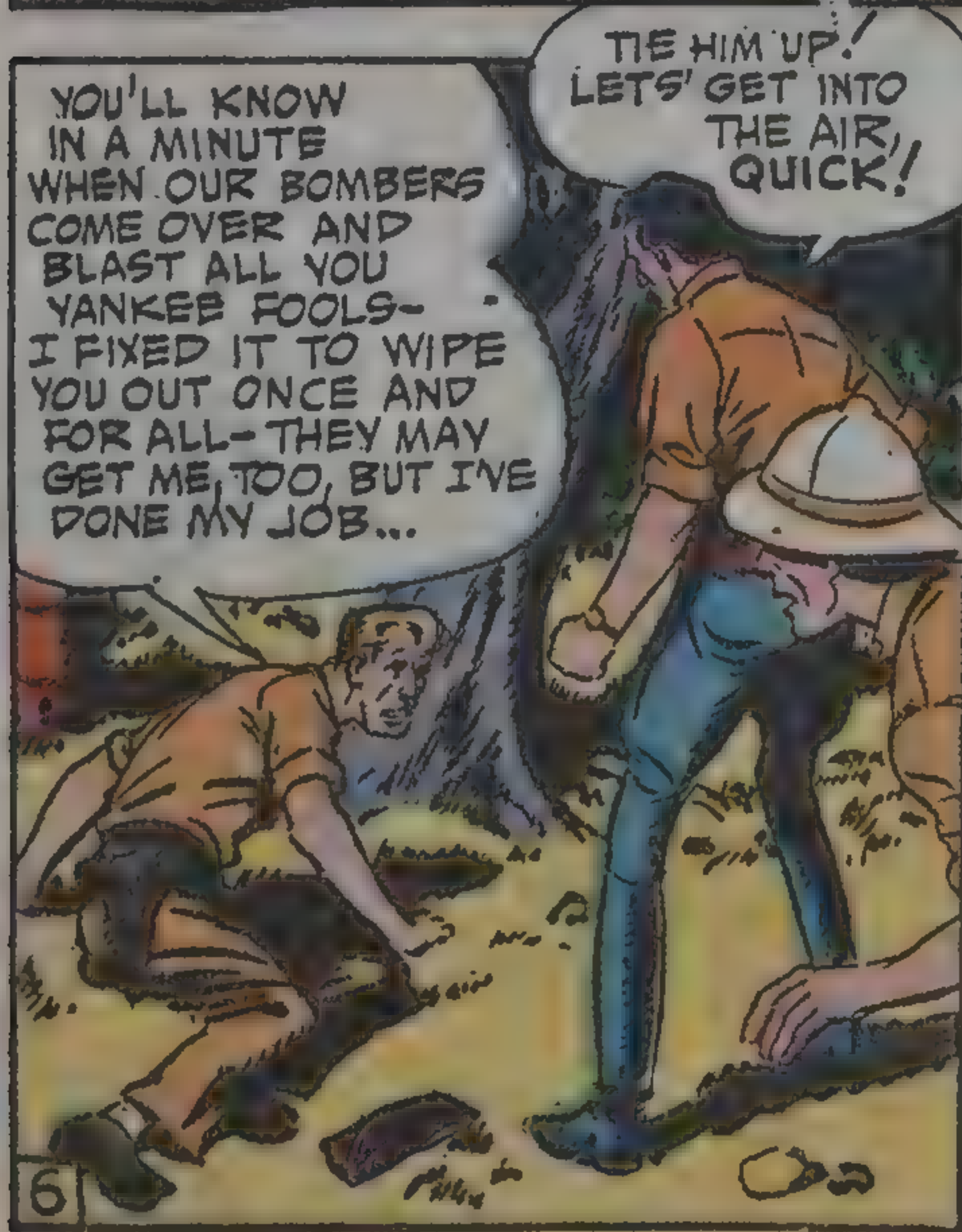


SMART, AREN'T YOU? WELL, I'LL FINISH YOU THE SAME AS I FINISHED LEE!

NO YOU WON'T! I EMPTIED YOUR GUN LAST NIGHT WHILE YOU WERE "RECOVERING" FROM THAT EXPEDITION BEHIND THE JAP LINES... VERY CLEVER, BOCHE, IT ALMOST WORKED!



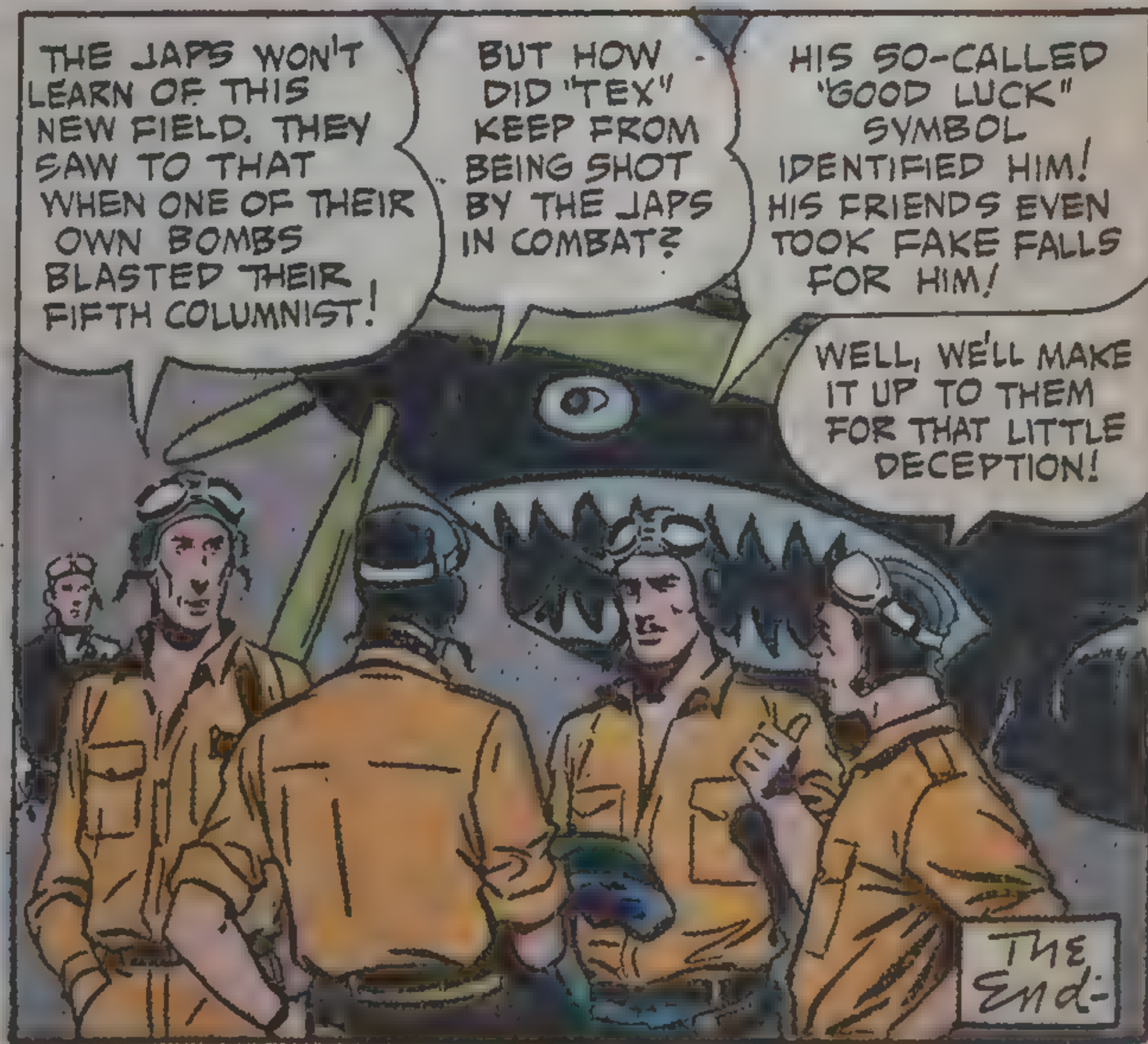
NOW SUPPOSE YOU TELL US WHY YOU HAD TO VISIT JAP HEADQUARTERS IN PERSON THIS TIME!



YOU'LL KNOW IN A MINUTE WHEN OUR BOMBERS COME OVER AND BLAST ALL YOU YANKEE FOOLS- I FIXED IT TO WIPE YOU OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL- THEY MAY GET ME, TOO, BUT I'VE DONE MY JOB...

TIE HIM UP! LETS' GET INTO THE AIR, QUICK!

MINUTES LATER- AND THE JAP BOMBERS FALL PREY TO THE ZOOMING ATTACK OF THE AMERICAN EAGLES- AN ATTACK SO RELENTLESS THAT THE ENEMY CAN DROP ONLY A FEW RANDOM BOMBS!



THE JAPS WON'T LEARN OF THIS NEW FIELD. THEY SAW TO THAT WHEN ONE OF THEIR OWN BOMBS BLASTED THEIR FIFTH COLUMNIST!

BUT HOW DID "TEX" KEEP FROM BEING SHOT BY THE JAPS IN COMBAT?

HIS SO-CALLED "GOOD LUCK" SYMBOL IDENTIFIED HIM! HIS FRIENDS EVEN TOOK FAKE FALLS FOR HIM!

WELL, WE'LL MAKE IT UP TO THEM FOR THAT LITTLE DECEPTION!

THE END!



Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address:

**Frontier Asthma Co. 191-J Frontier Bldg.
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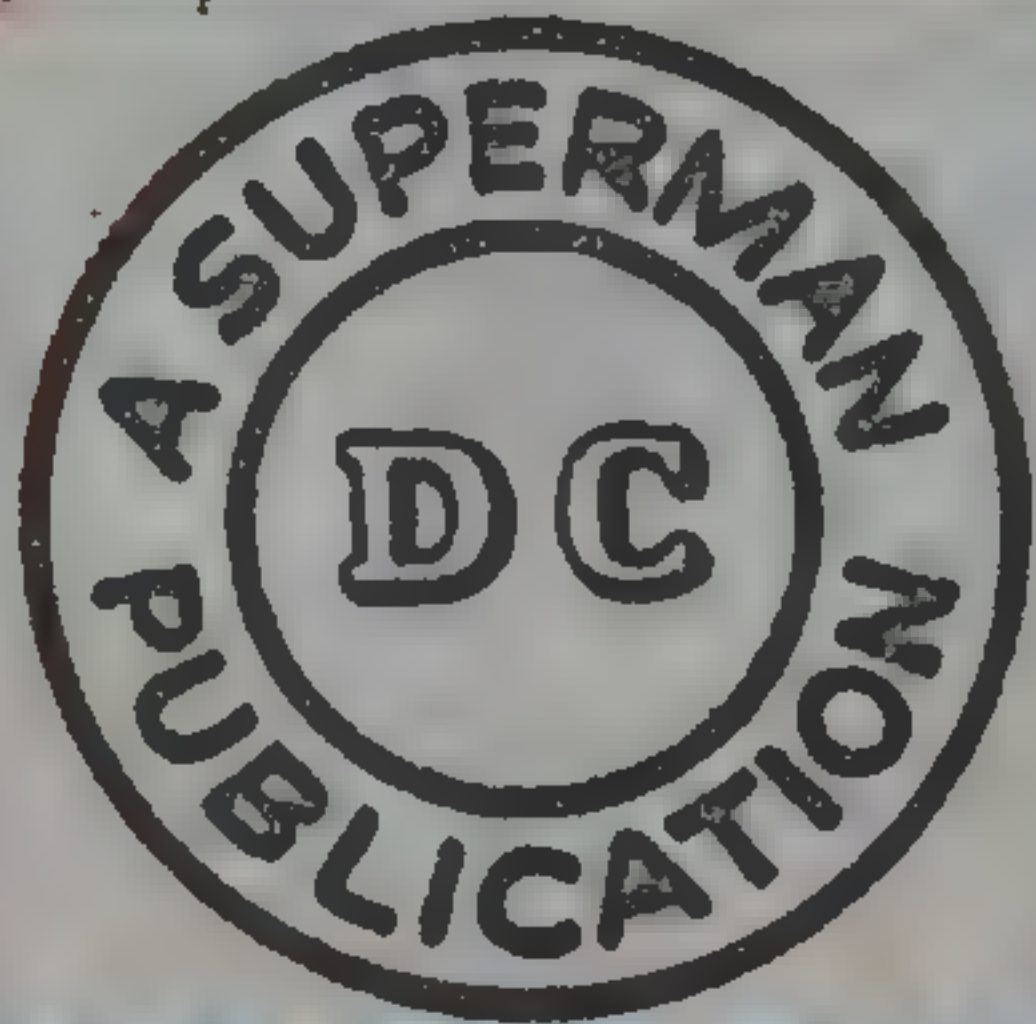
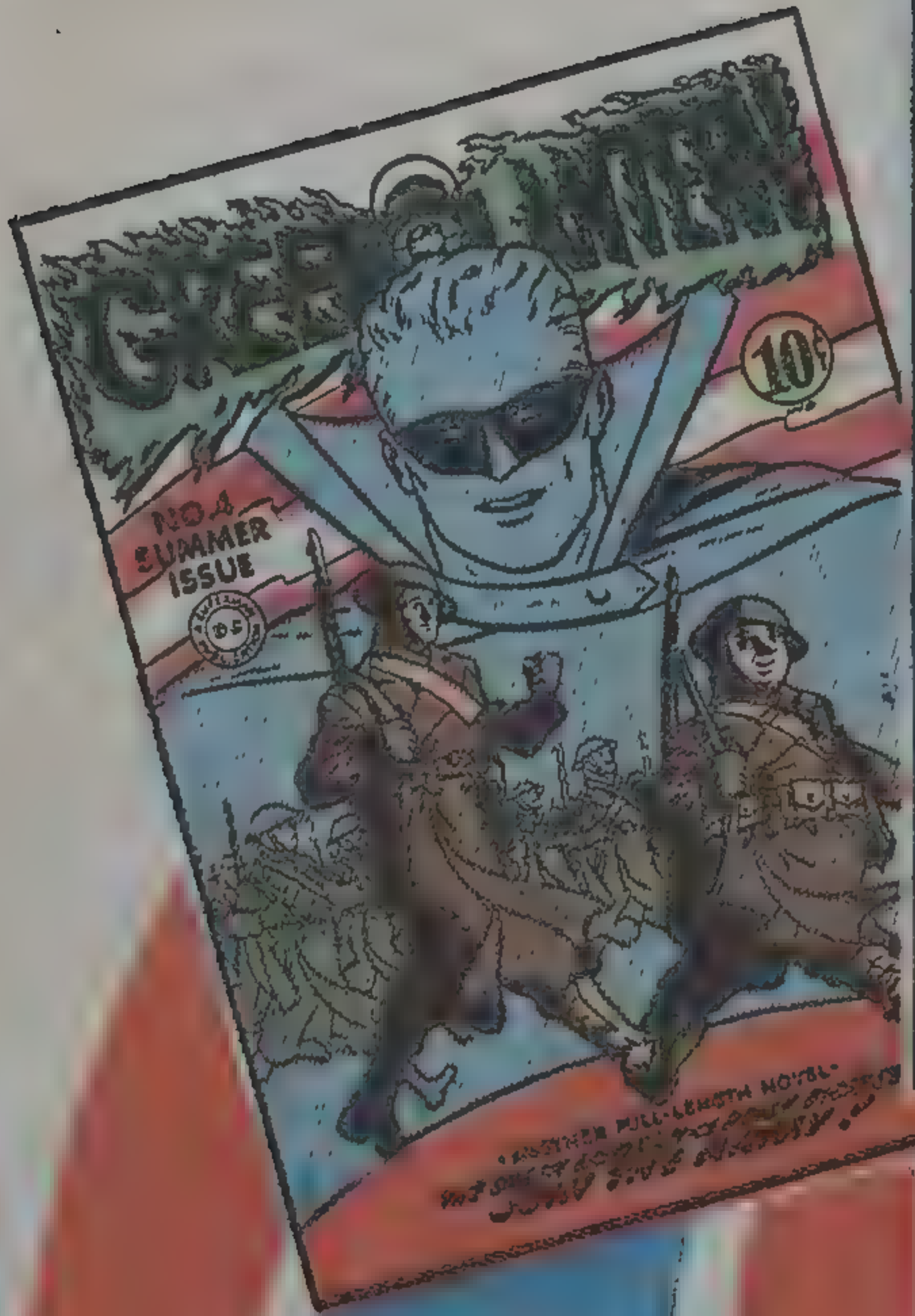
STATEMENT of the OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., Required by the ACT OF CONGRESS of AUGUST 24, 1912 and MARCH 3, 1933 of Action Comics, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1941.
State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Action Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, Management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publications for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations to wit:

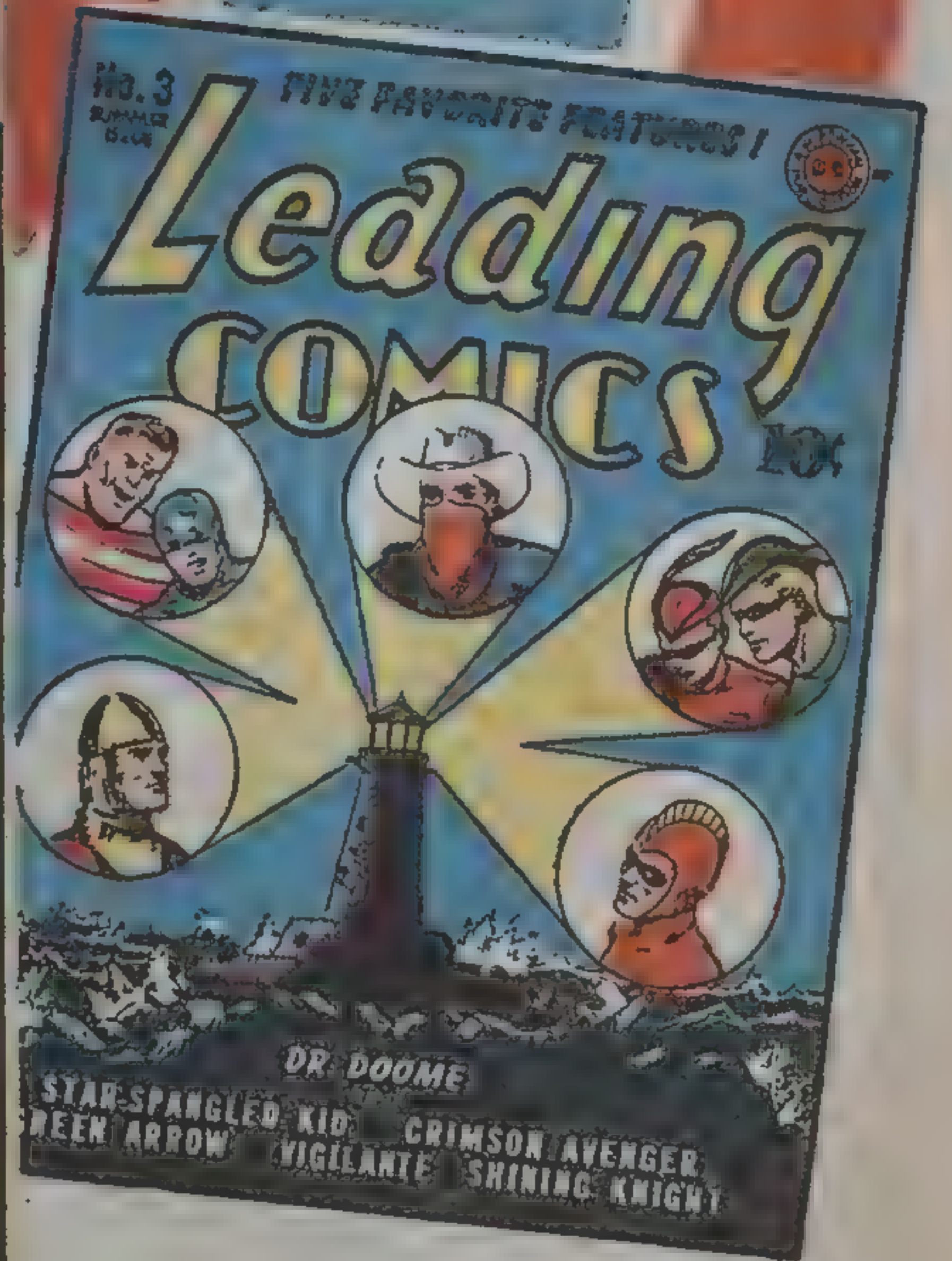
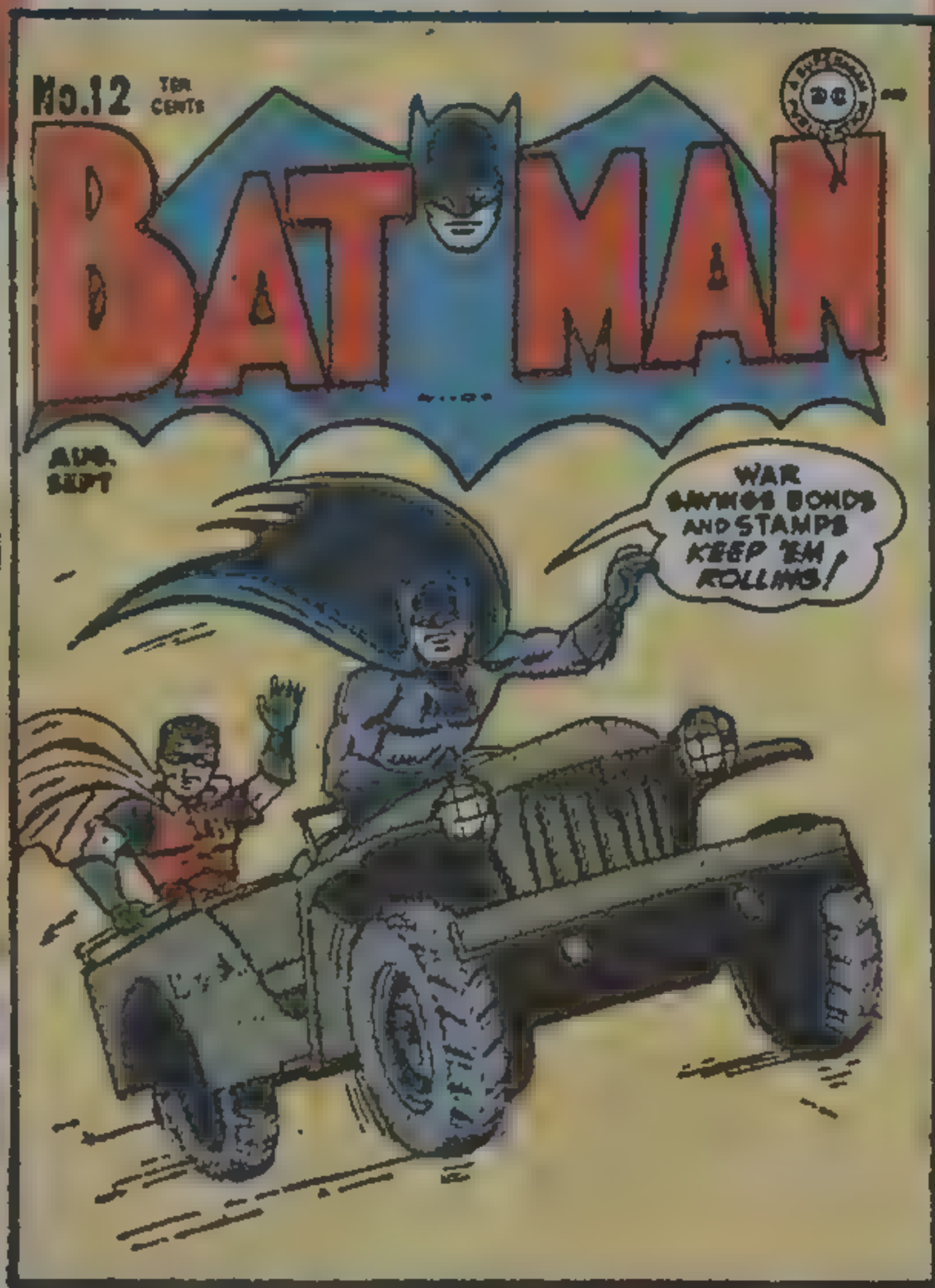
1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York City; Editor, W. F. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City.
2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated, and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corp'n, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member must be given.)
Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York City; Harry Donenfeld, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City; P. H. Sampliner, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
3. That the little known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE.
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) J. S. Liebowitz, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of October, 1941.
(Signed) Alfred B. Yaffe. (My commission expires March 30, 1942.)



LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!

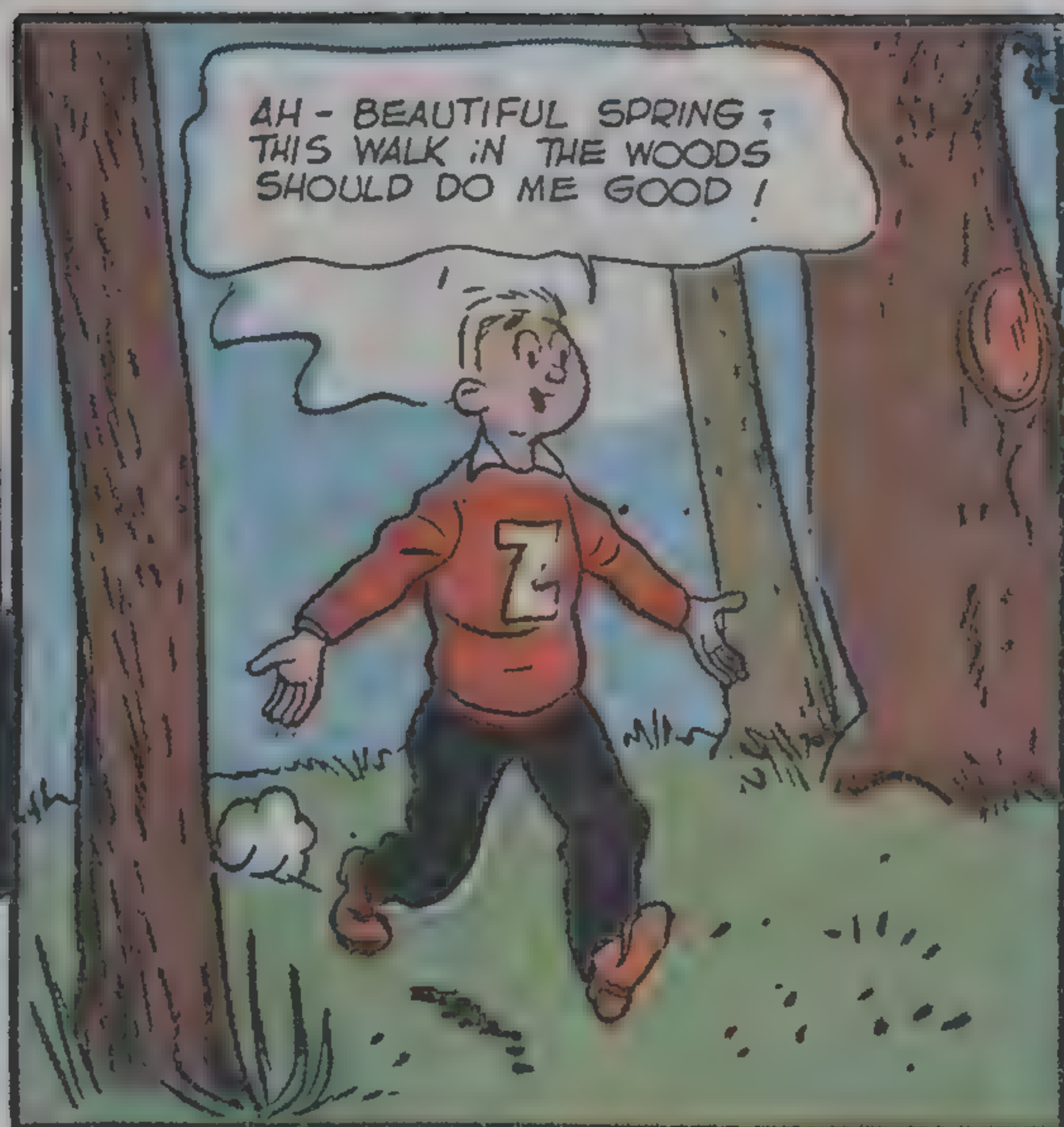


NOW ON SALE

JERRY

THE JITTERBUG

HENRY BOLTROFF



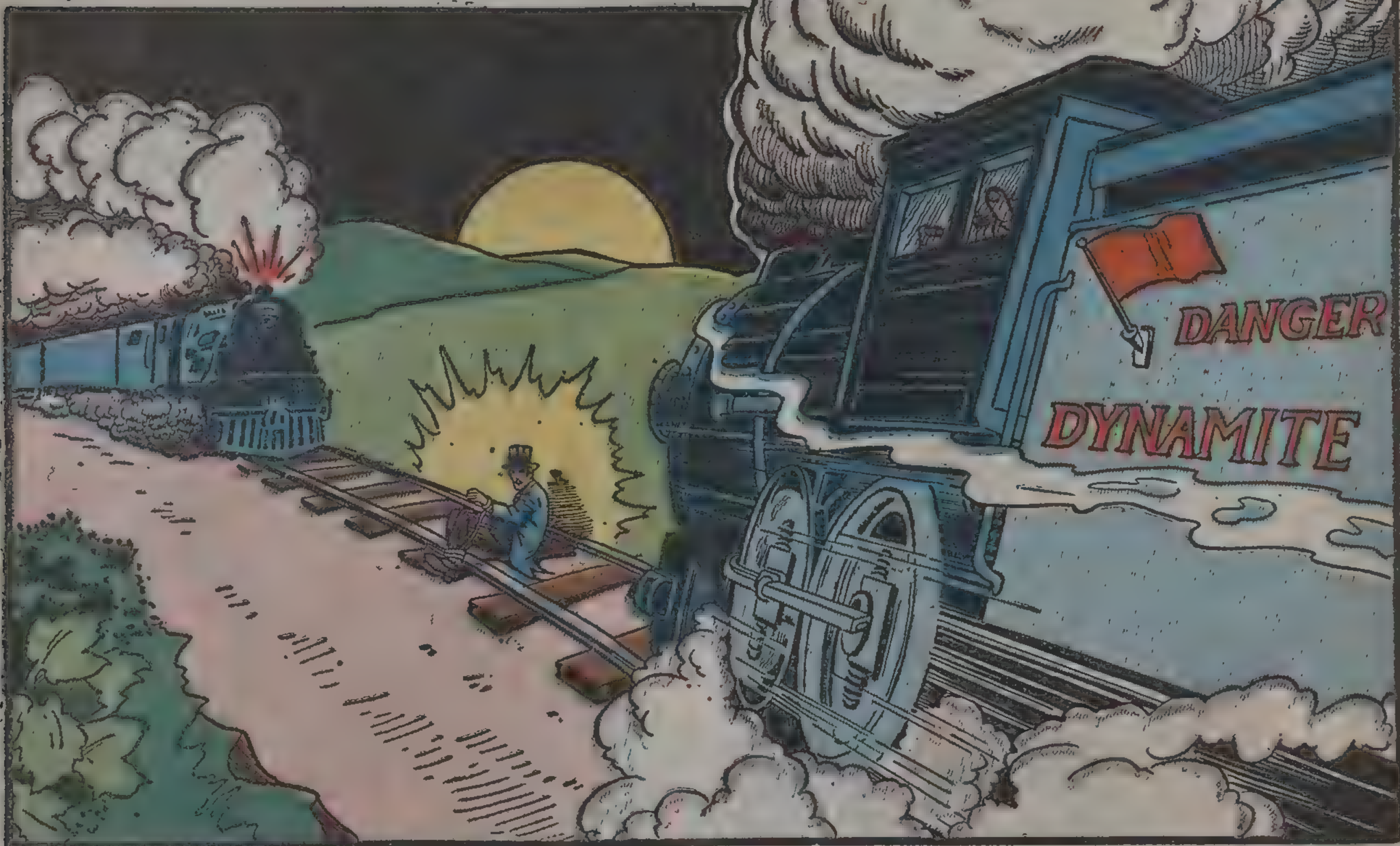
ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

BY JOSEPH SULMAN.

WHEN AN ORDINARY MAN DECIDES HE WANTS TO BE A SUPER-CRIMINAL, WATCH OUT FOR FIREWORKS! FOR IF HE POSSESSES THE ABILITY OF MEET LITTLE PETER PORL, HE'LL DO TREMENDOUS THINGS!

AND IF IT WEREN'T FOR ZATARA, THE MASTER MAGICIAN - WELL, MAYBE YOU'D BETTER READ AND FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF IN....
"THE CASE OF THE COCONUT CRIMES!"



AT A BANK IN MIDTOWN GOTHAM...

MISTAKES! MISTAKES!
CAN'T YOU EVER
CONCENTRATE, PORL?
WHAT AM I PAYING
YOU FOR?

I'M SORRY,
MR. GOSLIN.
SORRY...

THE FOOL - GIVING ME ORDERS!
I DON'T HAVE TO WORK HERE.
WHY, I'LL BET I COULD BE ONE
OF THOSE SUPER-VILLAINS
I READ ABOUT!

I COULD BE ONE OF THOSE
ARCH-CRIMINALS! I WAGER
I'D BE A REAL SMART ONE, TOO!
WOW! WHAT AN IDEA!

IN HIS SMALL ONE-ROOM APARTMENT, PETER PORL KEEPS A LIBRARY OF CRIME BOOKS, HISTORIES AND BIOGRAPHIES...

I'LL BE A SWELL CROOK LIKE JESSE JAMES, OR MAYBE EVEN BILLY THE KID! LET'S SEE NOW.. THE THING I'LL NEED MOST IS A COSTUME!

I OUGHT TO HAVE A REAL GUN INSTEAD OF THIS TOY, BUT I CAN GET THAT SOMEHOW! BOY, WHAT A VILLAIN I'M GOING TO MAKE!

"GET 'EM UP," I SNARL! HA, THAT'S THE RIGHT TONE TO USE! I'LL SCARE EVERYBODY SILLY! AND I'LL CALL MYSELF THE COLOSSUS OF CRIME!

LATE AT NIGHT ON A DESERTED ROAD, FOUR TIRES ON A MAGNIFICENT LIMOUSINE BLOW OUT AT ONCE!

HEY! WHAT GOES ON?

BAM!

JEEMES, WHAT'S WRONG?

I DON'T KNOW YET, MAJOR, BUT I'LL FIND OUT!

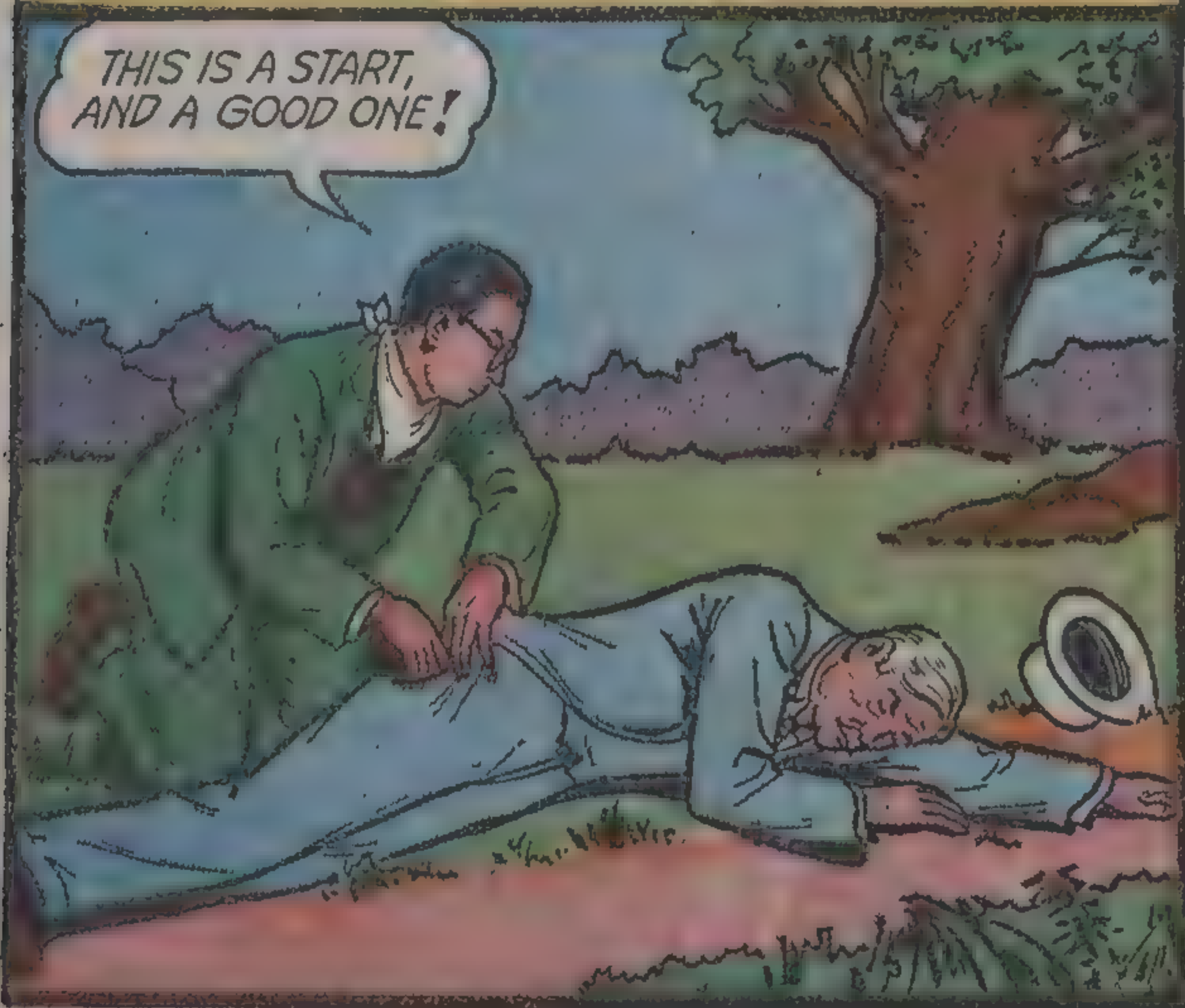
TACKS AND NAILS! SCATTERED ALL OVER THE ROAD! OOOOF!!

AS THE MAJOR RUSHES TO THE SIDE OF HIS UNCONSCIOUS CHAUFFEUR, ANOTHER COCONUT KNOCKS HIM OUT!

PAINLESS AND EFFICIENT! WHAT A WAY TO COMMIT ROBBERY! NOBODY GETS KILLED - I GET THE MONEY - AND ALL'S WELL WITH THE WORLD!

DROPPING TO THE GROUND, THE "COLOSSUS" EXTRACTS THE WALLET OF THE MILLIONAIRE, MAJOR HASDOUGH...

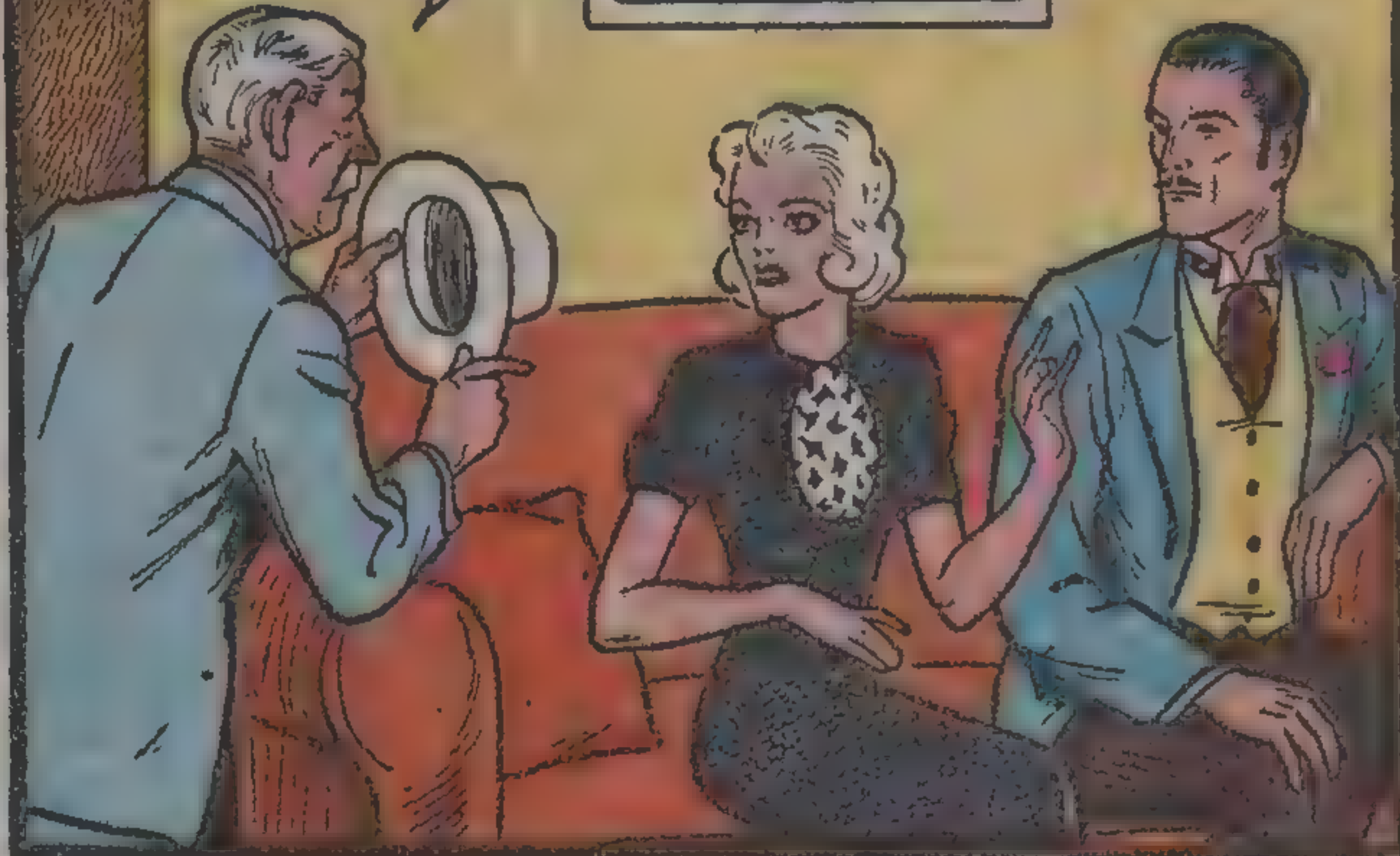
THIS IS A START,
AND A GOOD ONE!



A HALF HOUR LATER...

MY DEAR, SO SORRY TO BE LATE.
I WAS DELAYED BY A ROBBER...
AT LEAST, WHEN I OPENED MY EYES,
MY WALLET WAS GONE!

YOU DON'T
SOUND SURE
OF WHAT
YOU SAY!



FRANKLY, I'M NOT. WE FOUND
NO FOOTPRINTS ANYWHERE.
AROUND, NO EVIDENCE
OF ASSAULT EXCEPT
TWO COCONUTS!
SOUNDS SILLY,
DOESN'T IT?

EITHER
SILLY OR
VERY CLEVER.
I'M NOT
CERTAIN
WHICH!



NO HARM IN LOOKING
AROUND AT THE PLACE
WHERE THE ROBBERY
OCCURRED!



MEANWHILE, THE "COLOSSUS" HAS MADE
HIMSELF SOME NEW FRIENDS...

THAT'S HOW
I DID IT..
JUST WITH
SOME TACKS,
A COUPLE OF
NUTS, AND
A TREE!

SMART, BUD-
SMART!
YOU GOT
ANY OTHER
IDEAS?

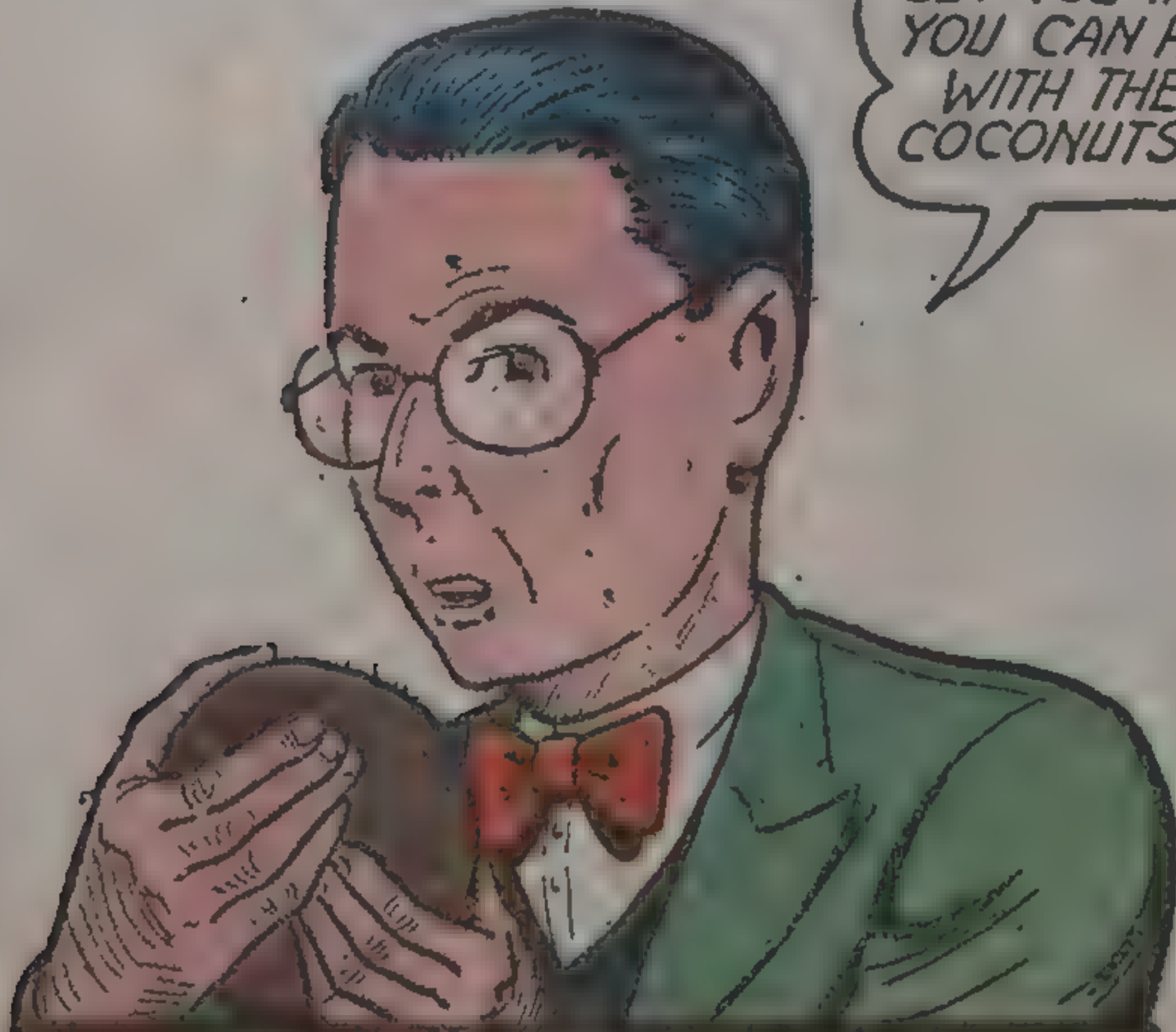
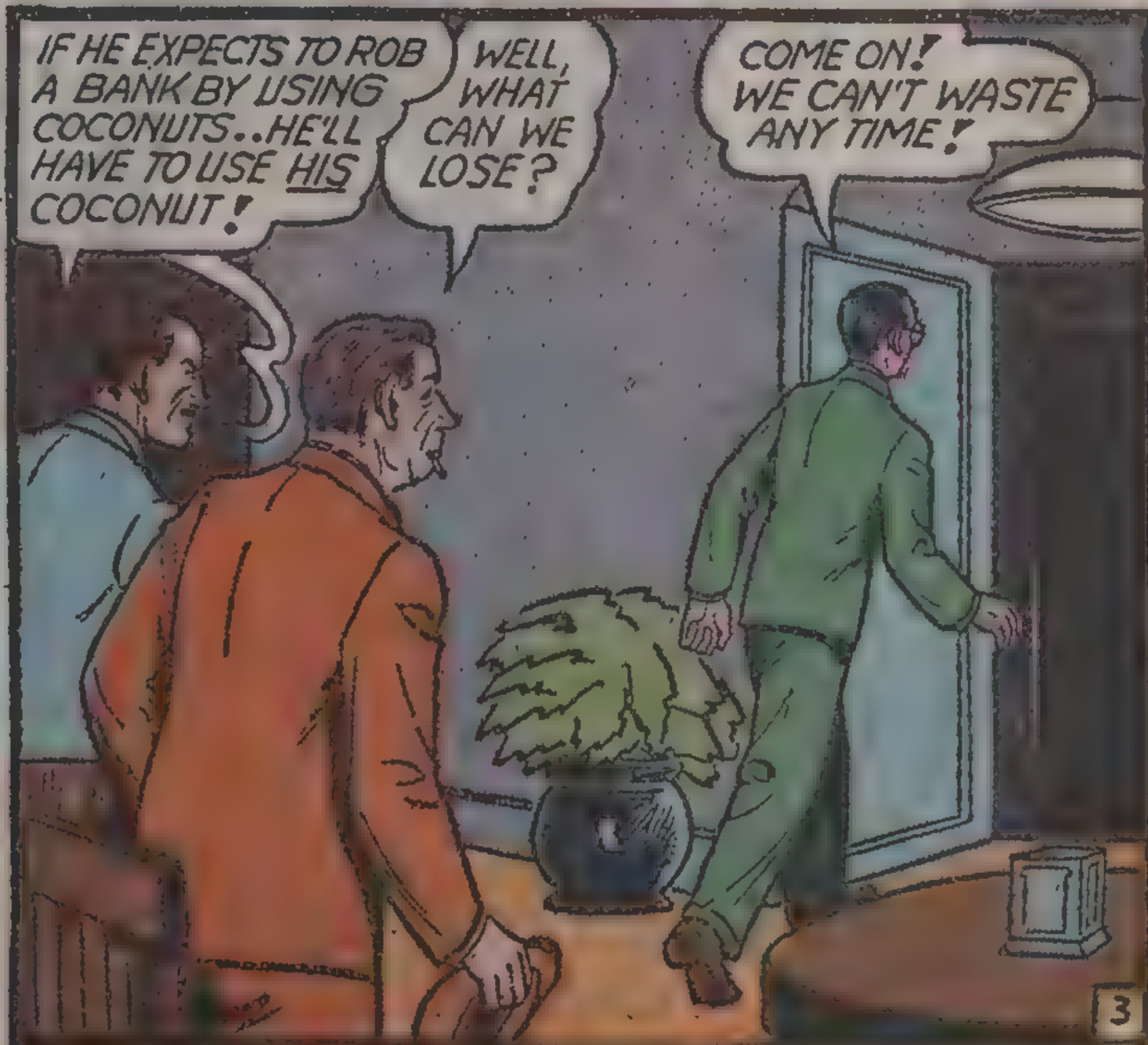


I CERTAINLY HAVE. WITH THESE COCONUTS OF MINE,
AND WITH MORE LIKE THEM, I CAN ROB A BANK!
COME ALONG. I'LL
CUT YOU IN.
YOU CAN HELP
WITH THE
COCONUTS!

IF HE EXPECTS TO ROB
A BANK BY USING
COCONUTS..HE'LL
HAVE TO USE HIS
COCONUT!

WELL,
WHAT
CAN WE
LOSE?

COME ON!
WE CAN'T WASTE
ANY TIME!



MEANWHILE, THE MASTER MAGICIAN IS ENGROSSSED IN THE MYSTERY OF THE CLUELESS CRIME...



*READ BACKWARDS!

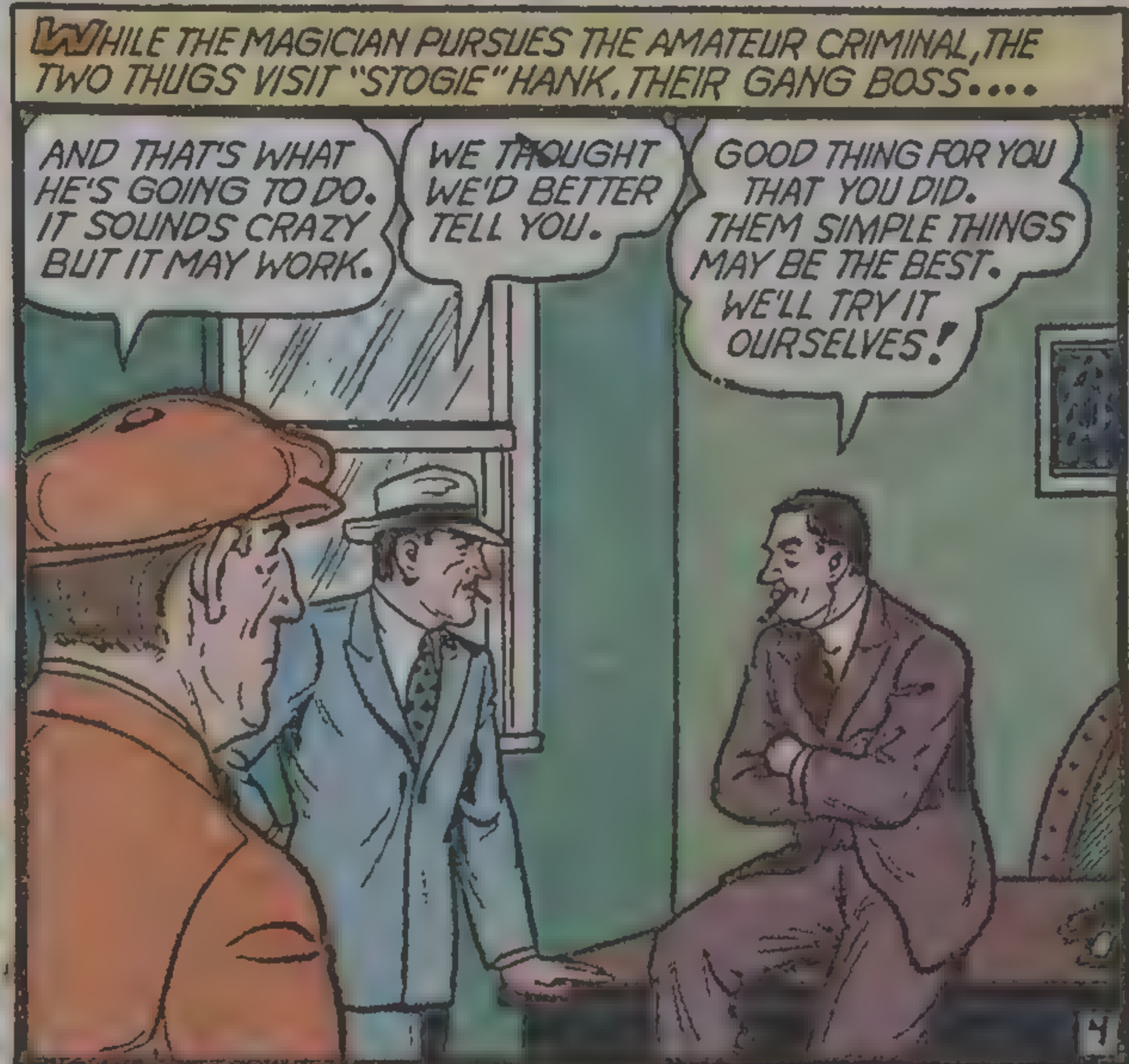
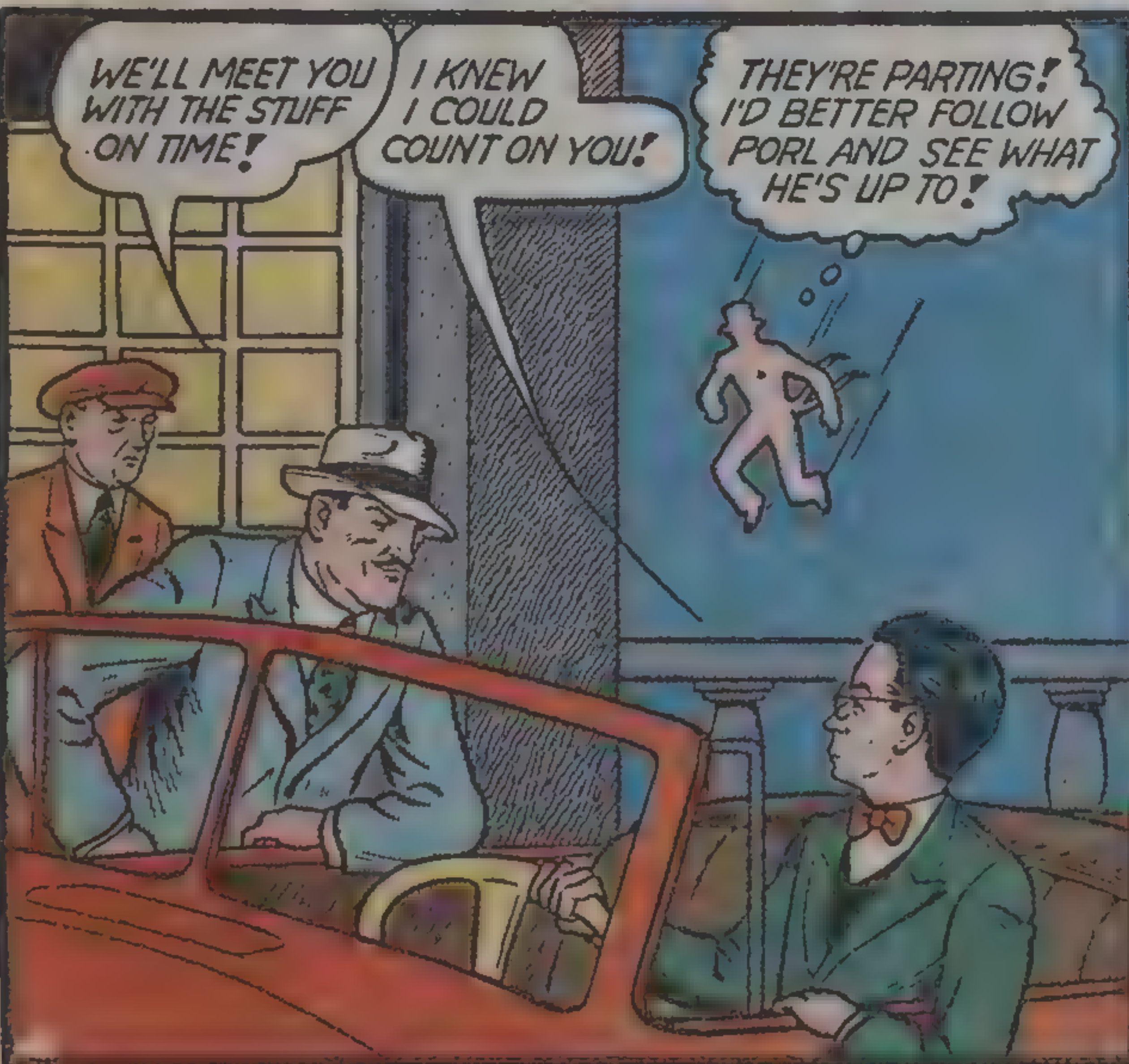
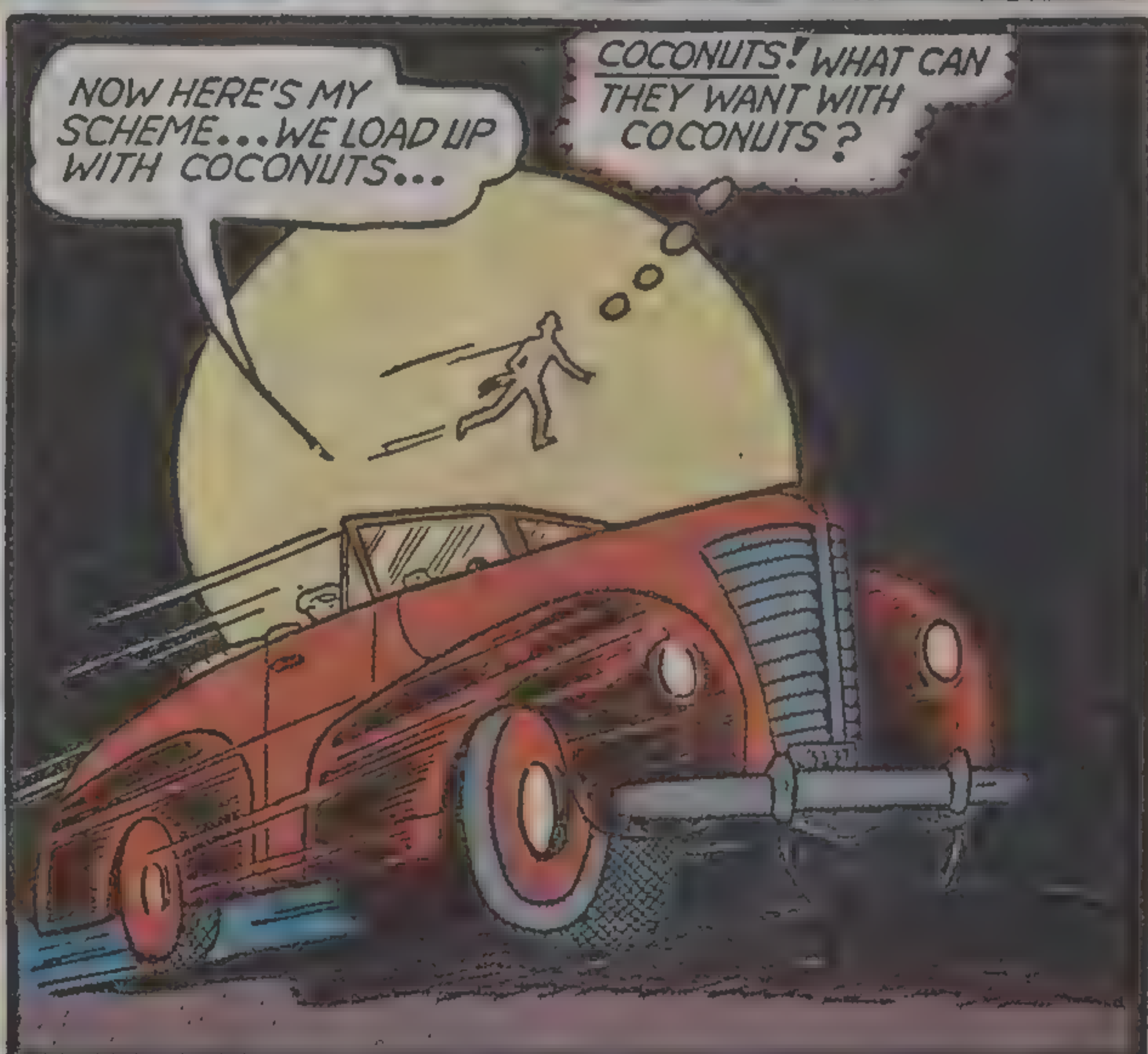
HE CLIMBED ME, AFTER SCATTERING TACKS AND NAILS. THEN HE DROPPED FROM MY BRANCH, AND RECLIMBED ME. WHEN THEY WENT AWAY, HE LEFT.



SOUNDS SIMPLE, BUT IT WAS EFFECTIVE, ALL RIGHT! ESIR!



CASTING HIS CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY ABOUT HIM, THE MAN OF MAGIC ENTERS THE TAVERN....



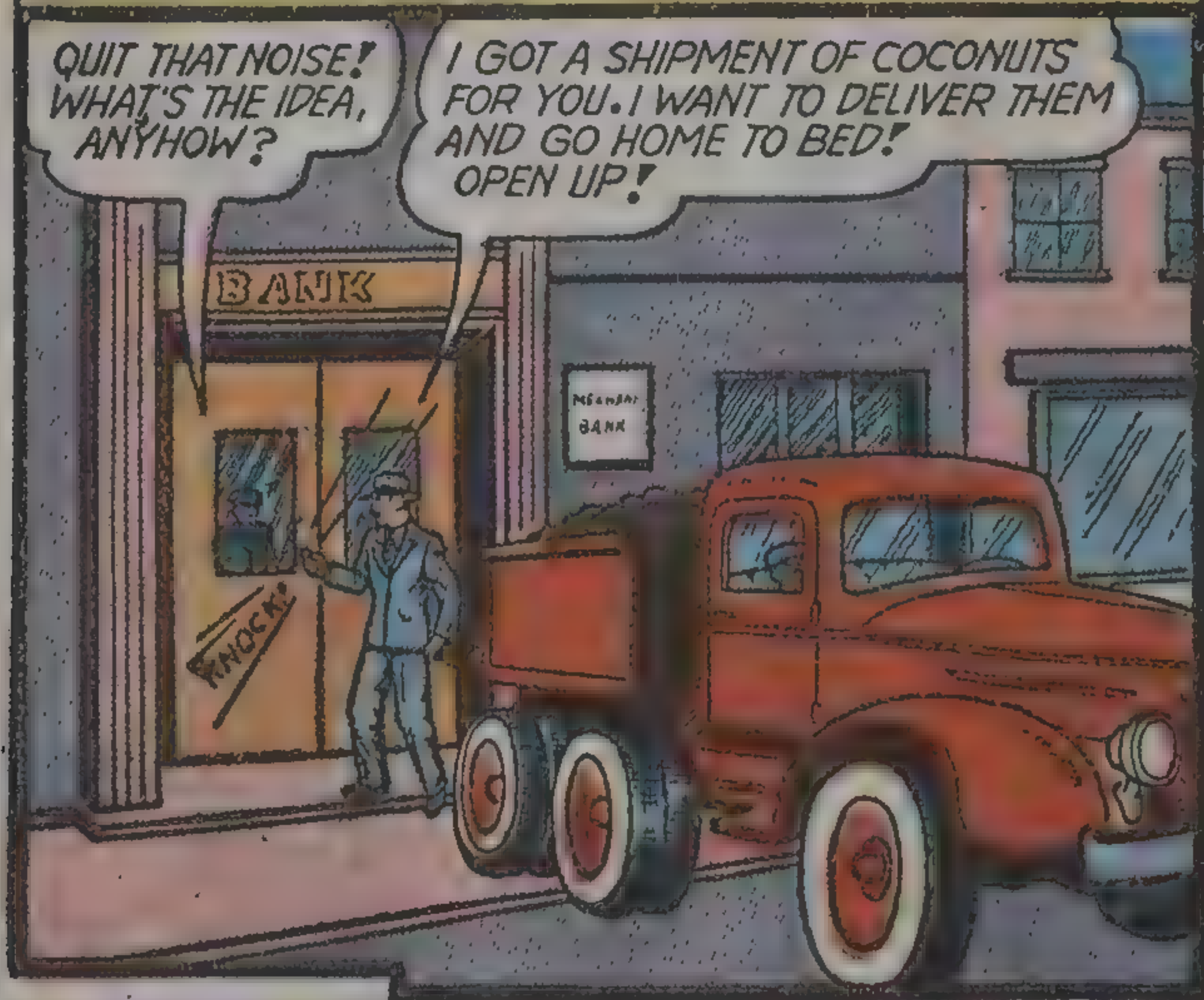
WHILE THE MAGICIAN PURSUES THE AMATEUR CRIMINAL, THE TWO THUGS VISIT "STOGIE" HANK, THEIR GANG BOSS....

AND THAT'S WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO. IT SOUNDS CRAZY BUT IT MAY WORK.

WE THOUGHT WE'D BETTER TELL YOU.

GOOD THING FOR YOU THAT YOU DID. THEM SIMPLE THINGS MAY BE THE BEST. WE'LL TRY IT OURSELVES!

WHAT NIGHT, A TRUCK LADEN WITH COCONUTS PULLS UP BEFORE THE MECHANICAL BANK....



AS THE PUZZLED GUARD OPENS THE DOOR A LITTLE WIDER, THE DRIVER GIVES THE SIGNAL ---



AND A RAIN OF COCONUTS BOUNCE AND THUD INTO THE BANK DOOR!

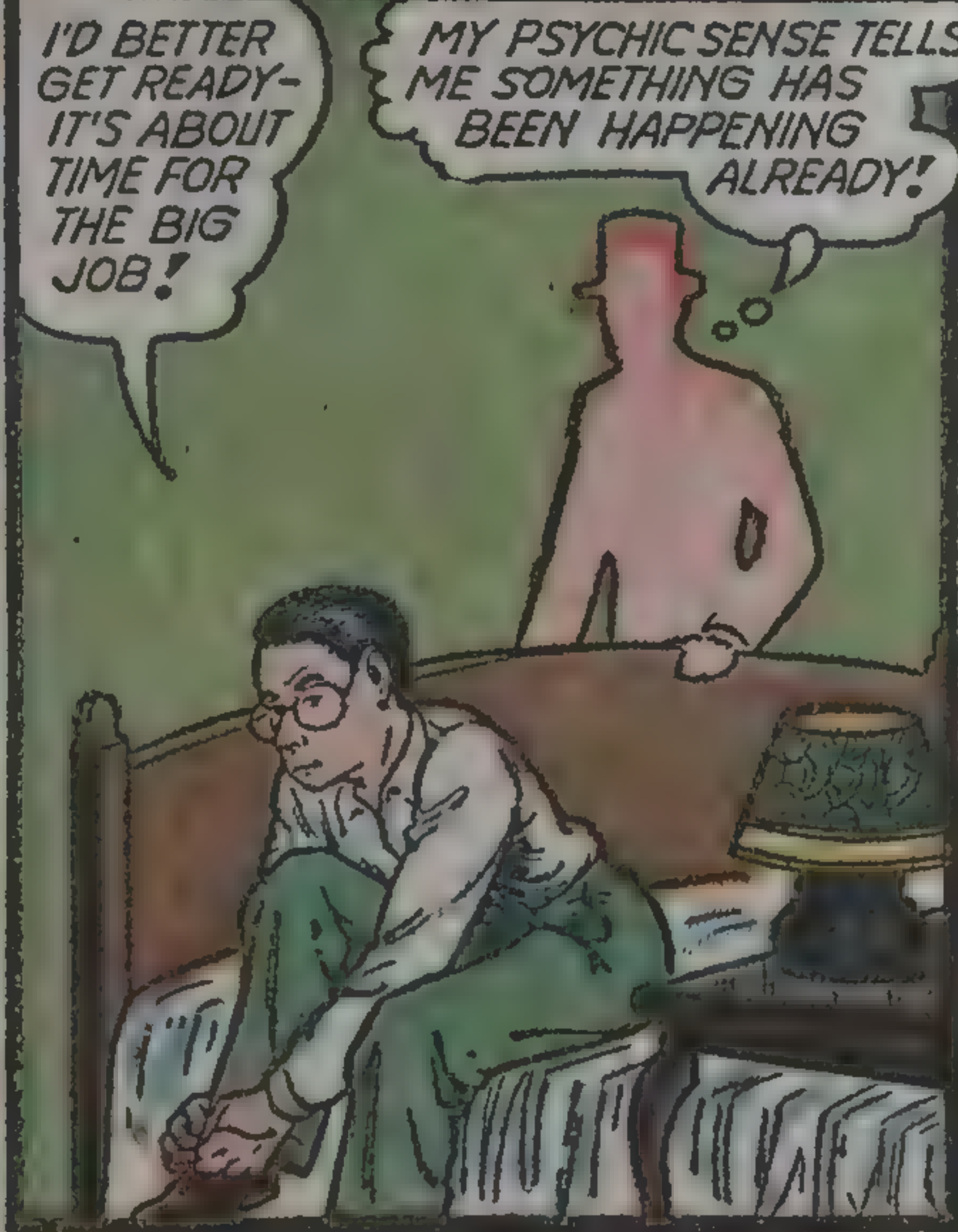


THIS IS A SWELL WAY OF GETTIN' 'EM ALL TOGETHER! NOW WE CAN KEEP 'EM TOGETHER WHILE WE CRACK THE SAFE!



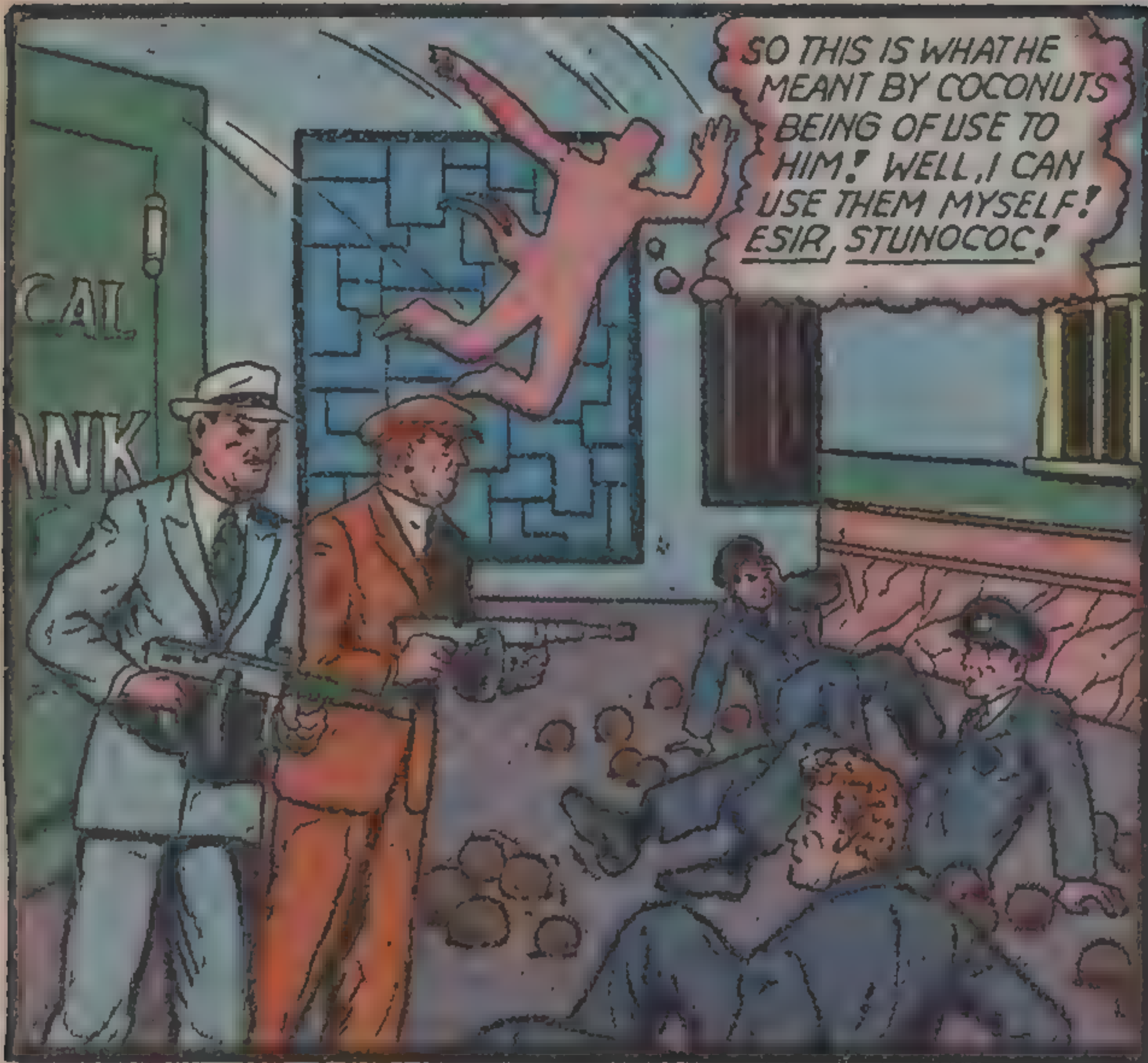
I'D BETTER GET READY - IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR THE BIG JOB!

MY PSYCHIC SENSE TELLS ME SOMETHING HAS BEEN HAPPENING ALREADY!

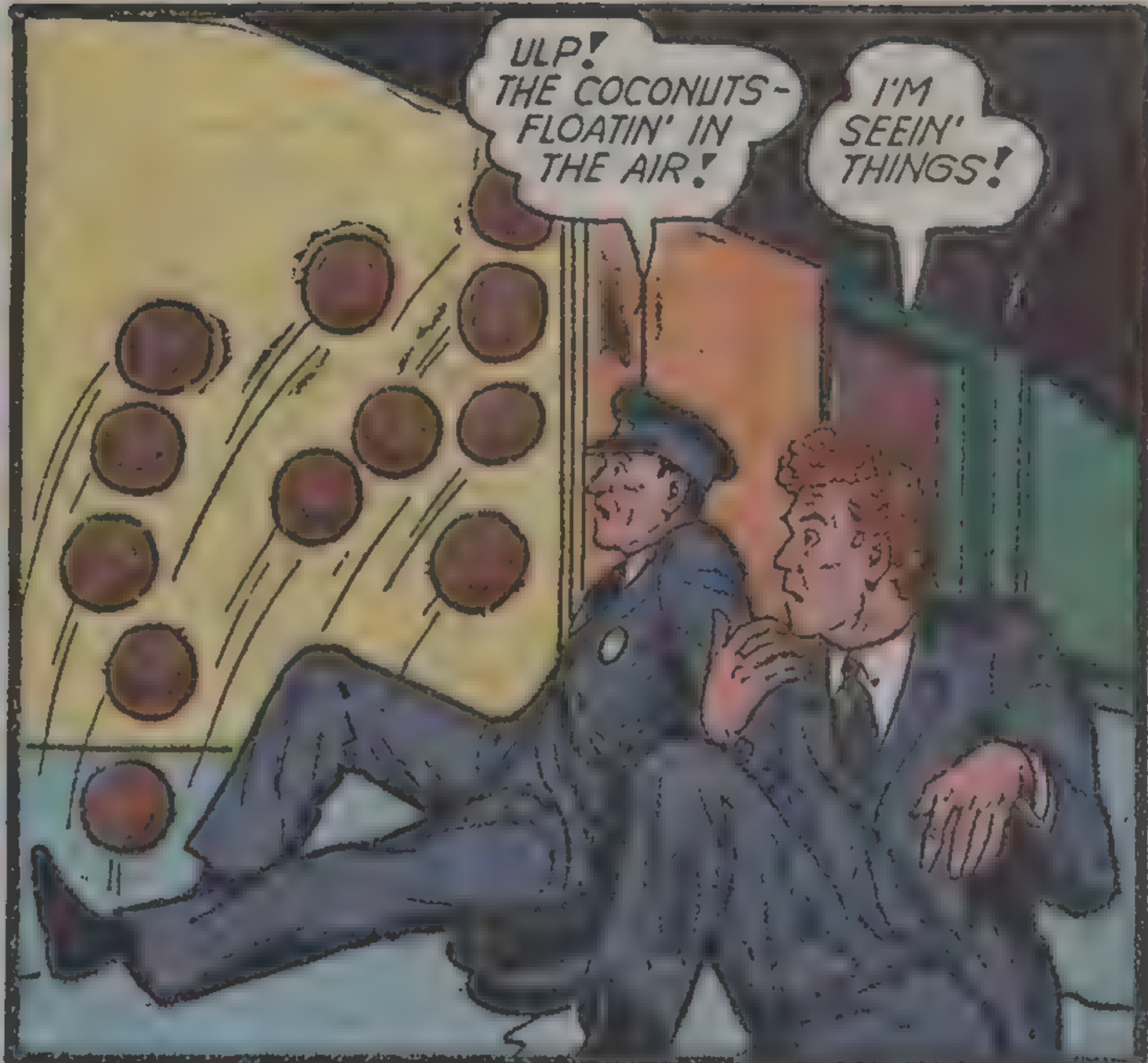


THAT FEELING IS SO STRONG THAT I'M GOING TO LEAVE HIM AND VISIT THE BANK AHEAD OF TIME!





SO THIS IS WHAT HE
MEANT BY COCONUTS
BEING OF USE TO
HIM! WELL, I CAN
USE THEM MYSELF!
ESIR, STUNOCOC!



ULP!
THE COCONUTS-
FLOATIN' IN
THE AIR!

I'M
SEEN'
THINGS!



HEY!
THEY'RE HUMAN!
THEY'RE FORMING
INTO A HUMAN
BEING!



THE COCONUT MAN WHIRLS AND HEADS
FOR THE THUGS...

I'M A HUMAN BEING-
TEMPORARILY! BUT
I INTEND TO LEAVE
PERMANENT MEMORIES!

HELP!
I'M
CRAZY!

OH, DO
YOU SEE
WHAT
I DO,
TOO?



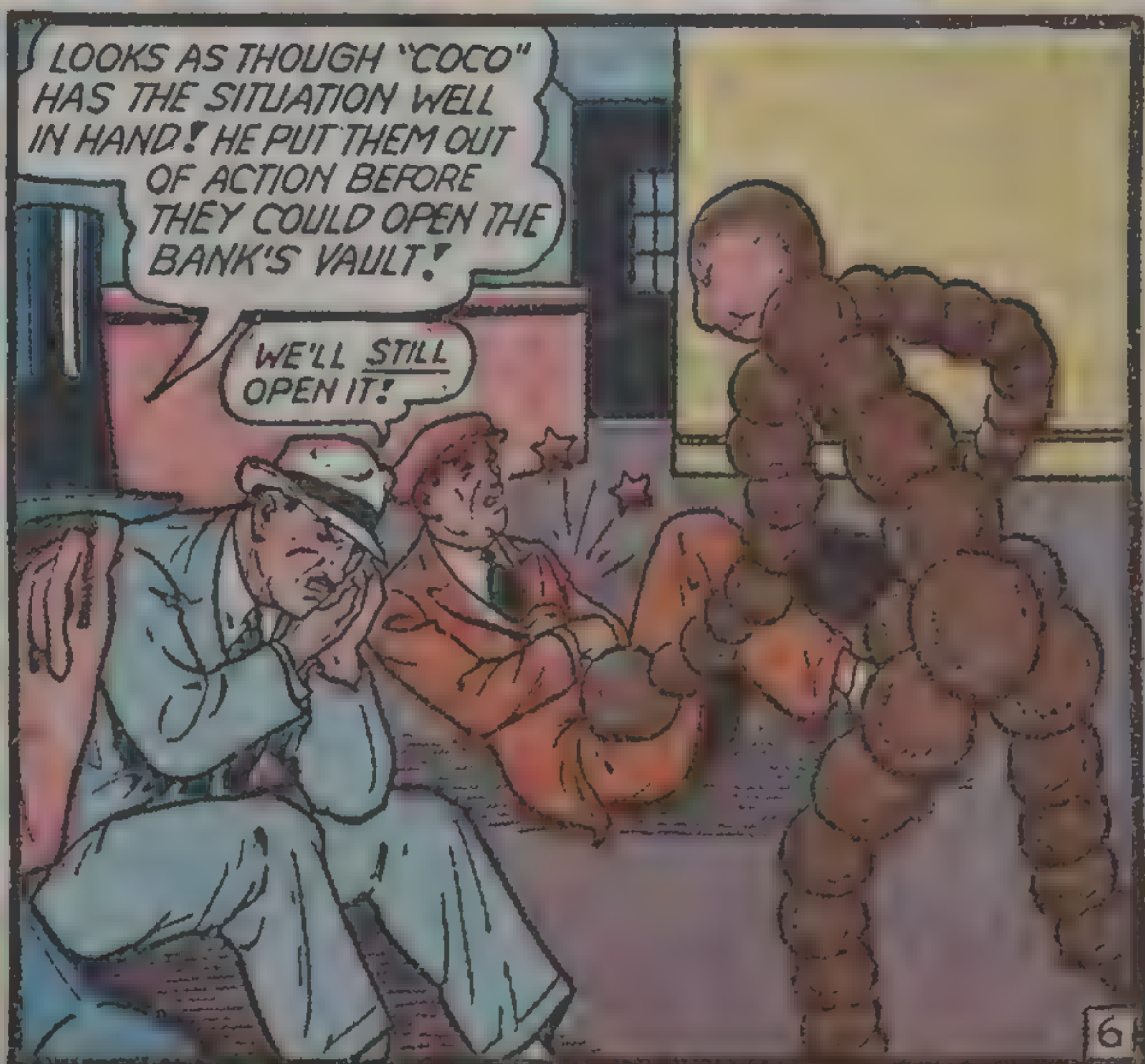
I SEE STARS
RIGHT NOW!

THIS
IS WHAT
I MEAN!



OOF-RIGHT
IN THE
BREADBASKET!

COCONUTS ARE
MIGHTY HARD
TO DIGEST!



LOOKS AS THOUGH "COCO"
HAS THE SITUATION WELL
IN HAND! HE PUT THEM OUT
OF ACTION BEFORE
THEY COULD OPEN THE
BANK'S VAULT!

WE'LL STILL
OPEN IT!



HEY, I'M MOVIN'-
AWAY FROM THE
BANK VAULT!

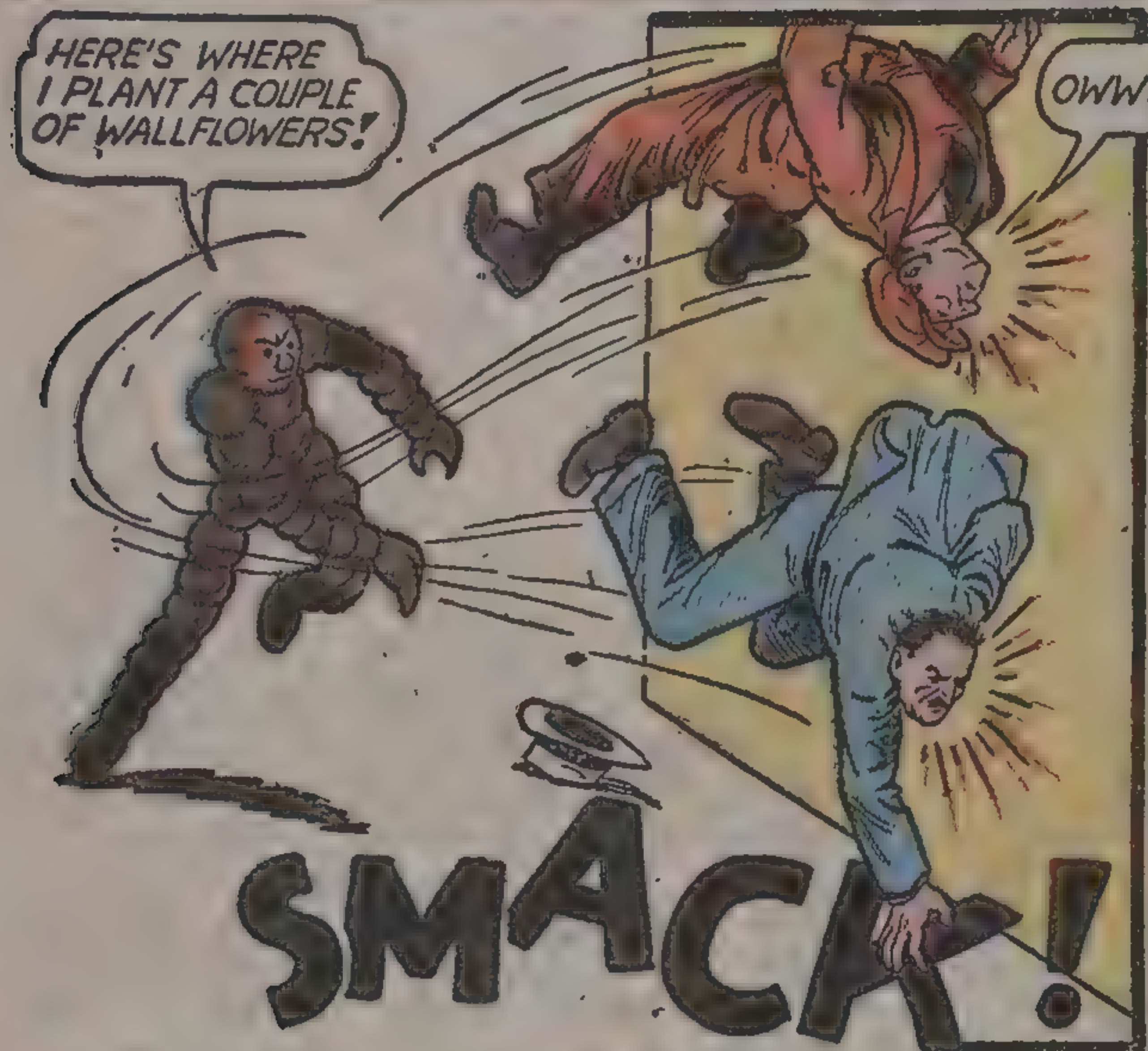
WE BOTH
ARE! WHO'S
GOT HOLD
OF US?

ROOLF
EVOM!



BARG
MEHT!

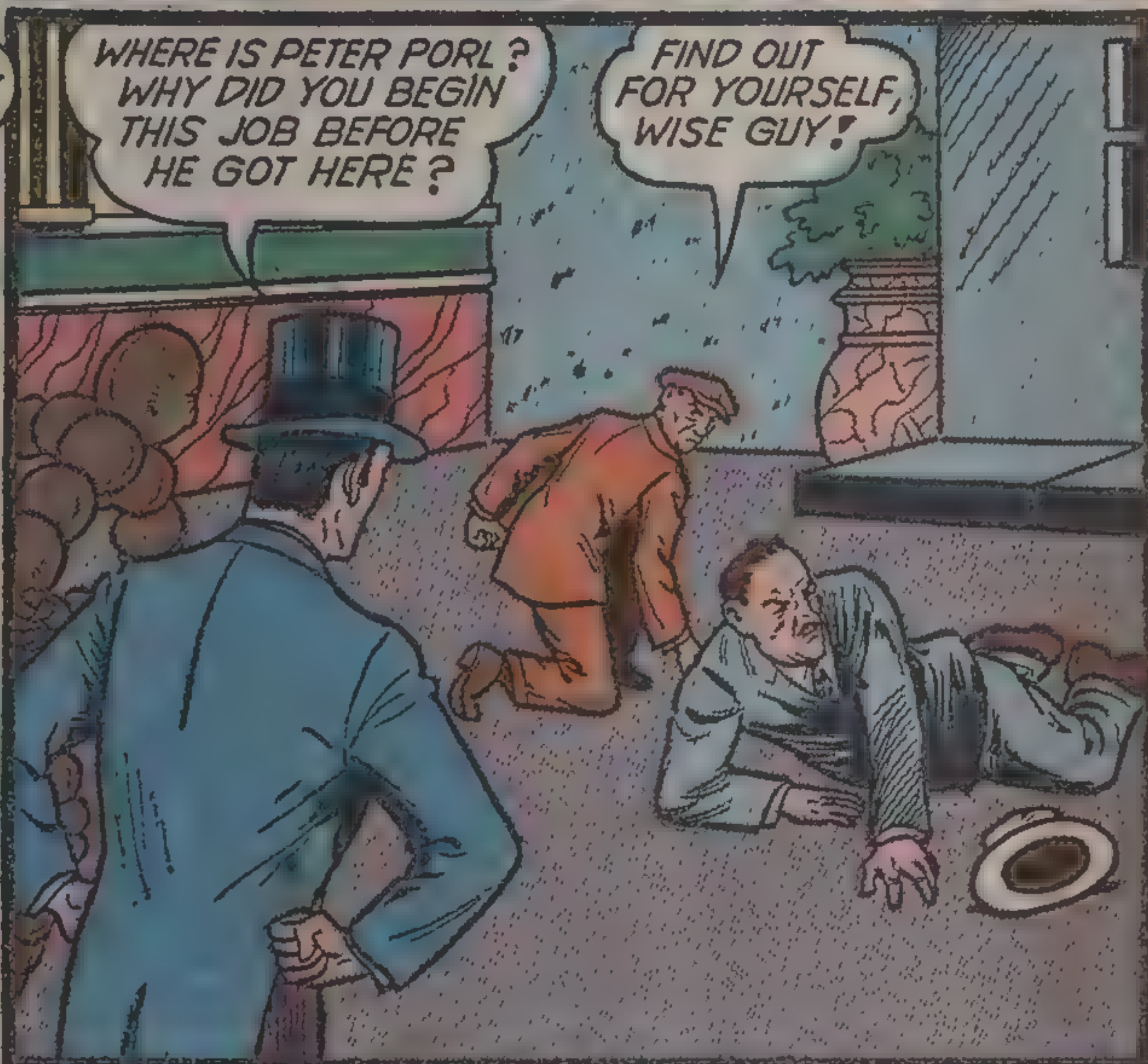
UP YOU
GO!



HERE'S WHERE
I PLANT A COUPLE
OF WALLFLOWERS!

OWW!

SMACK!



WHERE IS PETER PORL?
WHY DID YOU BEGIN
THIS JOB BEFORE
HE GOT HERE?

FIND OUT
FOR YOURSELF,
WISE GUY!



VERY WELL. I WILL!
EVAH SREKCARCERIF ROF
SREGNIF DNA SEOT!



HALP! MY TOES
ARE BLOWIN' UP!

OUCH! MY FINGERS
ARE GETTIN'
WARM!



OWW!
STOP IT!
STOP IT!

WHENEVER
YOU'RE READY,
I'LL LISTEN!

MY GOLD
FILLIN'S ARE
FALLIN'
OUT!



STOGIE HANK IS OUR BOSS! WE FIGGERED HE COULD USE THE DOUGH JUST AS GOOD AS PORL!

- SO WE PUT HIM WISE TO THE LAYOUT!

WHERE CAN I FIND STOGIE?



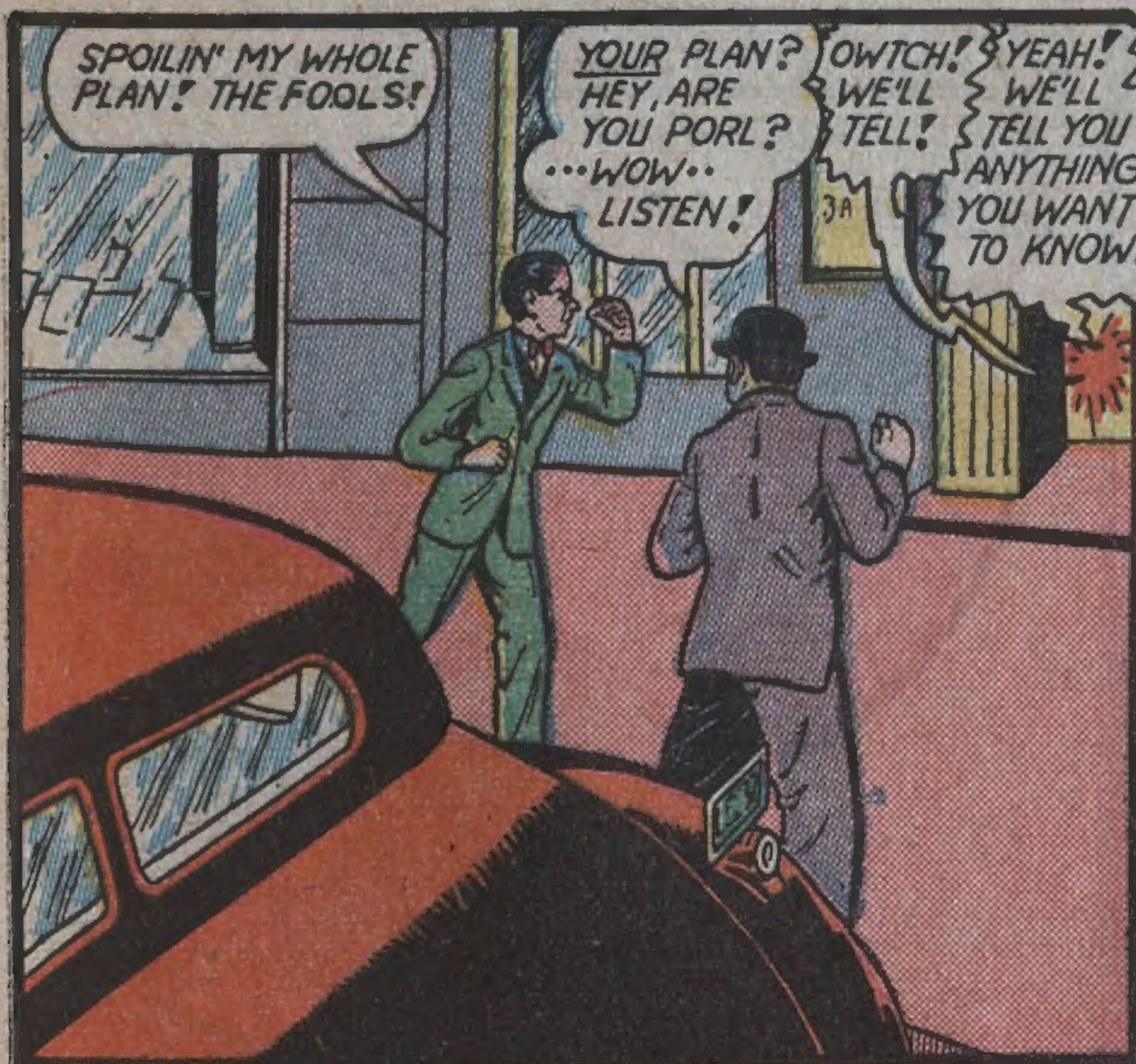
MEANWHILE, THE GANG BOSS DECIDES THAT HIS MEN ARE TAKING ENTIRELY TOO LONG FOR THE JOB ON HAND...

DRIVE PAST THE BANK. MAYBE SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH OUR LITTLE SCHEME!



APPROACHING DOWN THE STREET COMES WOULD-BE PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE, PETER PORL...

THE IDIOTS! THEY'VE STARTED WITHOUT ME! JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU, YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYONE!



SPOILIN' MY WHOLE PLAN! THE FOOLS!

YOUR PLAN? HEY, ARE YOU PORL? ...WOW.. LISTEN!

OWTCH! WE'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW!



ULP! LOOK WHAT'S GOT HOLD OF THOSE GUYS! A MAN MADE OF COCONUTS!

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, BOYS? WHO'S THAT BIG BABOON?

OH-HO! PETER PORL! AND YOU MUST BE STOGIE HANK, THE LEADER! KNOW EACH OTHER, DO YOU!?



HIM? I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE! SO LONG, EVERYBODY- I GOT A DATE!

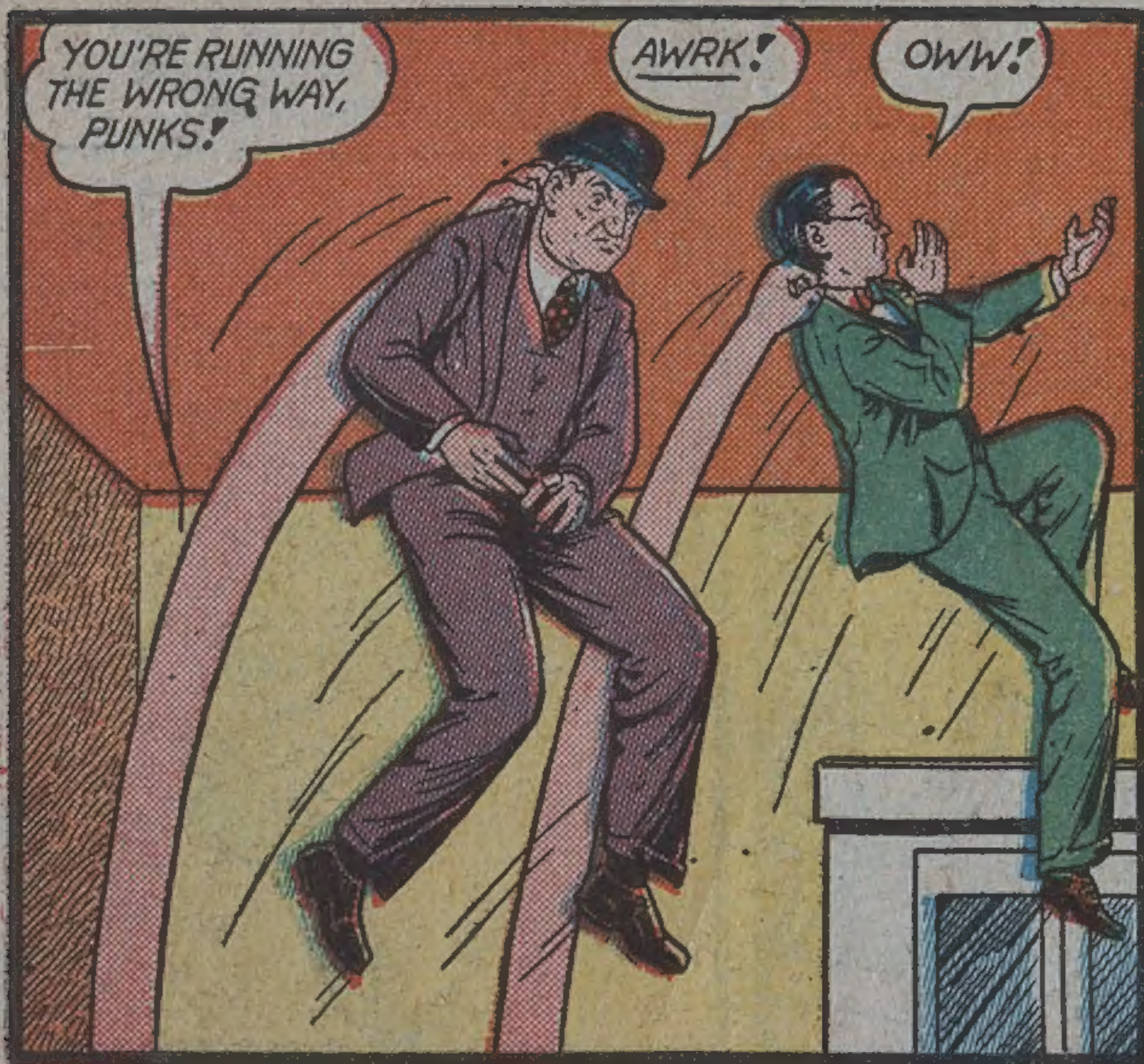
ME KNOW HIM? NOT MUCH! I GOT A DATE, TOO!



SMRA, HCAER TUO!

IF THAT GUY'S ZATARA, I GOT A VERY IMPORTANT DATE- SOMEWHERE ELSE!

FEET, START FLYING!



YOU'RE RUNNING THE WRONG WAY, PUNKS!

AWRK!

OWW!



HERE THEY ARE!

I THINK WE'LL NEED A FEW POLICEMEN FOR THIS TASK!
EB TI SO!

OOF!

ULP!



HERE THEY ARE, BOYS! THEY'RE YOUR PRISONERS!

STOGIE HANK AND HIS WHOLE GANG!

WHAT A ROUNDUP!

YOU HAVE NOTHING ON ME! I WASN'T IN ON THIS!

OH, NO?

A WALLET FLIES FROM PETER PORL'S POCKET!

HE STOLE ME FROM MAJOR HASDOUGH! I WAS THERE AT THE TIME, TOO!

AWWK!



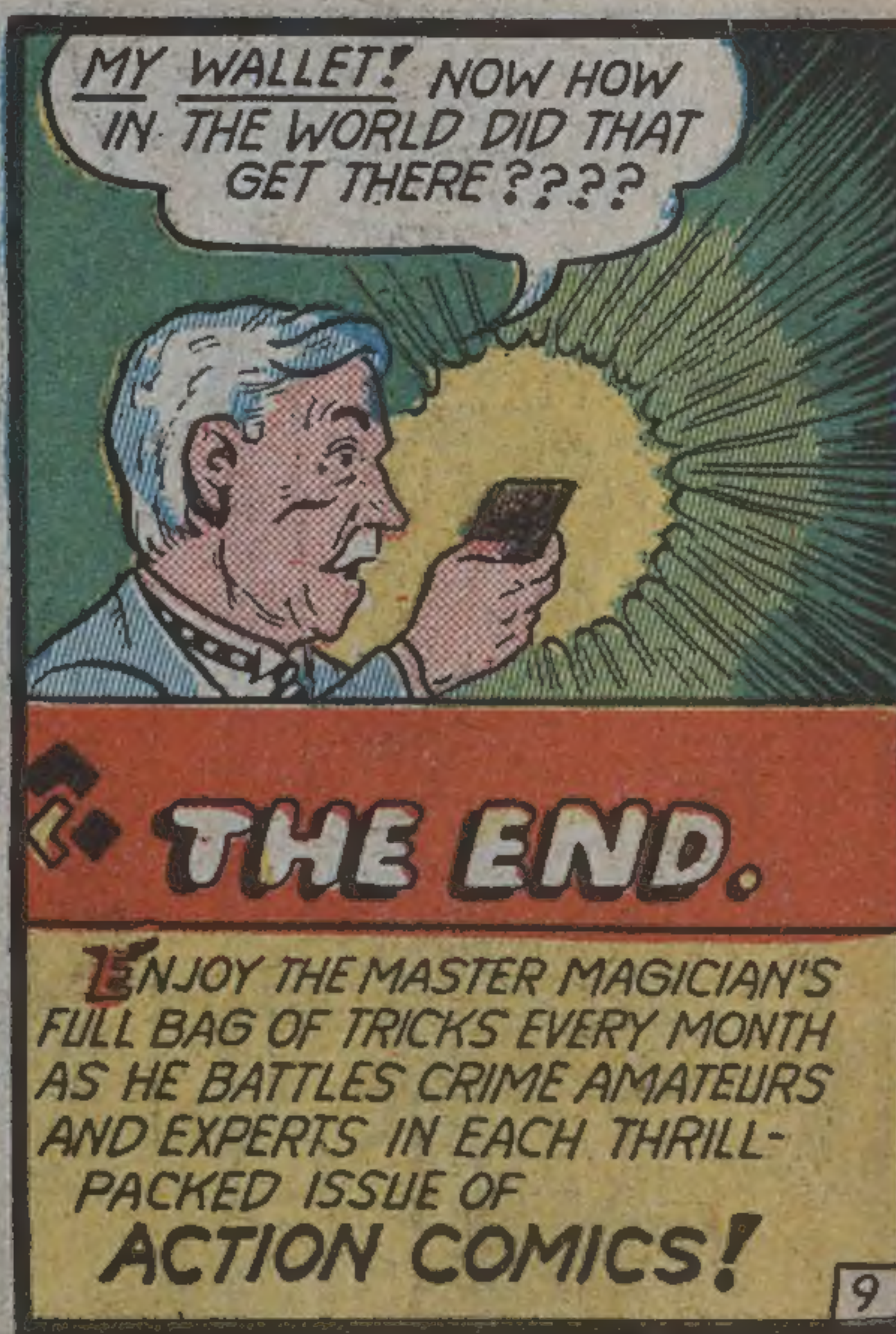
WELL, THEN, LET'S RETURN TO YOUR RIGHTFUL OWNER---
YLF YAWA

SO LONG, EVERYBODY!



AT THAT MOMENT THE MAJOR IS ENTERTAINING SOME FRIENDS...

HE TOOK IT FROM THIS POCKET! YES, SIR, I WAS ROBBED ON THE HIGHWAY AND ...WHAT'S THIS ???



MY WALLET! NOW HOW IN THE WORLD DID THAT GET THERE ???

THE END.

ENJOY THE MASTER MAGICIAN'S FULL BAG OF TRICKS EVERY MONTH AS HE BATTLES CRIME AMATEURS AND EXPERTS IN EACH THRILL-PACKED ISSUE OF
ACTION COMICS!

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS ^{and} GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY-

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you to help your country.

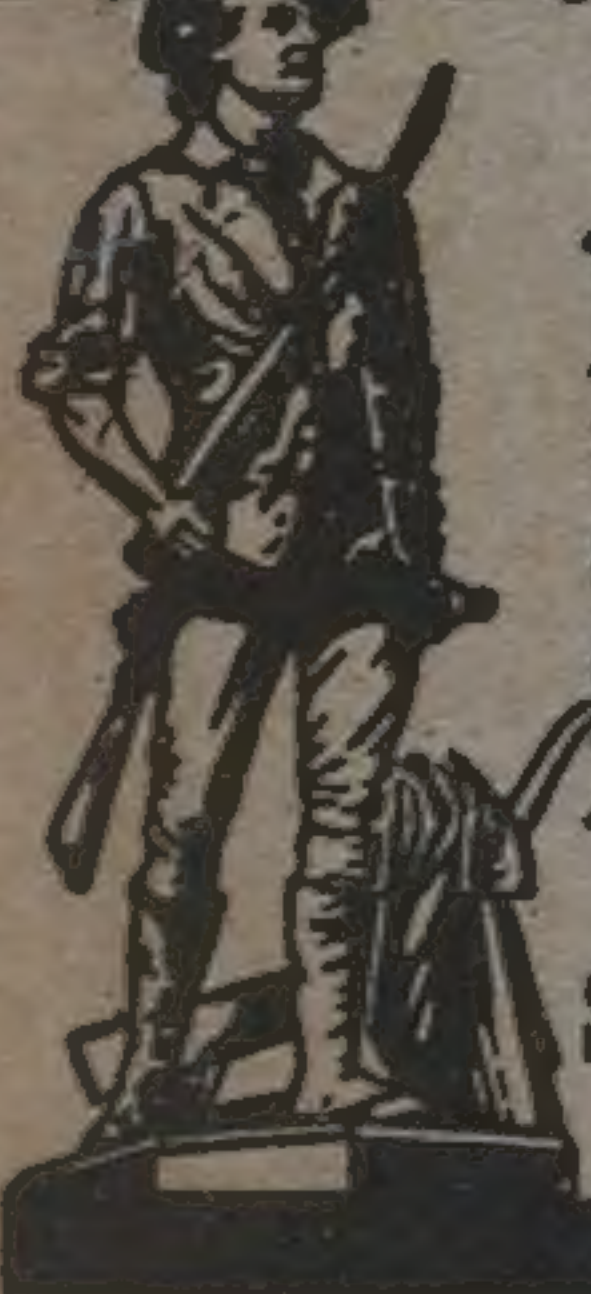
Every time you buy a Savings Stamp you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers, brothers or uncles are using for the defense of our country.

If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

THIS
SPACE IS
DONATED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THIS
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF
NATIONAL DEFENSE ^{and} VICTORY!

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

MEET THE POPULARITY CONTEST WINNERS
(See what made them win!)

MEET EDDIE L.
He's full of ideas

I just finished knitting this scarf to send.

I'm sending my train set. I repainted it like new!

I made this airplane for some British boy!



EDDIE'S THE BOY who starts things! And people love him for it. Now he's got his friends making gifts for British children. Eddie eats plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're fuel for brains as well as muscles!

MEET VIRGINIA D.
She's a true patriot

I sure do!
Count me in!

Do you all pledge to buy Defense Stamps every week?

I promise!



IS VIRGINIA POPULAR? You bet! She sold more Defense Stamps than anybody else in her school. Everyone loves a patriot. (And this patriot sure loves Tootsie Rolls!)

MEET TOMMY R.
That boy does everything well!

A double jack-knife! Gosh!

Give him this Tootsie Roll. He'll need extra food-energy after all this!



EVERYBODY ADMIRES Tommy because he's a champion. In diving, skating, baseball! He practices plenty . . . he has plenty of pep! No day goes by without a Tootsie Roll.

TOOTSIE WINS, TOO!

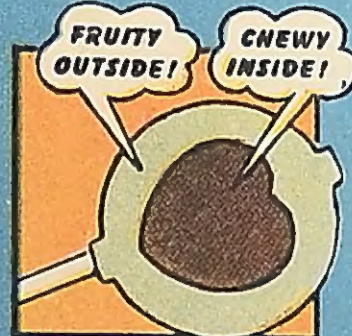
The winner in any popularity contest! More children and grown-ups love Tootsies than any other candy!



UNCLE SAM SAYS: "Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and full of energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose — give you quick food-energy.

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